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THE

# BRITISH THEATR

OR,

## A COLLECTION OF PLAYS

WHICH ARE ACTED AT

THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE, COVENT GARDEN, AND HAY

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MA

FROM THE PROMPT BOOKS.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL REM

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

IN TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES.

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VOL. IX.

PROVOKED WIFE.
PROVOKED HUSBAND.
LOVE MAKES A MAN.
SHE WOU'D AND SHE WOU'D
CARELESS HUSBAND.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AI
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1808.

M SAVAGE, PRINTER,
LDFORD BURY.

THE

# BRITISH THEATRE.

SIR JOHN VANBRUG

PORTRAIT OF FREEMAN : FROM AN ORIGINAL PICTURE
PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & CO
1823

PROVOKED WIFE
SIR JOHN BRUTE — BRUTUS, STRIKE HOME.

THE

# PROVOKED WIFE;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By Sir JOHN VANBRUGH.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

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WILLIAM SAVAGE, PRINTER,
LONDON.

# REMARKS.

It is considered, by a most respectable critic, as a transgression against literature, that any of our best dramatic authors should be published with certain sentences or scenes omitted, though, in the original editions, they have degraded the moral purposes of the stage, and given to its enemies the only charge they could ever prefer against it.

Such a critic might as well quarrel with the modest actor, who refuses to utter indecorous sentiments, as with the conscientious editor, who will not print and publish them.

Such a critic might as well endeavour to recall every exploded licentiousness to the boards of an English theatre, and reproach a polished audience for not suffering his vicious taste to govern theirs.

Stripped, as in representation, of its rankest offences—the best of its wit and humour only retained—the present comedy had yet, perhaps, better—never be either seen or read. With its worst pages curtailed, too much that is bad still lingers behind.

There would be one instructive lesson contained in this work, from the contempt which every person

it has for the odious Sir John Brute, but that his wife is included amongst that rational number; and in a manner which holds out a dangerous example to her sex, by showing, that infidelity to a worthless husband, is but just revenge for the neglect, on his part, of nuptial vows, and conjugal endearments.

In a scene in the third act, where Constant uses some plausible arguments with Lady Brute, if there should be a female reader so deluded as to incline towards his opinion, that chastity is no virtue; let her at least recollect, that it is most certainly—a grace. Desire of admiration will keep some women in the paths of rectitude, till mature understanding shall preserve them from ever going astray.

To praise the wit of this drama, is to recommend its most pernicious parts. But it is satisfactory to hope, that the author had consideration for the morals of the inferior classes of his audience, when he resolved to conceal some of his most exceptionable repartees in a foreign language.

The mistress of this detestable French woman has one trait of character, which elevates her above utter detestation—she appears to have a passion for Heartfree. This proves her to possess a mind superior to most persons, who are addicted to affectation—for they generally love none but themselves. The extreme trouble of being affected, is the cheerful labour which they undergo for selfish remuneration; and yet the only return they procure is ridicule and contempt.

Among the obsolete customs which here take pla[illegible]ch as a gentleman smoking tobacco, and a

lady insisting upon seeing her visitor down stairs—it is to be lamented, that the picture which Sir John gives of the life of a woman of fashion, should have so near a resemblance to the habits of the very same order of persons of the present age. It is some honour to the former period, that this frightful description was heard by the knight's auditors with infinite surprise! Perhaps, in these times, it would be difficult to raise wonder in the hearer, by a still more extravagant, though less unrefined, delineation of character from the same subject.

The admirers of Garrick speak with delight of his excellence in Sir John Brute—but surely, after having heard him deliver, before a mixed audience of both sexes, some of the coarse wit in this play; and after having seen him disfigured and degraded in woman's clothes; though still he might be admired as a performer, no gentleman could feel much respect for him as a friend or acquaintance.

Presbyterians, and other rigid sectaries, preached and wrote much against the evil tendency of dramatic amusements, at the time this drama was in fashion. They did right. When plays such as "The Provoked Wife" are exhibited—it is charity to revile theatres.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|---|---|
| CONSTANT | *Mr. Farren.* |
| HEARTFREE | *Mr. Aickin.* |
| SIR JOHN BRUTE | *Mr. Ryder.* |
| LORD RAKE | *Mr. Cubitt.* |
| COLONEL BULLY | *Mr. Davies.* |
| RAZOR | *Mr. Bernard.* |
| JUSTICE OF THE PEACE | *Mr. Booth.* |
| LADY BRUTE | *Mrs. Pope.* |
| BELINDA | *Mrs. Wells.* |
| LADY FANCIFUL | *Mrs. Mattocks.* |
| MADEMOISELLE | *Mrs. Morton.* |
| CORNET | *Miss Stuart.* |

CONSTABLE *and* WATCH.

*SCENE—London.*

THE

# PROVOKED WIFE.

## ACT THE FIRST.

### SCENE I.

SIR JOHN BRUTE'S *House.*

*Enter* SIR JOHN.

*Sir J.* What cloying meat is love—when matrimony's the sauce to it! Two years marriage has debauched my five senses. Every thing I see, every thing I hear, every thing I feel, every thing I smell, and every thing I taste—methinks has wife in't.—No boy was ever so weary of his tutor, no girl of her bib, no nun of doing penance, or old maid of being chaste, as I am of being married. Sure there's a secret curse entailed upon the very name of wife. My lady is a young lady, a fine lady, a witty lady, a virtuous lady—and yet I hate her. There is but one thing on earth I loath beyond her—that's fighting. Would my courage come up to a fourth part of my illnature, I'd stand buff to her relations, and thrust her out of doors. But marriage has sunk me down to such an ebb of resolution, I dare not draw my sword, though even to get rid of my wife. But here she comes.

*Enter* LADY BRUTE

*Lady B.* Do you dine at home to-day, Sir John?

*Sir J.* Why? do you expect I should tell you what I don't know myself?

*Lady B.* I thought there was no harm in asking you.

*Sir J.* If thinking wrong were an excuse for impertinence, women might be justified in most things they say or do.

*Lady B.* I'm sorry I have said any thing to displease you.

*Sir J.* Sorrow—for things past, is of as little importance to me, as my dining at home or abroad ought to be to you.

*Lady B.* My inquiry was only that I might have provided what you liked.

*Sir J.* Six to four you had been in the wrong there again; for what I liked yesterday I don't like to-day, and what I like to-day, 'tis odds I mayn't like to-morrow.

*Lady B.* But if I had asked you what you liked?

*Sir J.* Why then there would be more asking about it than the thing is worth.

*Lady B.* I wish I did but know how I might please you.

*Sir J.* Ay, but that sort of knowledge is not a wife's talent.

*Lady B.* Whate'er my talent is, I'm sure my will has ever been to make you easy.

*Sir J.* If women were to have their wills, the world would be finely governed!

*Lady B.* What reason have I given you to use me as you do of late? It once was otherwise: you married me for love.

*Sir J.* And you me for money: so you have your reward, and I have mine.

*Lady B.* What is it that disturbs you?

*Sir J.* A parson.

*Lady B.* Why, what has he done to you?

*Sir J.* He has married me, and be damned to him. [*Exit.*

*Lady B.* The devil's in the fellow, I think.——I was told before I married him, that thus 'twould be: The surly puppy!——yet he's a fool for't: for hitherto he has been no monster: but who knows how far he may provoke me?—Or who can tell——Perhaps a good part of what I suffer from my husband, may be a judgment upon me for my cruelty to my lover —But, hold—let me go no further——I think I have a right to alarm this surly brute of mine—but if I know my heart—it will never let me go so far as to injure him.

*Enter* BELINDA.

Good morrow, dear cousin.

*Bel.* Good morrow, madam, you look pleased this morning.

*Lady B.* I am so.

*Bel.* With what, pray?

*Lady B.* With my husband.

*Bel.* Drown husbands; for yours is a provoking fellow: as he went out just now, I prayed him to tell me what time of day 'twas; and he asked me if I took him for the church clock, that was obliged to tell all the parish?

*Lady B.* He has been saying some good obliging things to me too. In short, Belinda, he has used me so barbarously of late, that I could almost resolve to play the downright wife—and cuckold him.

*Bel.* That would be downright indeed.

*Lady B.* Why, after all, there's more to be said for't than you'd imagine, child. He is the first aggressor, not I.

*Bel.* Ah, but you know we must return good for evil.

*Lady B.* That may be a mistake in the translation.—Pr'ythee, be of my opinion, Belinda; for I'm positive I'm in the right; and if you'll keep up the prerogative of a woman, you'll likewise be positive you are in the right, whenever you do any thing you have a mind to. But I shall play the fool, and jest on, till I make you begin to think I'm in earnest.

*Bel.* I shan't take the liberty, madam, to think of any thing that you desire to keep a secret from me.

*Lady B.* Alas, my dear, I have no secrets. My heart could ne'er yet confine my tongue.

*Bel.* Your eyes, you mean; for I am sure I have seen them gadding, when your tongue has been locked up safe enough.

*Lady B.* My eyes gadding! Pr'ythee after who, child?

*Bel.* Why, after one that thinks you hate him, as much as I know you love him.

*Lady B.* Constant, you mean.

*Bel.* I do so.

*Lady B.* Lord, what should put such a thing into your head?

*Bel.* That which puts things into most people's heads, observation.

*Lady B.* Why, what have you observed, in the name of wonder?

*Bel.* I have observed you blush when you met him; force yourself away from him; and then be out of humour with ever thing about you: in a word, never was a poor creature so spurred on by desire, or so reined in with fear!

*Lady B.* How strong is fancy!

*Bel.* How weak is woman!

*Lady B.* Pr'ythee, niece, have a better opinion of your aunt's inclination.

*Bel.* Dear aunt, have a better opinion of your niece's understanding.

*Lady B.* You'll make me angry.

*Bel.* You'll make me laugh.

*Lady B.* Then you are resolved to persist!

*Bel.* Positively.

*Lady B.* And all I can say——

*Bel.* Will signify nothing——

*Lady B.* Though I should swear 'twere false——

*Bel.* I should think it true.

*Lady. B.* Then let us forgive; [*Kissing her.*] for we have both offended: I, in making a secret; you in discovering it.

*Bel.* Good nature may do much; but you have more reason to forgive one, than I have to pardon t'other.

*Lady B.* 'Tis true, Belinda, you have given me so many proofs of your friendship, that my reserve has been, indeed, a crime: and, as proof of my repentance, I own, Belinda, I am in danger. But whatever you may have observed, I have dissembled so well as to keep him ignorant. So you see I'm no coquet, Belinda: For 'tis an unreasonable thing to engage a man in a disease, which we beforehand resolve we will never apply a cure to.

*Bel.* 'Tis true; but then a woman must abandon one of the supreme blessings of her life. For I am fully convinced, no man has half that pleasure in gallanting a mistress, as a woman has in jilting a gallant.

*Lady B.* The happiest woman then on earth must be our neighbour.

*Bel.* Oh, the impertinent composition! She has vanity and affectation enough to make her a ridiculous original.

*Lady B.* She concludes all men her captives; and whatever course they take, it serves to confirm her in that opinion.

*Bel.* If they shun her, she thinks 'tis modesty, and takes it for a proof of their passion.

*Lady B.* And if they are rude to her, 'tis conduct, and done to prevent town-talk.

*Bel.* All their actions and their words, she takes for granted, aim at her.

*Lady B.* And pities all other women, because she thinks they envy her.

*Bel.* Pray, out of pity to ourselves, let us find a better subject—for I'm weary of this. Do you think your husband inclined to jealousy?

*Lady B.* O no; he does not love me well enough for that. Lord, how wrong men's maxims are!—They are seldom jealous of their wives, unless they are very fond of them: whereas they ought to consider the women's inclinations, for there depends their fate. Well, men may talk; but they are not so wise as we—that's certain.

*Bel.* At least in our affairs.

*Lady B.* Nay, I believe we should outdo them in the business of the state too: for, methinks, they do and undo, and make but bad work on't.

*Bel.* Why then don't we get into the intrigues of government, as well as they?

*Lady B.* Because we have intrigues of our own, that make us more sport, child. And so let's in, and consider of them. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A Dressing Room.*

LADY FANCIFUL, MADEMOISELLE, *and* CORNET, *discovered.*

*Lady F.* How do I look this morning?

*Cor.* Your ladyship looks very ill, truly.

*Lady F.* Lard, how illnatured thou art, Cornet, to tell me so, though the thing should be true! don't you know, that I have humility enough to be but too easily out of conceit with myself! Hold the glass: I dare say that will have more manners than you have; Mademoiselle, let me have your opinion too.

*Madem.* My opinion pe, matam, dat your ladyship never look so well in your life.

*Lady F.* Well, the French are the prettiest obliging people! they say the most acceptable, well-mannered things—and never flatter.

*Madem.* Your ladyship say great justice, inteed.

*Lady F.* Nay, every thing is just in my house, but Cornet. The very looking-glass gives her the *dementi.* But I'm almost afraid it flatters me, it makes me look so engaging. [*Looking affectedly in the Glass.*

*Madem.* Inteed, matam, your face pe handsomer den all de looking-glass in de world, *croyez moy.*

*Lady F.* But is it possible my eyes can be so languishing——and so very full of fire?

*Madem.* Matam, if the glass was burning glass, I believe your eyes set de fire in de house.

*Lady F.* You may take that night-gown, mademoiselle. Get out of the room, Cornet—I can't endure you. [*Exit* CORNET.] This wench, methinks, does look so insufferably ugly!

*Madem.* Every ting look ugly, matam, dat stand by your latyship.

*Lady F.* No, really, mademoiselle, methinks you look mighty pretty.

*Madem.* Ah, matam; de moon have no *eclat*, ven de sun appear.

*Lady F.* O pretty expression! Have you ever been in love, mademoiselle?

*Madem.* Ouy, matam. [*Sighing.*

*Lady F.* And were you beloved again?

*Madem.* No, matam.

*Lady F.* O ye gods! what an unfortunate creature should I be in such a case! But nature has made me nice, for my own defence; I'm nice, strangely nice, mademoiselle: I believe, were the merit of whole mankind bestowed upon one single person, I should still think the fellow wanted something to make it worth my while to take notice of him; and yet I could love —nay, fondly love, were it possible to have a thing made on purpose for me, for I'm not cruel, mademoiselle; I'm only nice.

*Madem.* Ah, matam, I wish I was fine gentleman, for your sake. I do all de ting in de world to get a little way into your heart. I make song, I make verse, I give you de serenade, I give great many present to mademoiselle; I no eat, I no sleep, I be lean, I be mad, I hang myself, I drown myself. Ah, *ma chere dame, que je vous aimerois.* [*Embracing her.*

*Lady F.* Well, the French have strange, obliging ways with them; you may take those two pair of gloves, mademoiselle.

*Madem.* Me humbly tank my sweet lady.

*Enter a* SERVANT *with a Letter.*

*Serv.* Madam, here's a letter for your ladyship.

*Lady F.* 'Tis thus I am importuned every morning, mademoiselle. Pray, how do the French ladies, when they are thus accablées?

*Madem.* Matam, dey never complain. Au contraire, when one Frense laty have got a hundred lover—den she do all she can to get a hundred more.

*Lady F.* Well, let me die, I think they have le gout bon. For 'tis an unutterable pleasure to be adored by all the men, and envied by all the women——Yet I'll swear I'm concerned at the torture I give them. Lard, why was I formed to make the whole creation uneasy! But let me read my letter. [*Reads.*

*If you have a mind to hear of your faults, instead of being praised for your virtues, take the pains to walk in the Green Walk in St. James's Park, with your woman, an hour hence. You'll there meet one, who hates you for some things, as he could love you for others, and therefore is willing to endeavour your reformation. ——If you come to the place I mention, you'll know who I am: if you don't, you never shall: so take your choice.*

This is strangely familiar, mademoiselle: now have I a provoking fancy to know who this impudent fellow is.

*Madem.* Den take your scarf and your mask, and go to de rendezvous. De Frense laty do justement comme ça.

*Lady F.* Rendezvous! What, rendezvous with a man, mademoiselle?

*Madem.* Eh, pourquoy non?

*Lady F.* What, and a man perhaps I never saw in my life!

*Madem.* Tant mieux: ce'st donc quelque chose de nouveau.

*Lady F.* Why, how do I know what designs he may have! He may intend to ravish me, for aught I know.

*Madem.* Ravish! Bagatelle. I would fain see one impudent rogue ravish mademoiselle, Oui, je le voudrois.

*Lady F.* O, but my reputation, mademoiselle, my reputation: ah, ma chere reputation!

*Madem.* Matam—Quand on l'a une fois perdus—On n'en est plus embarrassée.

*Lady F.* Fie, mademoiselle, fie; reputation is a jewel.

*Madem.* Qui coute bien chere, matam.

*Lady F.* Why, sure you would not sacrifice honour to your pleasure!

*Matem.* Je suis philosophe.

*Lady F.* Bless me, how you talk! Why, what if honour be a burden, mademoiselle, must it not be borne?

*Madem.* Chaqu'un a sa façon—Quand quelque chose m'incommode, moi——je m'en defais, vite.

*Lady F.* Get you gone, you little naughty Frenchwoman you: I vow and swear I must turn you out of doors, if you talk thus.

*Madem.* Turn me out of doors!——turn yourself out of doors, and go see what de gentleman have to say to you—Tenez. Voilà [*Giving her her things hastily.*] votre esharp, voilà votre coife, votre masque, voilà tout. Hey, mercure, coquin: call one chair for matam, and one oder [*Calling within.*] for me. Vat'en vites [*Turning to her Lady, and helping her on hastily with her things.*] Allons, matam; depechez vous done. Mon dieu, quelles scrupules!

*Lady F.* Well, for once, mademoiselle, I'll follow your advice, out of the intemperate desire I have to know who this illbred fellow is. But I have too much delicatesse to make a practice on't.

*Matem.* Belle chose vraiment que la delicatesse, lorsqu'il s'agit de divertir——a ça—Vous voilà équipée, partons.—Hè bien? qu' avez vous donc!

*Lady F.* J'ay peur.

*Madem.* Je n'en ai point moi.

*Lady F.* I dare not go.

*Madem.* Démeurez donc.

*Lady F.* Je suis poltrone.

*Madem.* Tant pis pour vous.

*Lady F.* Curiosity's a wicked devil.

*Madem.* C'est une charmante sainte.

*Lady F.* It ruined our first parents.

*Madem.* Elle a bien diverti leurs enfans.

*Lady F.* L'honneur est contre.

*Madem.* Le plaisir est pour.

*Lady F.* Must I then go!

*Madem.* Must you go?——must you eat, must you drink, must you sleep, must you live? De nature bid you do one, de nature bid you do toder. Vous me ferrez enrager.

*Lady F.* But when reason corrects nature, mademoiselle—

*Madam.* Elle est donc bien insolente, c'est sa sœur ainèe.

*Lady F.* Do you then prefer your nature to your reason, mademoiselle?

*Madem.* Oui da.

*Lady F.* Pourquoi?

*Madem.* Because my nature make me merry, my reason make me mad.

*Lady F.* Ah, la mèchante Françoise.

*Madem.* Ah, la belle Angloise.

[*Exit, forcing her Lady off.*

## ACT THE SECOND.

### SCENE I.

*St. James's Park.*

*Enter* LADY FANCIFUL *and* MADEMOISELLE.

*Lady F.* Well, I vow, mademoiselle, I'm strangely impatient to know who this confident fellow is.

*Enter* HEARTFREE.

Look, there's Heartfree. But sure it can't be him; he's a professed woman hater. Yet who knows what my wicked eyes may have done?

*Madem.* Il nous approache, matam.

*Lady F.* Yes, 'tis he; now will he be most intolerably cavalier, though he should be in love with me.

*Heart.* Madam, I'm your humble servant! I perceive you have more humility and good-nature than I thought you had.

*Lady F.* What you attribute to humility and good-nature, sir, may perhaps be only due to curiosity. I had a mind to know who 'twas had ill manners enough to write that letter. [*Throwing him his Letter.*

*Heart.* Well, and now I hope you are satisfied?

*Lady F.* I am so, sir; good by t'ye.

*Heart.* Nay, hold there; though you have done your business, I ha'n't done mine: by your ladyship's leave, we must have one moment's prattle together. Have you a mind to be the prettiest woman about town or not? How she stares upon me! What! this passes for an impertinent question with you now, because you think you are so already?

*Lady F.* Pray, sir, let me ask you a question in my turn; By what right do you pretend to examine me?

*Heart.* By the same right that the strong govern the weak, because I have you in my power; for you cannot get so quickly to your coach, but I shall have time enough to make you hear every thing I have to say to you.

*Lady F.* These are strange liberties you take, Mr. Heartfree.

*Heart.* They are so, madam, but there's no help for it; for know that I have a design upon you.

*Lady F.* Upon me, sir!

*Heart.* Yes, and one that will turn to your glory and my comfort, if you will be but a little wiser than you use to be.

*Lady F.* Very well, sir.

*Heart.* Let me see—Your vanity, madam, I take to be about some eight degrees higher than any woman's in the town, let t' other be who she will; and my indifference is naturally about the same pitch. Now could you find the way to turn this indifference into fire and flame, methinks your vanity ought to be satisfied: and this, perhaps, you might bring about upon pretty reasonable terms.

*Lady F.* And pray at what rate would this indifference be bought off, if one should have so depraved an appetite to desire it?

*Heart.* Why, madam, to drive a quaker's bargain, and make but one word with you, if I do part with it—you must lay down—your affectation.

*Lady F.* My affectation, sir!

*Heart.* Why, I ask you nothing but what you may very well spare.

*Lady F.* You grow rude, sir: Come, mademoiselle, it is high time to be gone.

*Madem.* Allons, allons, allons.

*Heart.* [*Stopping them.*] Nay, you may as well stand still; for hear me you shall, walk which way you please.

*Lady F.* What mean you, sir?

*Heart.* I mean to tell you, that you are the most ungrateful woman upon earth.

*Lady F.* Ungrateful! to whom?

*Heart.* To nature.

*Lady F.* Why, what has nature done for me?

*Heart.* What you have undone by art; It made you handsome; it gave you beauty to a miracle, a shape without a fault, wit enough to make them lish, and so turned you loose to your own discr which has made such work with you, that you

come the pity of our sex, and the jest of your own. There is not a feature in your face, but you have found the way to teach it some affected convulsion; your feet, your hands, your very fingers' ends, are directed never to move without some ridiculous air or other; and your language is a suitable trumpet, to draw people's eyes upon the raree show.

*Madem.* [*Aside.*] Est ce qu' on fait l'amour en Angleterre comme ça?

*Lady F.* [*Aside.*] Now could I cry for madness, but that I know he'd laugh at me for it.

*Heart.* Now do you hate me for telling you the truth, but that's because you don't believe 'tis so; for were you once convinced of that, you'd reform for your own sake.

*Lady F.* Every circumstance of nice breeding must needs appear ridiculous, to one who has so natural an antipathy to good manners.

*Heart.* But suppose I could find the means to convince you, that the whole world is of my opinion?

*Lady F.* Sir, though you, and all the world you talk of, should be so impertinently officious, as to think to persuade me I don't know how to behave myself; I should still have charity enough for my own understanding, to believe myself in the right, and all you in the wrong.

*Madem.* Le voilà mort.

[*Exeunt* LADY FANCIFUL *and* MADEMOISELLE.

*Heart.* [*Gazing at her.*] There her single clapper has published the sense of the whole sex. Well, this once I have endeavoured to wash the black-moor white but hence forward I'll sooner undertake to teach sincerity to a courtier, generosity to a userer, honesty to a lawyer, than discretion to a woman, I see has once set her heart upon playing the fool.

*Enter* CONSTANT.

'Morrow, Constant.

*Con.* Good-morrow, Jack; What are you doing here this morning?

*Heart.* Doing! guess, if you can.—Why, I have been endeavouring to persuade my Lady Fanciful, that she's the most foolish woman about town.

*Con.* A pretty endeavour, truly!

*Heart.* I have told her, in as plain English as I could speak, both what the town says of her, and what I think of her. In short, I have used her as an absolute king would do Magna Charta.

*Con.* And how does she take it?

*Heart.* As children do pills; bite them, but can't swallow them.

*Con.* But, pr'ythee, what has put it into your head, of all mankind, to turn reformer?

*Heart.* Why, one thing was, the morning hung upon my hands; I did not know what to do with myself; and another was, that as little as I care for women, I could not see with patience one, that Heaven had taken such wondrous pains about, be so very industrious to make herself the Jack-pudding of the creation.

*Con.* Well, now could I almost wish to see my cruel mistress make the self-same use of what Heaven has done for her; that so I might be cured of the same disease that makes me so very uneasy; for love, love is the devil, Heartfree.

*Heart.* And why do you let the devil govern you?

*Con.* Because I have more flesh and blood than grace and self-denial. My dear, dear mistress, 'sdeath! that so genteel a woman should be a saint, when religion's out of fashion!

*Heart.* Nay, she's much in the wrong, truly; but who knows how far time and good example may prevail?

*Con.* O! they have played their parts in vain already; 'tis now two years since the fellow her husband invited me to his wedding; and there was the first

*Con.* Pr'ythee don't distract me.

*Heart.* Nay, you are a good handsome young fellow, she might use you better. Come, will you go see her? perhaps she may have changed her mind; there's some hopes, as long as she's a woman.

*Con.* O, 'tis in vain to is it her: sometimes, to get a sight of her, I visit that beast her husband; but she certainly finds some pretence to quit the room as soon as I enter.

*Heart.* It's much she don't tell him you have made love to her too; for that's another goodnatured thing usual amongst women, in which they have several ends. Sometimes 'tis to recommend their virtue, that they may be kind with the greater security. Sometimes 'tis to make their husbands fight, in hopes they may be killed, when their affairs require it should be so: but most commonly 'tis to engage two men in a quarrel, that they may have the credit of being fought for; and if the lover's killed in the business, they cry, poor fellow, he had ill luck—and so they go to cards.

*Con.* Thy injuries to women are not to be forgiven. Look to't, if ever you fall into their hands——

*Heart.* They can't use me worse than they do you, that speak well of them. Oho! here comes the knight!

*Enter* SIR JOHN BRUTE.

*Heart.* Your humble servant, Sir John.

*Sir J.* Servant, sir.

*Heart.* How does all your family?

*Sir J.* Plague o'my family.

*Con.* How does your lady? I ha'n't seen her abroad a good while.

*Sir J.* Do! I don't know how she does, not I: she was well enough yesterday; I ha'n't been at home to-night.

*Con.* What, were you out of town?

*Sir J.* Out of town! No, I was drinking.

*Con.* You are a true Englishman; don't know your own happiness. If I were married to such a woman, I would not be from her a night, for all the wine in France.

*Sir J.* Not from her!—'Oons—what a time should a man have of that!

*Heart.* Why, there's no division, I hope?

*Sir J.* No; but there's a conjunction, and that's worse; a pox of the parson!—why the plague don't you too marry? I fancy I look like the devil to you.

*Heart.* Why, you don't think you have horns, do you?

*Sir J.* No, I believe my wife's religion will keep her honest.

*Heart.* And what will make her keep her religion?

*Sir J.* Persecution; and therefore she shall have it.

*Heart.* Have a care, knight, women are tender things.

*Sir J.* And yet, methinks, 'tis a hard matter to break their hearts.

*Con.* Fie, fie! you have one of the best wives in the world, and yet you seem the most uneasy husband.

*Sir J.* Best wives!—the woman's well enough; she has no vice that I know of; but she's a wife, and—damn a wife; if I were married to a hogshead of claret, matrimony would make me hate it.

*Heart.* Why did you marry then, you were old enough to know your own mind.

*Sir J.* Why did I marry! What, you would have me intrigue, I suppose, and so have hedged myself into forty quarrels with her relations; besides buying my pardon; but more than all that, you must know I was afraid of being damned in those days: for I kept sneaking, cowardly company, fellows that went to church, said grace to their meat, and had not the least tincture of quality about them.

*Heart.* But I think you have got into a better gang now.

*Sir J.* Zoons, sir, my Lord Rake and I are hand and glove: I believe we may get our bones broke together to-night. Have you a mind to share a frolic?

*Con.* Not I, truly; my talent lies in softer exercises.

*Sir J.* What, a down bed and a strumpet? A pox of venery, I say. Will you come and drink with me this afternoon?

*Con.* I can't drink to-day; but we'll come and sit an hour with you if you will.

*Sir J.* Pough, pox, sit an hour! Why can't you drink?

*Con.* Because I'm to see my mistress.

*Sir J.* Who's that?

*Con.* Why, do you use to tell?

*Sir J.* Yes.

*Con.* So won't I.

*Sir J.* Why?

*Con.* Because it is a secret.

*Sir J.* 'Would my wife knew it, 'twould be no secret long.

*Con.* Why, do you think she can't keep a secret?

*Sir J.* No more than she could keep Lent.

*Heart.* Pr'ythee, tell it her, to try, Constant.

*Sir J.* No, pr'ythee don't, that I mayn't be plagued with it.

*Con.* I'll hold you a guinea you don't make her tell it you.

*Sir J.* I'll hold you a guinea I do.

*Con.* Which way?

*Sir J.* Why, I'll beg her not to tell it me.

*Heart.* Nay, if any thing does it, that will.

*Con.* But do you think, sir——

*Sir J.* 'Oons, sir, I think a woman and a secret are the two impertinentest themes in the universe; therefore pray let's hear no more of my wife nor your mistress. Damn 'em both, with all my heart, and every thing e a petticoat, except four gene-

rous whores who are drunk with my Lord Rake and I ten times in a fortnight. [*Exit.*

*Con.* Here's a dainty fellow for you! and the veriest coward too. But his usage of his wife makes me ready to stab the villain.

*Heart.* Lovers are short-sighted: all their senses run into that of feeling. This proceeding of his is the only thing on earth can make you fortunate. If any thing can prevail with her to accept a gallant, 'tis his usage of her. Pr'ythee, take heart; I have great hopes for you; and since I can't bring you quite off her; I'll endeavour to bring you quite on; for a whining lover is the damnedst companion upon earth.

*Con.* My dear friend, flatter me a little more with these hopes; for whilst they prevail, I have Elysium within me, and could melt with joy.

*Heart.* Pray, no melting yet; This afternoon, perhaps, we shall make some advance. In the mean while let's go dine at Locket's, and let hope get you a stomach. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

### LADY FANCIFUL'S *House.*

*Enter* LADY FANCIFUL *and* MADEMOISELLE.

*Lady F.* Did you ever see any thing so importune, mademoiselle?

*Madem.* Indeed, matam, to say de trute, he want leetel good breeding.

*Lady F.* Good breeding! He wants to be caned, mademoiselle. An insolent fellow! and yet let me expose my weakness, 'tis the only man on earth I could

solve to dispense my favours on, were he but a fine gentleman. Well, did men but know how deep an impression a fine gentleman makes in a lady's heart, they would reduce all their studies to that of good-breeding alone.

*Enter* SERVANT.

*Serv.* Will your ladyship please to dine yet?

*Lady F.* Yes, let them serve. [*Exit* SERVANT.] Sure this Heartfree has bewitched me, mademoiselle. I vow 'tis a thousand pities he is not more polished; don't you think so?

*Madem.* Matam, I think it so great pity, that if I was in your ladyship's place, I take him home in my house, I lock him up in my closet, and I never let him go, till I teach him every ting dat fine lady expect from fine gentleman.

*Lady F.* Why, truly, I believe I should soon subdue his brutality; for, without doubt, he has a strange penchant to grow fond of me, in spite of his aversion to the sex, else he would ne'er have taken so much pains about me. Lord, how proud would some poor creatures be of such a conquest! But I, alas! I don't know how to receive as a favour, what I take to be so infinitely my due. But what shall I do to new mould him, mademoiselle, for till then, he's my utter aversion?

*Madem.* Matem, you must laugh at him in all de places dat you meet him, and turn into de redicule all he say, and all he do.

*Lady F.* Why, truly, satire has ever been of wondrous use to reform ill-manners. Besides, 'tis my particular talent to ridicule folks. I can be severe, strangely severe, when I will, mademoiselle—Give me the pen and ink—I find myself whimsical—I'll write to him—Or, I'll let it alone and be severe upon him that way. [*Sitting down to write, rising up again.*]—Yet active severity is better than passive. [Sitting down.]—

'Tis as good to let it alone too; for every lash I give him, perhaps he'll take for a favour.—[*Rising.*] Yet 'tis a thousand pities so much satire should be lost. [*Sitting.*]—But if it should have a wrong effect upon him, 'twould distract me. [*Rising.*]—Well, I must write though, after all. [*Sitting.*]—Or I'll let it alone, which is the same thing. [*Rising.*

*Madem.* La voilà determinée. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT THE THIRD.

### SCENE I.

SIR JOHN BRUTE'S *House.*

SIR JOHN, LADY BRUTE, *and* BELINDA, *discovered rising from the Table.*

*Sir J.* Here; take away the things: I expect company. But first bring me a pipe: I'll smoke.

[*To a* SERVANT.

*Lady B.* Lord, Sir John, I wonder you won't leave that nasty custom.

*Sir J.* Pr'ythee, don't be impertinent.

*Bel.* [*To* LADY BRUTE.] I wonder who those are he expects this afternoon.

*Lady B.* I'd give the world to know. Perhaps, 'tis Constant; he comes here sometimes: if it does prove him, I'm resolved I'll share the visit.

*Bel.* We'll send for our work, and sit here.

*Lady B.* He'll choke us with his tobacco.

*Bel.* Nothing will choke us, when we are doing what we have a mind to. Lovewell——

*Enter* LOVEWELL.

*Love.* Madam.

*Lady B.* Here; bring my cousin's work and mine hither.

[*Exit* LOVEWELL, *and re-enters with their Work.*

*Sir J.* Why, pox, can't you work somewhere else?

*Lady B.* We shall be careful not to disturb you, sir.

*Bel.* Your pipe would make you too thoughtful, uncle, if you were left alone; our prittle prattle will cure your spleen.

*Sir J.* Will it so, Mrs. Pert! Now I believe it will so increase it, [*Sitting and smoking.*] I shall take my own house for a paper-mill.

*Lady B.* [*To* BELINDA, *aside.*] Don't let's mind him; let him say what he will.

*Sir J.* A woman's tongue a cure for the spleen! 'Oons—[*Aside.*] If a man had got the head-ache, the[re] be for applying the same remedy.

*Lady B.* You have done a good deal, Belinda, s[ince] yesterday.

*Bel.* Yes, I have worked very hard; how d[o] like it!

*Lady B.* O! 'tis the prettiest fringe in the w[orld] Well, cousin, you have the happiest fancy: pr[ay] advise me about altering my crimson petticoat.

*Sir J.* Damn your petticoat; here's such a prat[tling] a man can't digest his own thoughts for you.

*Lady B.* Don't answer him. [*Aside.*]—Well, w[hat] do you advise me?

*Bel.* Why, really, I would not alter it at all. Methinks 'tis very pretty as it is.

*Lady B.* Ay, that's true; but you know one grows weary of the prettiest things in the world, when one has had them long.

*Sir J.* Yes, I have taught her that.

*Bel.* Shall we provoke him a little

*Lady B.* With all my heart. Belinda, don't you long to be married?

*Bel.* Why, there are some things in it which I could like well enough.

*Brute.* What do you think you should dislike?

*Bel.* My husband, a hundred to one else.

*Lady B.* O you wicked wretch! sure you don't speak as you think?

*Bel.* Yes, I do: especially if he smoked tobacco.

[*He looks earnestly at them.*

*Lady B.* Why, that many times takes off worse smells.

*Bel.* Then he must smell very ill indeed.

*Lady B.* So some men will, to keep their wives from coming near them.

*Bel.* Then those wives should cuckold them at a distance. [*He runs in a fury, throws his Pipe at them, and drives them out—As they run off,*

*Enter* CONSTANT *and* HEARTFREE; LADY BRUTE *runs against* CONSTANT.

*Sir J.* Oons, get you gone up stairs, you confederating strumpets you, or I'll cuckold you, with a vengeance.

*Lady B.* O lord he'll beat us; he'll beat us! Dear dear Mr. Constant, save us!

[*Exeunt* LADY BRUTE *and* BELINDA.

*Sir J.* I'll cuckold you, with a pox.

*Con.* Heaven! Sir John, what's the matter?

*Sir J.* Sure if women had been ready created, the devil, instead of being kicked down into hell, had been married.

*Heart.* Why, what new plagues have you found now?

*Sir J.* Why, these two gentlewomen did but hear me say I expected you here this afternoon; upon which they presently resolved to take up the room o' purpose to plague me and my friends.

*Con.* Was that all? Why, we should have been glad of their company.

*Sir J.* Then I should have been weary of yours; for I can't relish both together. They found fault with my smoking tobacco too, and said men stunk; but I had a good mind—to say something.

*Con.* Oh, nothing against the ladies, I hope?

*Sir J.* The ladies! Come, will you sit down?—Give us some wine, fellow.—You won't smoke?

*Con.* No, nor drink neither, at this time; I must ask your pardon.

*Sir J.* What, this mistress of yours runs in your head! I'll warrant it's some such squeamish minx as my wife, that's grown so dainty of late, she finds fault even with a dirty shirt.

*Heart.* That a woman may do, and not be very dainty neither.

*Sir J.* Come, you shall take one glass, though I send for a box of lozenges, to sweeten your mouth after it.

*Con.* Nay if one glass, will satisfy you, I'll drink it, without putting you to that expense.

*Sir J.* Why, that's honest. So here's to you, gentlemen.—A wife's the devil.—To your both being married. [*They drink.*

*Heart.* O, your most humble servant, sir.

*Sir J.* Well, how do you like my wine?

*Con.* 'Tis very good indeed.

*Heart.* 'Tis admirable.

*Sir J.* Then take t'other glass.

*Con.* No, pray excuse us now: we'll come another time, and then we won't spare it.

*Sir J.* This one glass, and no more. Come, it shall be your mistress's health; and that's a great compliment from me, I assure you.

*Con.* And 'tis a very obliging one to me? so give us the glasses.

*Sir J.* So; let her live——[*He coughs in the Glass.*

*Heart.* And be kind.

*Con.* What's the matter? Does it go the wrong way?

*Sir J.* If I had love enough to be jealous, I should take this for an ill omen: for I never drank my wife's health in my life, but I puk'd in my glass.

*Con.* O, she's too virtuous to make any reasonable man jealous.

*Sir J.* Pox of her virtue. If I could catch her adulterating, I might be divorced from her by law.

*Heart.* And so pay her a yearly pension, to be a distinguished cuckold

*Enter a* SERVANT.

*Serv.* Sir, there's my Lord Rake, Colonel Bully, and some other gentlemen at the Blue Posts, desire your company.

*Sir J.* God's so, we are to consult about playing the devil to-night.

*Heart.* Well, we won't hinder business.

*Sir J.* Methinks I don't know how to leave you two; but for once I must make bold. Or, look you —may be the conference mayn't last long! So if you'll wait here half an hour, or an hour; if I don't come then—why then—I won't come at all.

*Heart.* [*To* CONSTANT.] A good modest proposition, truly. [*Aside.*

*Con.* But let's accept on't, however. Who knows what may happen?

*Heart.* Well, sir, to show you how fond we are of your company, we'll expect your return as long as we can.

*Sir J.* Nay, may be I may'nt stay at all; but business, you know, must be done. So your servant. Or, hark you, if you have a mind to take a frisk with us, I have an interest with my lord; I can easily introduce you.

*Con.* We are much beholden to you; but for part I'm engaged another way.

*Sir J.* What, to your mistress, I'll warrant. Pr'ythee leave her to her own thoughts, and make one with us to-night.

*Con.* Sir, 'tis business that is to employ me.

*Heart.* And me; and business must be done, you know.

*Sir J.* Ay, women's business, though the world were consumed for't. [*Exit.*

*Con.* Farewell, beast; and now, my dear friend, would my mistress be but as complaisant as some men's wives, who think it a piece of good breeding to receive the visits of their husband's friends in his absense——

*Heart.* Why, for your sake, I could forgive her. But what way shall we invent to see her?

*Con.* O ne'er hope it; invention will prove as vain as wishes.

*Enter* LADY BRUTE *and* BELINDA.

*Heart.* What do you think now, friend?

*Con.* I think I shall swoon.

*Heart.* I'll speak first then, while you fetch breath.

*Lady B.* We think ourselves obliged, gentlemen, to come and return you thanks for your knight errantry; We were just upon being devoured by the fiery dragon.

*Bel.* Did not his fumes almost knock you down, gentlemen?

*Heart.* Truly, ladies, we did undergo some hardships; and should have done more, if some greater heroes than ourselves hard by had not diverted him.

*Con.* Though I am glad of the service you are pleased to say we have done you, yet I'm sorry we could do it in no other way, than by making ourselves privy to what you would perhaps have kept a secret.

*Lady B.* For Sir John's part, I suppose he designed it no secret, since he made so much noise? And for *myself, truly, I am not much concerned, since 'tis*

fallen only into this gentleman's hand and yours, who, I have many reasons to believe, will neither interpret nor report any thing to my disadvantage.

*Con.* Your good opinion, madam, was what I feared, I never could have merited.

*Lady B.* Your fears were vain, then, sir, for I'm just to every body.

*Heart.* Pr'ythee, Constant, what is't you do to get the ladies' good opinions; for I'm a novice at it?

*Bel.* Sir, will you give me leave to instruct you?

*Heart.* Yes, that I will, with all my soul, madam.

*Bel.* Why, then, you must never be a sloven; never be out of humour, never smoke tobacco; nor drink, but when you are dry.

*Heart.* That's hard.

*Con.* Nay, if you take his bottle from him, you break his heart, madam.

*Bel.* Why, is it possible the gentleman can love drinking?

*Heart.* Only by way of antidote.

*Bel.* Against what, pray?

*Heart.* Against love, madam.

*Lady B.* Are you afraid of being in love, sir?

*Heart.* I should, if there were any danger of it.

*Lady B.* Pray, why so?

*Heart.* Because I always had an aversion to being used like a dog.

*Bel.* Why, truly, men in love are seldom used better.

*Lady B.* But was you never in love, sir?

*Heart.* No, I thank Heaven, madam.

*Bel.* Pray, where got you your learning, then?

*Heart.* From other people's experience.

*Bel.* That's being a spunger, sir, which is scarce honest; if you'd buy some experience with your own money, as 'twould be fairlier got, so 'twould stick longer by you.

*Enter a* FOOTMAN.

*Foot.* Madam, here's my Lady Fanciful, to wait upon your ladyship.

*Lady B.* Shield me, kind Heaven! What an inundation of impertinence is here coming upon us!

*Enter* LADY FANCIFUL, *who runs first to* LADY BRUTE, *then to* BELINDA, *kissing them.*

*Lady F.* My dear Lady Brute, and sweet Belinda, methinks 'tis an age since I saw you.

*Lady B.* Yet 'tis but three days; sure you have passed your time very ill, it seems so long to you!

*Lady F.* Why, really, to confess the truth to you, I am so everlastingly fatigued with the addresses of unfortunate gentlemen, that were it not for the extravagancy of the example, I should e'en tear out these wicked eyes with my own fingers, to make both myself and mankind easy. What think you on't, Mr. Heartfree, for I take you to be my faithful adviser?

*Heart.* Why, truly, madam—I think every project that is for the good of mankind ought to be encouraged.

*Lady F.* Then I have your consent, sir?

*Heart.* To do whatever you please, madam.

*Lady F.* You had a much more limited complaisance this morning, sir. Would you believe it, ladies? the gentleman has been so exceeding generous, to tell me of above fifty faults, in less time than it was well possible for me to commit two of them!

*Con.* Why, truly, madam, my friend there is apt to be something familiar with the ladies.

*Lady F.* He is, indeed, sir; but he's wondrous charitable with it; he has had the goodness to design a reformation, e'en down to my fingers' ends.——'Twas thus, I think, sir, [*Opening her fingers in an awkward manner.*] you'd have them stand?—My eyes too he did

not like: How was't you would have directed them? Thus, I think. [*Staring at him.*]—Then there was something amiss in my gait too: I don't know well how 'twas! but, as I take it, he would have me walk like him. Pray, sir, do me the favour to take a turn or two about the room, that the company may see you. He's sullen, ladies, and won't. But, to make short, and give you as true an idea as I can of the matter, I think 'twas much about this figure in general, he would have moulded me to: but I was an obstinate woman, and could not resolve to make myself mistress of his heart, by growing as aukward as his fancy.

[*She walks aukwardly about, staring and looking ungainly; then changes on a sudden to the extremity of her usual affectation.*

*Heart.* Just thus women do, when they think we are in love with them, or when they are so with us.

[*Here* CONSTANT *and* LADY. BRUTE *talk together apart.*

*Lady F.* 'Twould, however, be less vanity for me, to conclude the former, than you the latter, sir.

*Heart.* Madam, all I shall presume to conclude is, that if I were in love, you'd find the means to make me soon weary on't.

*Lady F.* Not by over fondness, upon my word, sir. But pr'ythee let's stop here; for you are so much governed by instinct, I know you'll grow brutish at last.

*Bel.* [*Aside.*] Now am I sure she's fond of him: I'll try to make her jealous. Well, for my part, I should be glad to find somebody would be so free with me, that I might know my faults, and mend them.

*Lady F.* Then pray let me recommend this gentleman to you: I have known him some time, and will be surety for him, that upon a very limited encouragement on your side, you shall find an extended impudence on his.

*Heart.* I thank you madam, for your recommendation; but, hating idleness, I'm unwilling to enter into a place where I believe there would be nothing to do. I was fond of serving your ladyship, because I knew you'd find me constant employment.

*Lady F.* I told you he'd be rude, Belinda.

*Bel.* O, a little bluntness is a sign of honesty, which makes me always ready to pardon it. So, sir, if you have no other objection to my service, but the fear of being idle in it, you may venture to list yourself: I shall find you work, I warrant you.

*Heart.* Upon those terms I engage, madam; and thus, with your leave, I take for earnest.

[*Offers to kiss her Hand.*

*Bel.* Hold there, sir; I'm none of your earnest givers. But, if I'm well served, I give good wages, and pay punctually!

[HEARTFREE *and* BELINDA *seem to continue talking familiarly together.*

*Lady F.* [*Aside.*] I don't like this jesting between them—Methinks the fool begins to look as if he were in earnest; but then he must be a fool indeed—Lard, what a difference there is between me and her! [*Looking at* BELINDA *scornfully.*] How I should despise such a thing, if I were a man!—What a nose she has—What a chin—What a neck—Then her eyes—And the worst kissing lips in the universe!—No, no, he can never like her, that's positive—Yet I can't suffer them together any longer. Mr. Heartfree, do you know that you and I must have no quarrel, for all this? I can't forbear being a little severe now and then: but women, you know, may be allowed any thing.

*Heart.* Up to a certain age, madam.

*Lady F.* Which I'm not yet past, I hope.

*Heart.* [*Aside.*] Nor ever will, I dare swear.

*Lady F* [illegible] Came, madam, will your la[illegible] reconcilation?

*Lady B.* You are agreed then at last?

*Heart.* [*Slightingly.*] We forgive.

*Lady F.* [*Aside.*] That was a cold, illnatured reply.

*Lady B.* Then there's no challenges sent between you?

*Heart.* Not from me, I promise. [*Aside to* CONSTANT.] But that's more than I'll do for her; for I know she can as well be hanged as forbear writing to me.

*Con.* That I believe. But I think we had best be going, lest she should suspect something, and be malicious.

*Heart.* With all my heart.

*Con.* Ladies, we are your humble servants. I see Sir John is quite engaged, 'twould be in vain to expect him. Come, Heartfree. [*Exit.*

*Heart.* Ladies, your servant. [*To* BELINDA.] I hope, madam, you won't forget our bargain; I'm to say what I please to you. [*Exit.*

*Bel.* Liberty of speech entire, sir.

*Lady F.* [*Aside.*] Very pretty, truly—But how the blockhead went out languishing at her; and not a look towards me—Well, people may talk, but miracles are not ceased. For, 'tis more than natural, such a rude fellow as he, and such a little impertinent as she should be capable of making a woman of my sphere uneasy. But I can bear her sight no longer—methinks she's grown ten times uglier than Cornet. I must home and study revenge. [*To* LADY BRUTE.] Madam, your humble servant; I must take my leave.

*Lady B.* What, going already, madam!

*Lady F.* I must beg you'll excuse me this once; for really I have eighteen visits to return this afternoon; so you see I'm importuned by the women, as well as the men. [*Going.*] Nay, you shan't go one step *out of the room.*

*Lady B.* Indeed I'll wait upon you down.

*Lady F.* No, sweet Lady Brute, you know I swoon at ceremony.

*Lady B.* Pray give me leave.

*Lady F.* You know I won't.

*Lady B.* Indeed I must.

*Lady F.* Indeed you shan't.

*Lady B.* Indeed I will.

*Lady F.* Indeed you shan't.

*Lady B.* Indeed I will.

*Lady F.* Indeed you shan't, Indeed, indeed, indeed you shan't. [*Exit running; they follow.*

*Re-enter* LADY BRUTE.

*Lady B.* This impertinent woman has put me out of humour for a fortnight—What an agreeable moment has her foolish visit interrupted! Lord, what a pleasure there is in doing what we should not do!

*Enter* CONSTANT.

Ha! here again!

*Con.* Though the renewing my visit may seem a little irregular, I hope I shall obtain your pardon for it, madam, when you know I only left the room, lest the lady who was here should have been as malicious in her remarks, as she is foolish in her conduct.

*Lady B.* He, who has discretion enough to be tender of a woman's reputation, carries a virtue about him that may atone for a great many faults.

*Con.* If it has a title to atone for any, its pretensions must needs be strongest, where the crime is love. But I hope it cannot be reckoned an offence to love, where it is a duty to adore.

*Lady B.* 'Tis an offence, a great one, where it would rob a woman of all she ought to be adored for; her virtue.

*Con.* Virtue;—that phantom of honour, which men in every age have so condemned; they have thrown it amongst the women to scramble for.

*Lady B.* If it be a thing of so very little value, why do you so earnestly recommend it to your wives and daughters?

*Con.* We recommend it to our wives, madam, because we would keep them to ourselves, and to our daughters, because we would dispose of them to others.

*Lady B.* 'Tis then of some importance, it seems, since you can't dispose of them without it.

*Con.* I beg you will believe I did but rally, madam. I know you judge too well of right and wrong to be deceived by arguments like those. And I hope you will have so favourable an opinion of my understanding too, to believe the thing called virtue has worth enough with me to pass for an eternal obligation where'er 'tis sacrificed.

*Lady B.* It is, I think, so great a one, as nothing can repay.

*Con.* Yes, the making the man you love your everlasting debtor.

*Lady B.* When debtors once have borrowed all we have to lend, they are very apt to grow shy of their creditors' company.

*Con.* That, madam, is only when they are forced to borrow of usurers, and not of a generous friend. Let us chuse our creditors, and we are seldom so ungrateful as to shun them.

*Lady B.* What think you of Sir John, sir? I was his free choice.

*Con.* I think he's married, madam.

*Lady B.* Does marriage then exclude men from your rule of constancy?

*Con.* It does. Constancy's a brave, free, haughty, generous, agent, that cannot buckle to the chains of wedlock. [*Following her.*] But, madam—

*Lady B.* But, sir, 'tis my turn to be discreet now, and not suffer too long a visit.

*Con.* [*Catching her Hand.*] By Heaven, you shall not stir, till you give me hopes that I shall see you again at some more convenient time and place.

*Lady B.* I give you just hopes enough—[*Breaking from him.*] to get loose from you: and that's all I can afford you at this time. [*Exit, running.*

*Con.* Now, by all that's great and good, she's a charming woman. In what ecstacy of joy she has left me! For she gave me hope. Did she not say she gave me hope?—Hope! Ay, what hope?—enough to make me let her go—Why, that's enough in conscience. Or, no matter how 'twas spoke; hope was the word, it came from her, and it was said to me.

*Enter* HEARTFREE.

Ha, Heartfree! Thou hast done me noble service, in prattling to the young gentlewoman without there! Come to my arms, thou venerable bawd, and let me squeeze thee [*Embracing him eagerly.*] as a new pair of stays does a fat country girl, when she's carried to court, to stand for a maid of honour.

*Heart.* Why, what the devil's all this rapture for?

*Con.* Rapture! There's ground for rapture, man! There's hopes, my Heartfree—hopes, my friend.

*Heart.* Hopes! of what?

*Con.* Why, hopes that my lady and I together, (for tis more than one body's work) should make Sir John a cuckold.

*Heart.* Pr'ythee, what did she say to thee?

*Con.* Say! What did she not say! she said that—says she—she said—Zoons, I don't know what she said; but she looked as if she said every thing I'd have her; and so, if thou'lt go to the tavern, I'll treat thee with any thing [illegible] can buy; I'll give all my silver a [illegible] bonfire before the

doors; swear that the Pope's turned protestant, and that all the politicians in England are of one mind.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A Tavern.*

LORD RAKE, SIR JOHN, *&c. at a Table, drinking.*

*All.* Huzza!

*Lord R.* Come, boys, charge again—so—confusion to all order. Here's liberty of conscience.

*All.* Huzza!

*Lord R.* Come, sing the song I made this morning, to this purpose.

*Sir J.* 'Tis wicked, I hope.

*Lord R.* Don't I tell you that I made it?

*Sir J.* My lord, I beg your pardon for doubting your taste. Come, begin.

### SONG—COLONEL BULLY.

*We're gayly yet, we're gayly yet,*
*And we're not very fow, but we're gayly yet,*
*Then sit ye a while, and tipple a bit,*
*For we's not very fow, but we're gayly yet,*
*And we're gayly yet, &c. &c.*

*There were three lads, and they were clad,*
*There were three lasses, and them they had.*
*Three trees in the orchard are newly sprung,*
*And we's a' git geer enough, we're but young,*
*And we're gayly yet, &c. &c.*

*Then up went Ailey, Ailey, up went Ailey now;*
*Then up with Ailey, quo' Crumma, we's get a' roaring fow.*
*And one was kiss'd in the barn, another was kiss'd on the green,*
*And t'other behind the pease-stack, till the mow flew up to her eyn.*
*Then up went Ailey, Ailey, &c. &c.*

*Now, fie, John Thompson, run,*
*Gin ever you run in your life,*
*De'el get ye; but hye, my dear Jack,*
*There's a mon got to bed with your wife.*
*Then up went Ailey, &c. &c.*

*Then away John Thompson ran,*
*And 'egad he ran with speed,*
*But before he had run his length*
*The false loon had done the deed.*
*Then up went Ailey, &c. &c.*

*Lord R.* Well, how do you like it, gentlemen?

*All.* O, admirable!

*Sir J.* I would not give a fig for a song that is not full of sin and impudence.

*Lord R.* Then my muse is to your taste. But drink away; the night steals upon us; we shall want time to be lewd in. Hey, sally out, sirrah, and see what's doing in the camp; we'll beat up the quarters presently.

*Wait.* I'll bring your lordship an exact account. [*Exit.*

*Lord R.* Courage, knight! victory attends you.

*Sir J.* And laurels shall crown me. Drink away, and be damned.

*Lord R.* Again, boys; t'other glass, and no morality.

*Sir J.* [*Drunk.*] Ay—no morality—and damn the watch. And let the constable be married.

*All.* Huzza!

*Enter* WAITER.

*Lord R.* How are the streets inhabited, sirrah?

*Wait.* My lord, it's Sunday-night, they are full of drunken citizens. [*Exit.*

*Lord R.* Along, then, boys, we shall have a feast.

*Col.* Along, noble knight.

*Sir J.* Ay—along bully; and he that says Sir John Brute is not as drunk, and as religious as the drunkenest citizen of them all—is a liar, and the son of a whore.

*Col.* Why, that was bravely spoke, and like a free-born Englishman.

*Sir J.* What's that to you, sir, whether I am an Englishman or a Frenchman?

*Col.* Zoons, you are not angry, sir?

*Sir J.* Zoons, I am angry, sir—for if I am a free-born Englishman, what have you to do, even to talk of my privileges?

*Lord R.* Why, pr'ythee, knight, don't quarrel here; leave private animosities to be decided by daylight; let the night be employed against the public enemy.

*Sir J.* My lord, I respect you, because you are a man of quality. But I'll make that fellow know I'm within a hair's breadth as absolute by my privileges, as the King of France is by his prerogative. He, by his prerogative, takes money where it is not his due; I, by my privilege, refuse paying it, where I owe it. Liberty and property, and old England. Huzza!

*All.* Huzza!

[*Exit* SIR JOHN, *reeling, all following.*

## ACT THE FOURTH.

### SCENE I.

*Covent Garden.*

*Enter* LORD RAKE, *and* COLONEL BULLY, *with their Swords drawn.*

*Lord R.* Is the dog dead?

*Col.* No, damn him, I heard him wheeze.

*Lord R.* How the witch his wife howl'd!

*Col.* Ay, she'll alarm the watch presently.

*Lord R.* Appear, knight, then; come, you have a good cause to fight for; there's a man murdered.

*Enter* SIR JOHN.

*Sir J.* Is there! then let his ghost be satisfied; for I'll sacrifice a constable to it presently, and burn his body upon his wooden chair.

*Enter a* TAILOR, *with a Bundle under his Arm.*

*Col.* How now! what have we got here? a thief!

*Tai.* No, an't please you, I'm no thief.

*Lord R.* That we'll see presently. Here; let the general examine him.

*Sir J.* Ay, ay, let me examine him, and I'll lay a hundred pounds I find him guilty, in spite of his teeth —for he looks—like a—sneaking rascal. Come, sirrah, without equivocation, or mental reservation, tell me of what opinion you are, and what calling; for by them—I sh[illegible] tails.

*Tai.* An't please you, I'm a dissenting journeyman woman's tailor.

*Sir J.* Then, sirrah, you love lying by your religion, and theft by your trade: and so, that your punishments may be suitable to your crimes—I'll have you first gagged, and then hanged.

*Tai.* Pray, good worthy gentlemen, don't abuse me: indeed, I am an honest man, and a good workman, though I say it, that should not say it.

*Sir J.* No words, sirrah, but attend your fate.

*Lord R.* Let me see what's in that bundle.

*Tai.* An't please you, it's my lady's morning dress and hat.

*Sir J.* What lady, you reptile, you?

*Tai.* My Lady Brute, an't please your honour.

*Sir J.* My Lady Brute! my wife! the robe of my wife!—with reverence let me approach it. The dear angel is always taking care of me in danger, and has sent me this suit of armour, to protect me in this day of battle:—on they go.

*All.* O brave knight!

*Lord R.* Live, Don Quixote the second!

*Sir J.* Sancho, my 'squire, help me on with my armour.

*Tai.* O, dear gentleman! I shall be quite undone, if you take the sack.

*Sir J.* Retire, sirrah! and, since you carry off your skin, go home, and be happy.—[*They dress him.*] So! how do you like my shapes now?

*Lord R.* To a miracle! he looks like a queen of the Amazons—But, to your arms, gentlemen! the enemy's upon their march—here's the watch.

*Sir J.* Oons! if it were Alexander the Great, at the head of his army, I would drive him into a horse-pond.

*All.* Huzza! O brave knight!

*Enter* WATCHMEN.

*Sir J.* See! Here he comes, with all his Greeks about him—follow me, boys.

1 *Watch.* Heyday!—who have we got here?—stand.

*Sir J.* Mayhap not.

1 *Watch.* What are you all doing here in the streets, at this time o' night? And who are you, madam, that seems to be at the head of this noble crew?

*Sir J.* Sirrah! I am Bonduca, queen of the Welshmen; and, with a leek as long as my pedigree, I will destroy your Roman legions in an instant.—— Britons, strike home!

[*Snatches a* WATCHMAN'S *Staff, strikes at the* WATCH, *drives them off, and returns in Custody.*

1 *Watch.* So! we have got the queen, however! we'll make her pay well for her ransom.—Come, madam, will your majesty please to walk before the constable?

*Sir J.* The constable's a rascal, and you are a son of a whore!

1 *Watch.* A most noble reply, truly! If this be her royal style, I'll warrant her maids of honour prattle prettily: but we'll teach you some of our court dialect before we part with you, princess.—Away with her to the roundhouse.

*Sir J.* Hands off, you ruffians! My honour's dearer to me than my life; I hope you won't be so uncivil.

1 *Watch.* Away with her. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A Chamber.*

*Enter* HEARTFREE.

*Heart.* What the plague ails me?—Love! No, I thank you for that; my heart's rock still—Yet 'tis Belinda that disturbs me, that's positive—Well, what of all that! Must I love her for being troublesome? At that rate, I might love all the women I meet, egad. But hold!—though I don't love her for disturbing me, yet she may disturb me, because I love her.—Ay, that may be, faith. I have dreamt of her, that's certain—Well, so I have of my mother; therefore what's that to the purpose? Ay, but Belinda runs in my mind waking—and so does many a damned thing, that I don't care a farthing for—Methinks, though, I would fain be talking to her, and yet I have no business—Well, am I the first man that has had a mind to do an impertinent thing?

*Enter* CONSTANT.

*Con.* How now, Heartfree! What makes you up and dressed so soon? I thought none but lovers quarrelled with their beds; I expected to have found you snoring, as I used to do.

*Heart.* Why, 'faith, friend, 'tis the care I have of your affairs, that makes me so thoughtful; I have been studying all night how to bring your matter about with Belinda.

*Con.* With Belinda?

*Heart.* With my lady, I mean: and, 'faith, I have mighty hopes on't. Sure you must be very well satisfied with her behaviour to you yesterday?

*Con.* So well, that nothing but a lover's fears can make me doubt of success. But what can this sudden change proceed from?

*Heart.* Why, you saw her husband beat her, did you not?

*Con.* That's true: a husband is scarce to be borne upon any terms, much less when he fights with his wife. Methinks she should e'en have cuckolded him upon the spot, to show, that after the battle she was master of the field.

*Heart.* A council of war of women would infallibly have advised her to it. But, I confess, so agreeable a woman as Belinda deserves better usage.

*Con.* Belinda again!

*Heart.* My lady, I mean. What a plague makes me blunder so to-day?—[*Aside.*] A plague of this treacherous tongue.

*Con.* Pr'ythee, look upon me seriously, Heartfree.—Now answer me directly; Is it my lady, or Belinda, employs your careful thoughts thus?

*Heart.* My lady, or Belinda!

*Con.* In love, by this light! in love!

*Heart.* In love!

*Con.* Nay, ne'er deny it; for thou'lt do it so awkwardly, 'twill but make the jest sit heavier about thee. My dear friend, I give you much joy.

*Heart.* Why, pr'ythee, you won't persuade me to it, will you?

*Con.* That she's mistress of your tongue, that's plain; and I know you are so honest a fellow, your tongue and heart always go together. But how—but how the devil! Pha! ha! ha! ha! ha!—

*Heart.* Heyday! why, sure you don't believe it in earnest?

*Con.* Yes, I do, because I see you deny it in jest.

*Heart.* Nay, but look you, Ned—a—deny in jest—a—gadzooks! you know, I say—a—when a man denies a thing in jest—a—

*Con.* Pha! ha! ha! ha! ha!—

*Heart.* Nay, then we shall have it: what, because a man stumbles at a word—Did you never make a blunder?

*Con.* Yes, for I am in love; I own it.

*Heart.* Then so am I—Now laugh till thy soul's glutted with mirth. [*Embracing him.*] But, dear Constant, don't tell the town on't.

*Con.* Nay, then, 'twere almost a pity to laugh at thee, after so honest a confession.

*Enter* FOOTMAN.

*Foot.* Sir, there's a porter without, with a letter; he desires to give it into your own hands.

*Con.* Call him in.

*Enter* PORTER.

What, Joe! Is it thee?

*Port.* An't please you, sir, I was ordered to deliver this into your hands, by two well shaped ladies, at the New Exchange. I was at your honour's lodgings, and your servants sent me hither.

*Con.* 'Tis well—are you to carry any answer?

*Port.* No, my noble master. They gave me my orders, and whip they are gone.

*Con.* Very well; there. [*Gives him Money.*

*Port.* Heaven bless your honour! [*Exit.*

*Con.* Now let's see what honest, trusty Joe, has brought us.

[Reads.] *If you and your playfellow can spare from your business and devotions,* don't fail

*Spring Garden, about eight in the evening. You'll find nothing there but women, so you need bring no other arms than what you usually carry about you.*

So, playfellow, here's something to stay your stomach, till your mistress's dish is ready for you.

*Heart.* Some of our old battered acquaintance. I won't go—not I.

*Con.* Nay, that you can't avoid; there's honour in the case; 'tis a challenge, and I want a second.

*Heart.* I doubt I shall be but a very useless one to you; for I'm so disheartened by this wound Belinda has given me, I do not think I shall have courage enough to draw my sword.

*Con.* O, if that be all, come along; I'll warrant you'll find sword enough for such enemies as we have to deal withal. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*A Hall in the* JUSTICE'S *House.*

*Enter* CONSTABLE *and* WATCHMEN, *with* SIR JOHN.

*Con.* Come, forsooth, come along, if you please! I once, in compassion, thought to have seen you safe home this morning; but you have been so rampant and abusive, all night, I shall see what the justice of peace will say to you.

*Sir J.* And you shall see what I'll say to the justice of peace, sirrah.

[WATCHMAN *knocks at the Door.*

*Enter* SERVANT.

*Con.* Is Mr. Justice at home?

*Serv.* Yes.

*Con.* Pray, acquaint his worship we have got an unruly woman here, and desire to know what he'll please to have done with her.

*Serv.* I'll acquaint my master. [*Exit.*

*Sir J.* Hark you, constable, what cuckoldy justice is this?

*Con.* One that knows how to deal with such romps as you are, I'll warrant you.

*Enter* JUSTICE.

*Just.* Well, Mr. Constable, what is the matter here?

*Con.* An't please your worship, this here comical sort of a gentlewoman has committed great outrages to-night. She has been frolicking with my Lord Rake and his gang; they attacked the watch, and I hear there has been a man killed. I believe 'tis they have done it.

*Sir J.* Sir, there may have been murder, for aught I know; and 'tis a great mercy there has not been a rape too—that fellow would have ravished me.

1 *Watch.* Ravish! ravish! O lud! O lud! O lud! Do I look like a ravisher?

*Just.* Why, truly, she does seem a little masculine about the mouth.

2 *Watch.* Yes, and about the hands too, an't please your worship. I did but offer, in mere civility, to help her up the steps into our apartment, and with her gripen fists—— [SIR JOHN *knocks him down.*

*Sir J.* I felled him to the ground, like an ox.

*Just.* Out upon this boisterous woman! out upon her!

*Sir J.* Mr. Justice, he would have been uncivil; it was in defence of my honour, and I demand satisfaction.

2 *Watch.* I hope your worship will satisfy her honour in Bridewell; that fist of her's will make an admirable hemp-beater.

*Sir J.* Sir, I hope you will protect me against that libidinous rascal. I am a woman of quality, and virtue too, for all I am in an undress this morning.

*Just.* Why, she really has the air of a sort of a woman, a little somethingish out of the common. Madam, if you expect I should be favourable to you, I desire I may know who you are.

*Sir J.* Sir, I am any body, at your service.

*Just.* I desire to know your name.

*Sir J.* Sir, my name's Mary.

*Just.* Ay, but your surname, madam.

*Sir J.* Sir, my surname's the very same with my husband's.

*Just.* A strange woman this! Who is your husband, pray?

*Sir J.* Sir John——

*Just.* Sir John who?

*Sir J.* Sir John Brute.

*Just.* Is it possible, madam, you can be my Lady Brute?

*Sir J.* That happy woman, sir, am I; only a little in my merriment to-night.

*Just.* I am concerned for Sir John.

*Sir J.* Truly, so am I.

*Just.* I have heard he is an honest gentleman.

*Sir J.* As ever drank.

*Just.* Good lack! Indeed, lady, I'm sorry he has such a wife.

*Sir J.* I am sorry he has any wife at all.

*Just.* And so perhaps may he—I doubt you have not given him a very good taste of matrimony.

*Sir J.* Taste, sir! Sir, I have scorned to stint him to a taste; I have given him a full meal of it.

*Just.* Indeed, I believe so! But pray, fair lady, may

he have given you any occasion for this extraordinary conduct—does he not use you well?

*Sir J.* A little upon the rough sometimes.

*Just.* Ay, any man may be out of humour now and then.

*Sir J.* Sir, I love peace and quiet; and when a woman don't find that at home, she's apt sometimes to comfort herself with a few innocent diversions abroad.

*Just.* A strange woman this—Does he spend a reasonable portion of his time at home, to the comfort of his wife and children?

*Sir J.* He never gave his wife cause to repine at his being abroad in his life.

*Just.* Pray, madam, how may he be in the grand matrimonial point. Is he true to your bed?

*Sir J.* Sir!

*Just.* Is he true to your bed?

*Sir J.* Chaste! Oons! This fellow asks so many impertinent questions! Egad I believe it is the justice's wife, in the justice's clothes.

*Just.* 'Tis a great pity he should have been thus disposed of. Pray, madam (and then I have done) what may be your ladyship's common method of life? If I may presume so far.

*Sir J.* Why, sir, much that of a woman of quality.

*Just.* Pray, how may you generally pass your time, madam? Your morning, for example.

*Sir J.* Sir, like a woman, of quality——I wake about two o'clock in the afternoon—I stretch, and make a sign for my chocolate—When I have drank three cups, I slide down again upon my back, with my arms over my head, while my two maids put on my stockings—Then hanging upon their shoulders, I am trailed to my great chair, where I sit and yawn for my breakfast—If it don't come presently, I lie down upon my couch, to say my prayers, while my maid reads me the playbills.

*Just.* Very well, madam.

*Sir J.* When the tea is brought in, I drink twelve regular dishes, with eight slices of bread and butter—And half an hour after, I send to the cook, to know if the dinner is almost ready.

*Just.* So, madam.

*Sir J.* By that time my head is half dressed, I hear my husband swearing himself into a state of perdition that the meat's all cold upon the table; to amend which, I come down in an hour more, and have it sent back to the kitchen, to be all dressed over again.

*Just.* Poor man!

*Sir J.* When I have dined, and my idle servants are presumptuously set down at their ease, to do so to, I call for my coach, to go visit fifty dear friends, of whom I hope I never shall find one at home, while I shall live.

*Just.* So! there's the morning and afternoon pretty well disposed of——Pray how, madam, do you pass your evenings?

*Sir J.* Like a woman of spirit, sir; a great spirit. Give me a box and dice! Seven's the main! Oons! Sir, I set you a hundred pound! Why, do you think women are married now-a-days, to sit at home and mend napkins! Oh, the lord help your head!

*Just.* Mercy on us, Mr. Constable! What will this age come to?

*Con.* What will it come to, indeed, if such women as these are not set in the stocks!

*Sir J.* Mr. Justice.

*Just.* Madam.

*Sir J.* Sir, I have a little urgent business calls upon me; and therefore I desire the favour of you to bring matters to a conclusion.

*Just.* Madam, if I were sure that business were not to commit more disorders, I would release you.

*Sir J.* None——by my virtue.

*Just.* Then, Mr. Constable, you may discharge her.

*Sir J.* Sir, your very humble servant. Will you please to accept of a bottle——

*Just.* I thank you kindly, madam: But I never drink in a morning. Good-bye-t'ye, madam; Good-bye-t'ye.

*Sir J.* Mr. Justice, will you be so kind and obliging as to grant me one favour.

*Just.* Ay; what is it?

*Sir J.* That your worship would be so very obliging as to let me have the honour of a chaste salute. ——won't you?

*Just.* Good bye t'ye, madam.

*Sir J.* Good bye-t'ye, good sir. [*Exit* JUSTICE. So now, Mr. Constable, shall you and I go pick up a whore together?

*Con.* No, thank you, madam: my wife's enough to satisfy any reasonable man.

*Sir J.* [*Aside.*] He, he, he, he, he—the fool is married then. Well, you won't go!

*Con.* Not I, truly.

*Sir J.* Then I'll go by myself, and you and your wife may go to the devil. [*Exit* SIR JOHN.

*Con.* [*Gazing after her.*] Why, God-a-mercy, lady. [*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.

*Spring Garden.*

CONSTANT *and* HEARTFREE *cross the Stage. As they go off, enter* LADY FANCIFUL *and* MADEMOISELLE *masked, and dogging them.*

*Con.* So; I think we are about the time appointed: let us walk up this way. [*Exeu-*

*Lady F.* Good; thus far I have dogged them without being discovered. 'Tis infallibly some intrigue that brings them to Spring Garden. How my poor heart is torn and wracked with fear and jealousy! Yet let it be any thing but that flirt Belinda, and I'll try to bear it. But, if it proves her, all that's woman in me shall be employed to destroy her.

[*Exit after* CONSTANT *and* HEARTFREE.

*Enter* CONSTANT *and* HEARTFREE. LADY FANCIFUL *and* MADEMOISELLE *still following at a distance.*

*Con.* I see no females yet, that have any thing to say to us. I'm afraid we are bantered.

*Heart.* I wish we were, for I'm in no humour to make either them or myself merry.

*Enter* LADY BRUTE *and* BELINDA, *masked, and poorly dressed.*

*Con.* How now! who are these? Not our game, I hope.

*Heart.* If they are, we are e'en well enough served, to come a hunting here, when we had so much better game in chase elsewhere.

*Lady F.* [*To* MADEMOISELLE.] So, those are their ladies, without doubt. But I'm afraid that doily stuff is not worn for want of better clothes. They are the very shape and size of Belinda and her aunt.

*Madem.* So dey be inteed, matam.

*Lady F.* We'll slip into this close harbour, where we may hear all they say.

[*Exeunt* LADY FANCIFUL *and* MADEMOISELLE.

*Lady B.* What, are you afraid of us, gentlemen?

*Heart.* Why, truly I think we may, if appearances don't lie.

*Bel.* Do you always find women what they appear to be, sir?

*Heart.* No, forsooth; but I seldom find them better than they appear to be.

*Bel.* Then the outside's best you think.

*Heart.* 'Tis the honestest.

*Con.* Have a care, Heartfree: you are relapsing again.

*Lady B.* Why, does the gentleman use to rail at women?

*Con.* He has done formerly.

*Bel.* I suppose he had very good call for't. They did not use you so well, as you thought you deserved, sir?

*Lady B.* They made themselves merry at your expense, sir?

*Bel.* Laughed when you sighed?

*Lady B.* Slept while you were waking?

*Bel.* Had your porter beat?

*Lady B.* And threw your billet-doux in the fire?

*Heart.* Heyday, I shall do more than rail, presently.

*Bel.* Why, you won't beat us, will you?

*Heart.* I don't know but I may.

*Con.* What the devil's coming here? Sir John—and drunk, i'faith.

*Enter* SIR JOHN.

*Sir J.* What a pox——here's Constant, Heartfree, —and two whores, e'gad—O, you covetous rogues— What, have you ne'er a spare punk for your friend? But I'll share with you.

*Heart.* Why, what the plague have you been doing, knight? [*He seizes both the Women.*

*Sir J.* Why, I have been beating the watch, and scandalizing the women of quality.

*Heart.* A very good account, truly!

*Sir J.* And what do you think I'll do next?

*Con.* Nay, that no man can guess.

*Sir J.* Why, if you'll let me sup with you, I'll treat both your strumpets.

*Lady B.* [*Aside.*] O lord! we are undone.

*Heart.* No, we can't sup together, because we have some affairs elsewhere. But if you'll accept of these two ladies, we'll be so complaisant to you to resign our right in them.

*Bel.* [*Aside.*] Lord, what shall we do?

*Sir J.* Let me see, their clothes are such damned clothes, they won't pawn for the reckoning.

*Heart.* Sir John, your servant. Raptures attend you.

*Con.* Adieu, ladies, make much of the gentleman.

*Lady B.* Why sure you won't leave us in the hands of a drunken fellow, to abuse us?

*Sir J.* Who do you call a drunken fellow, you slut you! I'm a man of quality: the king has made me a knight.

*Heart.* Ay, ay, you are in good hands; adieu, adieu! [*Runs off.*

*Lady B.* The devil's hands! let me go, or I'll—For Heaven's sake protect us.

[*She breaks from him, runs to* CONSTANT, *twitching off her Mask, and clapping it on again.*

*Sir J.* I'll devil you, you jade you. I'll demolish your ugly face.

*Enter* HEARTFREE, BELINDA *runs to him, and shows her Face.*

*Heart.* Hold, thou mighty man! Lookye, sir, we did but jest with you. These are ladies of our acquaintance, that we had a mind to frighten a little; but now you must leave us.

*Sir J.* Oons, I won't leave you, not I.

*Heart.* Nay, but you must though; and therefore make no words on't.

*Sir J.* Then you are a couple of damned uncivil fellows—And I hope your punks will give you sauce to your mutton. [*Exit.*

*Lady B.* Oh, I shall never come to myself again, I'm so frightened!

*Con.* 'Tis a narrow 'scape indeed.

*Bel.* Women must have frolics, you see, whate'er they cost them.

*Heart.* This might have proved a dear one though.

*Lady B.* You are the more obliged to us for the risk we run upon your accounts.

*Con.* And I hope you'll acknowledge something due to our knight errantry, ladies. This is the second time we have delivered you.

*Lady B.* 'Tis true! and since we see fate has destined you for our guardians, 'twill make us the more willing to trust ourselves in your hands. But you must not have the worse opinion of us for our innocent frolic.

*Heart.* Ladies, you may command our opinion, in every thing that is to your advantage.

*Bel.* Then, sir, I command you to be of opinion that women are sometimes better than they appear to be.

[LADY BRUTE *and* CONSTANT *talk apart.*

*Heart.* Madam, you have made a convert of me in every thing. I'm grown a fool. I could be fond of a woman.

*Bel.* I thank you, sir, in the name of the whole sex.

*Heart.* Which sex nothing but yourself could ever have atoned for.

*Bel.* Now has my vanity a devilish itch to know in what my merit consists.

*Heart.* In your humility, madam, that keeps you ignorant it consists at all.

*Bel.* One other compliment, with that serious face, and I hate you for ever after.

*Heart.* Some women love to be abused; is that it you would be at?

*Bel.* No, not that neither: but I'd have men talk plainly what's fit for women to hear, without putting them to a real or an affected blush.

*Heart.* Why, then, in as plain terms as I can find to express myself, I could love you even to matrimony itself, almost, I'gad.

*Bel.* Just as Sir John did her ladyship there—

*Heart.* Dear creature, do but try me.

*Bel.* That's the surest way indeed to know, but not the safest. [*To* LADY BRUTE.] Madam, are you not for taking a turn in the great walk?—It's almost dark, nobody will know us.

*Lady B.* Really I find myself something idle, Belinda: besides, I dote upon this little odd private corner. But don't let my lazy fancy confine you.

*Con.* [*Aside.*] So, she would be left alone with me! that's well.

*Bel.* Well, we'll take one turn, and come to you again. [*To* HEARTFREE.] Come, sir, shall we go pry into the secrets of the garden? Who knows what discoveries we may make?

*Heart.* Madam, I am at your service.

*Con.* [*To* HEARTFREE, *aside.*] Don't make too much haste back; for d'ye hear——I may be busy.

*Heart.* Enough.

[*Exeunt* BELINDA *and* HEARTFREE.

*Lady B.* Sure you think me scandalously free, Mr. Constant; I'm afraid I shall lose your good opinion of me.

*Con.* My good opinion, madam, is like your cruelty, never to be removed.

*Lady B.* Indeed I doubt you much. Why, suppose you had a wife, and she should entertain a gallant?

*Con.* If I gave her just cause, how should I justly condemn her?

*Lady B.* Ah! but you differ widely about just causes.

*Con.* But blows can bear no dispute.

*Lady B.* Nor ill manners much, truly.

*Con.* Then no woman on earth has so just a cause as you have. But for Heaven's sake (for now I must be serious), if pity, or if gratitude can move you, [*Taking her Hand.*] if constancy and truth have power to tempt you: if love, if adoration, can affect you, give me at least some hopes, that time may do, what you perhaps mean never to perform; 'twill ease my sufferings, though not quench my flame.

*Lady B.* Your sufferings eased, your flame would soon abate, and that I would preserve, not quench it, sir.

*Con.* Would you preserve it, nourish it with favours, for that's the food it naturally requires.

*Lady B.* Yet on that natural food 'twould surfeit soon, should I resolve to grant all you would ask.

*Con.* And in refusing all, you starve it. Forgive me, therefore, since my hunger rages, if I at last grow wild, and in my phrenzy force at least this from you. [*Kissing her Hand.*] Or if you'd have my flame soar higher still, then grant me this, and this, and thousands more; [*Kissing first her Hand, and then her Neck.—Aside.*] For now's the time she melts into compassion.

*Lady B.* O Heavens! Let me go.

*Con.* Ay, go, ay: where shall we go, my charming angel—into this private arbour——Nay, let's lose no time——moments are precious——

*Lady B.* And lovers wild. Pray let us stop here; at least for this time.

*Con.* 'Tis impossible; he that has power over you, can have none over himself.

[*As he is forcing her into the Arbour,* LADY FANCIFUL *and* MADEMOISELLE *bolt out upon them, and run over the Stage.*

*Lady B.* Ah! I'm lost!

*Lady F.* Fe, fe, fe, fe, fe.

*Madem.* Fe, fe, fe, fe, fe.

*Con.* Death and furies! who are these?

*Lady B.* O Heavens! I'm out of my wits: If they know me, I am ruined.

*Con.* Don't be frightened; ten thousand to one they are strangers to you.

*Lady B.* Whatever they are, I won't stay here a moment longer.

*Con.* Whither will you go?

*Lady B.* Home, as if the devil were in me. Lord, where's this Belinda now!

*Enter* BELINDA *and* HEARTFREE.

O, 'tis well you are come; I'm so frightened! Let's begone, for Heaven's sake!

*Bel.* Lord, what's the matter!

*Lady B.* The devil's the matter: here's a couple of women have done the most impertinent thing. Away, away, away, away, away! [*Exeunt, running.*

SCENE V.

LADY FANCIFUL'S *House.*

*Enter* LADY FANCIFUL *and* MADEMOISELLE.

*Lady F.* Well, mademoiselle; did you dodge the filthy things?

*Madem.* O que ouy, madame.

*Lady F.* And where are they?

*Madem.* Au logis.

*Lady F.* What, men and all?

*Madem.* Tous ensemble.

*Lady F.* O confidence! What, carry their fellows to their own house?

*Madem.* C'est que le mari n'y est pas.

*Lady F.* No, so I believe, truly. But he shall be there, and quickly too, if I can find him out. Well, 'tis a prodigious thing, to see, when men and women get together, how they fortify one another in their impudence. But if that drunken fool, her husband, be to be found in e'er a tavern in town, I'll send him amongst them; I'll spoil their sport.

*Madem.* En vérité, madame, ce seroit domage.

*Lady F.* 'Tis in vain to oppose it, mademoiselle; therefore never go about it. For I am the steadiest creature in the world—when I am determined to do mischief. So come along. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.

### SIR JOHN BRUTE'S *House.*

*Enter* CONSTANT, HEARTFREE, LADY BRUTE, BELINDA, *and* LOVEWELL.

*Lady B.* But are you sure you don't mistake, Lovewell?

*Lov.* Madam, I saw them all go into the tavern together, and my master so drunk he could scarce stand.

*Lady B.* Then, gentlemen, I believe we may venture to let you stay, and play at cards with us an hour or two; for they'll scarce part till morning.

*Bel.* I think 'tis pity they should ever part.

*Con.* The company that's here, madam.

*Lady B.* Then, sir, the company that's here may remember to part itself in time.

*Con.* Madam, we don't intend to forfeit your future favours, by an indiscreet usage of this. The moment you give us the signal, we sha'n't fail to make our retreat.

*Lady B.* Upon those conditions, then, let us sit down to cards.

*Enter* LOVEWELL.

*Lov.* O lord, madam! here's my master just staggering in upon you; he has been quarrelsome yonder, and they have kicked him out of the company. [*Exit.*

*Lady B.* Into the closet, gentlemen, for Heaven's sake!

[CONSTANT *and* HEARTFREE *run into the Closet.*

*Enter* SIR JOHN, *all Dirt and bloody.*

*Lady B.* Ah!—Ah!—he's all over blood!

*Sir J.* What the plague does the woman squall for? Did you never see a man in pickle before?

*Lady B.* Lord, where have you been?

*Sir J.* I have been at—cuffs.

*Lady B.* I fear that is not all. I hope you are not wounded?

*Sir J.* Sound as a roach, wife.

*Lady B.* I'm mighty glad to hear it.

*Sir J.* You know—I think you lie.

*Lady B.* 'Tis a hard fate, I should not be believed.

*Sir J.* 'Tis a damned atheistical age, wife.

*Lady B.* I am sure I have given you a thousand tender proofs how great my care is of you. But, spite of all your cruel thoughts, I still persist; and, at this moment, if I can, persuade you to lie down and sleep a little.

*Sir J.* Why—do you think I am drunk, you slut you?

*Lady B.* Heaven forbid I should! but I'm afraid you are feverish. Pray let me feel your pulse.

*Sir J.* Stand off, and be damned.

*Lady B.* Why, I see your distemper in your eyes. You are all on fire. Pray, go to bed; let me entreat you.

*Sir J.* Come—kiss me, then.

*Lady B.* [*Kissing him.*] There: now go.—[*Aside.*] He stinks like poison.

*Sir J.* I see it goes damnably against your stomach—and therefore—kiss me again.

*Lady B.* Nay, now you fool me.

*Sir J.* Do't, I say.

*Lady B.* [*Aside.*] Ah, lord have mercy upon me! Well—there:—Now will you go?

*Sir J.* Now, wife, you shall see my gratitude. You gave me two kisses,—I'll give you—two hundred.

[*Kisses and tumbles her.*

*Lady B.* O lord! pray, Sir John, be quiet. Heavens, what a pickle am I in!

*Sir J.* So, now you being as dirty and as nasty as myself, we may go pig together. But first I must have a cup of your cold tea, wife.

[*Going to the Closet.*

*Lady B.* O, I am ruined!—There's none there, my dear.

*Sir J.* I'll warrant you I'll find some, my dear.

*Lady B.* You can't open the door, the lock's spoiled; I have been turning and turning the key this half hour, to no purpose. I'll send for the smith to-morrow.

*Sir J.* There's ne'er a smith in Europe can open a door with more expedition than I can do—As for example—pou. [*He bursts open the Door with his Foot.*]—How now! what the devil have we got here? —Constant!—Heartfree!—and two whores again, egad! This is the worst cold tea—that ever I met with in my life. 'I have been turning and turning.'

*Enter* CONSTANT *and* HEARTFREE.

*Lady B.* [*Aside.*] O lord! what will become of us

*Sir J.* Gentlemen—I am your very humble servant—I give you many thanks—I see you take care of my family—I shall do all I can to return the obligation.

*Con.* Sir, how oddly soever this business may appear to you, you'd have no cause to be uneasy, if you knew the truth of all things. Your lady is the most virtuous woman in the world, and nothing has passed but an innocent frolic.

*Heart.* Nothing else, upon my honour, sir.

*Sir J.* You are both very civil gentlemen—and my wife, there, is a very civil gentlewoman; therefore I don't doubt but many civil things have passed between you.—Your very humble servant.

*Lady B.* [*Aside to* CONSTANT.] Pray begone; he's so drunk he can't hurt us to-night, and to-morrow morning you shall hear from us.

*Con.* I'll obey you, madam.—Sir, when you are cool, you'll understand reason better. So then I shall take the pains to inform you. If not, I wear a sword, sir, and so good-bye t' ye. Come along, Heartfree.

[*Exeunt.*

*Sir J.* Wear a sword, sir!—And what then, sir? He comes to my house, eats my meat, lies with my wife, dishonours my family; gets a bastard to inherit my estate—And when I ask a civil account of all this—Sir, says he, I wear a sword.—Wear a sword, sir?—Yes, sir, says he, I wear a sword.—It may be a good answer at cross purposes; but 'tis a damned one to a man in my whimsical circumstances—Sir, says he, I wear a sword.—[*To* LADY BRUTE.] And what do you wear now? Ha! tell me. [*Sitting down in a great Chair.*] What, you are modest, and can't—Why, then, I'll tell you, you slut, you. You wear—an impudent

lewd face—a damned designing heart—and a tail—and a tail full of—— [*He falls fast asleep, snoring.*

*Lady B.* So, thanks to kind Heaven, he's fast for some hours!

*Bel.* 'Tis well he is so, that we may have time to lay our story handsomely; for we must lie like the devil to bring ourselves off.

*Lady B.* What shall we say, Belinda?

*Bel.* [*Musing.*] I'll tell you; it must all light upon Heartfree and me.

*Lady B.* I'm beholden to you, cousin; but that would be carrying the jest a little too far. But 'tis late: let's, out of an excess of charity, take a small care of that nasty drunken thing there—Do but look at him, Belinda.

*Bel.* Ah!—'tis a savoury dish.

*Lady B.* As savoury as it is, I'm cloyed with it. Pr'ythee, call the butler to take away.

*Bel.* Call the butler!—call the scavenger. [*To a* SERVANT *within.*] Who's there?—Call Razor; let him take away his master; scour him clean, with a little soap and sand, and so put him to bed.

*Lady B.* Come, Belinda, I'll e'en lie with you to-night, and, in the morning, we'll send for our gentlemen, to set this matter even.

*Bel.* With all my heart.

*Lady B.* Good night, my dear.

[*Making a low Courtesy to* SIR JOHN.

*Both.* Ha! ha! ha! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* RAZOR.

*Razor.* My lady, there, is a wag—my master, there, is a cuckold. Marriage is a slippery thing—Women have depraved appetites—My lady's a wag—I have heard all; I have seen all; I understand all, and I'll tell all—for my little Frenchwoman loves news dearly. This story will gain her heart, or nothing will. [*To his* MASTER.] Come, sir, your head's too full of

fumes at present, to make room for your jealousy; but I reckon we shall have rare work with you, when your pate's empty. Come to your kennel, you cuckoldy, drunken sot, you. [*Carries him on his Back.*

My master's asleep in his chair, and a snoring,
My lady's abroad, and—Oh, rare matrimony!
[*Exit.*

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## ACT THE FIFTH.

### SCENE I.

LADY FANCIFUL'S *House.*

*Enter* LADY FANCIFUL *and* MADEMOISELLE.

*Lady F.* But why did not you tell me before, mademoiselle, that Razor and you were fond?

*Madem.* De modesty hinder me, matam.

*Lady F.* Why, truly, modesty does often hinder us from doing things we have an extravagant mind to. But does he love you well enough yet, to do any thing you bid him? Do you think, to oblige you, he would speak scandal?

*Madem.* Matam, to oblige your ladyship, he shall speak any thing.

*Lady F.* Why then, mademoiselle, I'll tell you what you shall do. You shall engage him to tell his master all that passed at Spring Garden. I have a

mind he should know what a wife and a niece he has got.

*Madem.* Il le fera madame.

*Enter* CORNET, *who speaks to* MADEMOISELLE *apart.*

*Corn.* Mademoiselle, yonder's Mr. Razor desires to speak with you.

*Madem.* Tell him I come presently. [*Exit* CORNET.]—Razor be dere, matam.

*Lady F.* That's fortunate: Well, I'll leave you together; and, if you find him stubborn, mademoiselle—hark you—don't refuse him a few reasonable little liberties, to put him in humour.

*Madem.* Laissez moi faire. [*Exit* LADY FANCIFUL.

RAZOR *peeps in; and, seeing* LADY FANCIFUL *gone, turns to* MADEMOISELLE, *takes her about the Neck, and kisses her.*

*Madem.* How now, confidence!

*Razor.* How now, modesty!

*Madem.* Who makes you so familiar, sirrah?

*Razor.* My impudence, hussy.

*Madem.* Stand off, rogue-face.

*Razor.* Ah, mademoiselle!—great news at our house!

*Madem.* Why, vat be de matter?

*Razor.* The matter?—why, uptails all's the matter

*Madem.* Tu te mocque de moi.

*Razor.* Now do you long to know the particulars—the time when—the place where—the manner how: but I won't tell you a word more.

*Madem.* Nay, den dou kill me, Razor.

*Razor.* Come, kiss me, then.

[*Clapping his Hands behind.*

*Madem.* Nay, pridee tell me.

*Razor.* Good bye t'ye. [*Going.*

*Madem.* Hold, hold—I will kiss dee. [*Kissing him.*

*Razor.* So, that's civil:—Why, now, my pretty

Poll—my goldfinch—my little water wagtail, you must know that——Come, kiss me again.

*Madem.* I won't kiss de no more.

*Razor.* Good bye t'ye.

*Madem.* Doucement; dere; es tu content?

[*Kissing him.*

*Razor.* So: now I'll tell thee all. Why, the news is, that cuckoldom in folio is newly printed, and matrimony in quarto is just going into the press. Will you buy any books, mademoiselle?

*Madem.* Tu parle comme un libraire; de devil, no understand dee.

*Razor.* Why, then, that I may make myself intelligible to a waiting-woman, I'll speak like a valet de chambre. My lady has cuckolded my master.

*Madem.* Bon.

*Razor.* Which we take very ill from her hands, I can tell her that. We can't yet prove matter of fact upon her.

*Madem.* N'importe.

*Razor.* But we can prove, that matter of fact had like to have been upon her.

*Madem.* Ouy-da.

*Razor.* For we have such terrible circumstances.

*Madem.* Sans doute.

*Razor.* That any man of parts may draw tickling conclusions from them.

*Madem.* Fort bien.

*Razor.* We found a couple of tight, well built gentlemen, stuffed into her ladyship's closet.

*Madem.* Le diable!

*Razor.* And I, in my particular person, have discovered a most damnable plot, how to persuade my poor master, that all this hide and seek, this will in the wisp, has no other meaning than a christian marriage for sweet Mrs. Belinda.

*Madem.* Un marriage? Ah, les droles.

*Razor.* Don't you [illegible] hussy; 'tis agreed,

I say; and my innocent lady, to wriggle herself out at the back door of the business, turns marriage bawd to her niece, and resolves to deliver up her fair body to be tumbled and mumbled by that young liquorish whipster, Heartfree. Now are you satisfied?

*Madem.* No.

*Razor.* Right woman!—always gaping for more!

*Madem.* Dis be all den, dat you know?

*Razor.* All!—Ay, and a great deal too, I think.

*Madem.* Dou be fool, dou know nothing.—Ecoute, mon pauvre Razor.—Dou see des two eyes? Des two eyes have see de devil.

*Razor.* The woman's mad!

*Madem.* In Spring Garden, dat rogue Constant meet dy lady.

*Razor.* Bon.

*Madem.* I'll tell dee no more.

*Razor.* Nay, pr'ythee, my swan.

*Madem.* Come, kiss me, den.

[*Clapping her Hands behind her, as he did before.*

*Razor.* I won't kiss you, not I.

*Madem.* Adieu. [*Going.*

*Razor.* Hold—Now proceed.

[*Gives her a hearty Kiss.*

*Madem.* A çà—I hide myself in one cunning place, where I hear all, and see all. First dy drunken master come mal à propos; but de sot no know his own dear wife, so he leave her to her sport.—Den de game begin. De lover say soft ting; de lady look upon de ground. [*As she speaks,* RAZOR *still acts the Man, and she the Woman.*] He takes her by de hand: she turn her head on oder way. Den he squeeze very hard: den she pull—very softly. Den he take her in his arms: den she give him little pat. Den he tremble: den she sigh. Den he pull her into the arbour: den she pinch him.

*Razor.* Ay, but not so hard, you baggage, you.

*Madem.* Den he grow bold: she grow weake; he

tro her down, il tombe dessu, le diable assist, il emport tout:—[RAZOR *struggles with her, as if he would throw her down.*]—Stand off, sirrah!

*Razor.* You have set me a-fire, you jade, you.

*Madem.* Den go to de river and quench dyself.

*Razor.* What an unnatural harlot this!

*Madem.* Razor! [*Looking languishingly on him.*

*Razor.* Mademoiselle!

*Madem.* Dou no love me?

*Razor.* Not love thee! More than a Frenchman does soup.

*Madem.* Den you will refuse nothing dat I bid dee?

*Razor.* Don't bid me hang myself, then.

*Madem.* No, only tell dy master all, I have tell dee of dy laty.

*Razor.* Why, you little malicious strumpet, you—should you like to be served so?

*Madem.* Dou dispute den?—Adieu.

*Razor.* Hold—But why wilt thou make me be such a rogue, my dear?

*Madem.* Voilà un vrai Anglois! il est amoureux, et cependant il veut raisonner. Va t'en au diable.

*Razor.* Hold, once more:—in hopes thou'lt give me up thy body, I'll make a present of my honesty.

*Madem.* Bon écoute donc; if dou fail me—I never see dee more. If dou obey me—Je m'abandonne à toy à toy.

[*She takes him about the Neck, and gives him a Kiss.—Exit* MADEMOISELLE.

*Razor.* [*Licking his Lips.*] Not be a rogue!—*Amor vincit omnia.* [*Exit.*

*Enter* LADY FANCIFUL *and* MADEMOISELLE.

*Lady F.* Marry, say ye? Will the two things marry?

*Madem.* On le va faire, madame.

*Lady F.* Look you, m[illegible]oiselle—in short, I can't

bear it—no, I find I can't. Therefore, run and call Razor back immediately; for something must be done to stop this impertinent wedding. If I can but defer it four and twenty hours, I'll make such work about town, with that little pert slut's reputation, he shall as soon marry a witch.

*Madem.* [*Aside.*] La voilà bien intentionèe. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

### CONSTANT'S *Lodgings.*

*Enter* CONSTANT *and* HEARTFREE.

*Con.* But what dost think will become of this business?

*Heart.* 'Tis easier to think what will not become on't.

*Con.* What's that?

*Heart.* A challenge. I know the knight too well for that; his dear body will always prevail upon his noble soul to be quiet.

*Con.* But though he dare not challenge me, perhaps he may venture to challenge his wife.

*Heart.* Not if you whisper him in the ear, you won't have him do't; and there's no other way left that I see. For, as drunk as he was, he'll remember you and I were, where we should not be; and I don't think him quite blockhead enough yet, to be persuaded we were got into his wife's closet only to peep into her prayer-book.

*Enter a* SERVANT, *with a Letter.*

*Serv.* Sir, here's a letter—a porter brought it.

*Con.* O ho, here's instructions for us.

[Reads.] *The accident that has happened has touched our invention to the quick. We would fain come off without your help, but find that's impossible. In a word, the whole business must be thrown upon a matrimonial intrigue between your friend and mine. But if the parties are not fond enough to go quite through with the matter, 'tis sufficient for our turn, they own the design. We'll find pretences enough to break the match. Adieu.*

— Well, women for invention! How long would my blockhead have been producing this! Hey, Heartfree! What, musing, man! Pr'ythee be cheerful. What say'st thou, friend, to this matrimonial remedy?

*Heart.* Why, I say, it's worse than the disease.

*Con.* Here's a fellow for you! There's beauty and money on her side, and love up to the ears on his; and yet——

*Heart.* And yet, I think, I may reasonably be allowed to boggle at marrying the niece, in the very moment that you are deluding the aunt.

*Con.* Why, truly, there may be something in that. But have not you a good opinion enough of your own parts, to believe you could keep a wife to yourself?

*Heart.* I should have, if I had a good opinion enough of hers, to believe she could do as much by me. But, pr'ythee, advise me in this good and evil, this life and death, this blessing and curse, that is set before me. Shall I marry or die a maid?

*Con.* Why, 'faith, Heartfree, matrimony is like an army going to engage. Love's the forlorn hope, which is soon cut off; the marriage knot is the main body, which may stand buff a long time; and repentance is the rear guard, which rarely gives ground, as long as the main body has a being.

*Heart.* Conclusion then; you advise me to take on as you do.

*Con.* That's not concluded yet. For, though marriage be a lottery, in which there are wondrous many blanks; yet there is one inestimable lot, in which the only heaven on earth is written. Would your kind fate but guide your hand to that, though I were wrapped in all that luxury itself could clothe me with, I should envy you.

*Heart.* And justly too; for, to be capable of loving one, doubtless, is better than to possess a thousand. But how far that capacity's in me, alas, I know not.

*Con.* But you would know?

*Heart.* I would so.

*Con.* Matrimony will inform you. Come, one flight of resolution carries you to the land of experience; where, in a very moderate time, you'll know the capacity of your soul and your body both, or I'm mistaken. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

### SIR JOHN BRUTE'S *House.*

*Enter* LADY BRUTE *and* BELINDA.

*Bel.* Well, madam, what answer have you from them?

*Lady B.* That they'll be here this moment. I fancy 'twill end in a wedding: I'm sure he's a fool if it don't. Ten thousand pounds, and such a lass as you are, is no contemptible offer to a younger brother.

*Enter* CONSTANT *and* HEARTFREE.

Good morrow, gentlemen: how have you slept after *your adventure?*

*Heart.* Some careful thoughts, ladies, on your accounts, have kept us waking.

*Bel.* And some careful thoughts on your own, I believe, have hindered you from sleeping. Pray, how does this matrimonial project relish with you?

*Heart.* Why, 'faith, e'en as storming towns does with soldiers, where the hopes of delicious plunder banishes the fear of being knocked on the head.

*Bel.* Is it then possible, after all, that you dare think of downright lawful wedlock?

*Heart.* Madam, you have made me so fool-hardy, I dare do any thing.

*Bel.* Then, sir, I challenge you, and matrimony's the spot where I expect you.

*Heart.* 'Tis enough; I'll not fail.—[*Aside.*] So, now I am in for Hobbe's voyage; a great leap in the dark.

*Lady B.* Well, gentlemen, this matter being concluded, then, have you got your lessons ready? for Sir John is grown such an atheist of late, he'll believe nothing upon easy terms.

*Con.* We'll find means to extend his faith, madam. But pray how do you find him this morning?

*Lady B.* Most lamentably morose, chewing the cud after last night's discovery, of which, however, he has but a confused notion e'en now. But I'm afraid the valet de chambre has told him all; for they are very busy together at this moment. When I told him of Belinda's marriage, I had no other answer but a grunt; from which you may draw what conclusion you think fit. But to your notes, gentlemen, he's here.

*Enter* SIR JOHN *and* RAZOR.

*Con.* Good morrow, sir.

*Heart.* Good morrow, Sir John; I'm very sorry *my indiscretion* should cause so much disorder in your *y.*

*Sir J.* Disorders generally come from indiscretion, sir; 'tis no strange thing at all.

*Lady B.* I hope, my dear, you are satisfied there was no wrong intended you.

*Sir J.* None, my dove.

*Bel.* If not, I hope my consent to marry Mr. Heartfree will convince you. For, as little as I know of amours, sir, I can assure you, one intrigue is enough to bring four people together, without further mischief.

*Sir J.* And I know too, that intrigues tend to procreation of more kinds than one. One intrigue will beget another, as soon as beget a son or a daughter.

*Con.* I am very sorry, sir, to see you still seem unsatisfied with a lady, whose more than common virtue, I am sure, were she my wife, should meet a better usage.

*Sir J.* Sir, if her conduct has put a trick upon her virtue, her virtue's the bubble, but her husband's the loser.

*Con.* Sir, you have received a sufficient answer already, to justify both her conduct and mine. You'll pardon me for meddling in your family affairs! but I perceive I am the man you are jealous of, and therefore it concerns me.

*Sir J.* 'Would it did not concern me, and then I should not care who it concerned.

*Con.* Well, sir, if truth and reason won't content you, I know but one way more, which, if you think fit, you may take.

*Sir J.* Lord, sir, you are very hasty: if I had been found at prayers in your wife's closet, I should have allowed you twice as much time to come to yourself in.

*Con.* Nay, sir, if time be all you want, we have no quarrel.

*Heart.* I told you how the sword would work upon him. [SIR JOHN muses.

*Con.* Let him muse; however, I'll lay fifty pounds our foreman brings us in, not guilty.

*Sir J.* [*Aside.*] 'Tis very well—'tis very well—In spite of that young jade's matrimonial intrigue, I am a downright stinking cuckold—Here they are—Boo—[*Putting his Hand to his Forehead.*] Methinks I could butt with a bull. What the plague did I marry for? I knew she did not like me; but that's past. And now what shall I do with her?—If I put my horns into my pocket, she'll grow insolent—if I don't, that goat there, that stallion, is ready to whip me through the guts—the debate then is reduced to this; shall I die a hero, or live a rascal? Why, wiser men than I have long since concluded, that a living dog is better than a dead lion. [*To* CONSTANT *and* HEARTFREE.] Gentlemen, now my wine and my passion are governable, I must own, I have never observed any thing in my wife's course of life, to back me in my jealousy of her: but jealousy's a mark of love; so she need not trouble her head about it, as long as I make no more words on't.

*Enter* LADY FANCIFUL *disguised, and addresses* BELINDA *apart.*

*Con.* I'm glad to see your reason rule at last. Give me your hand: I hope you'll look upon me as you used to do.

*Sir J.* Your humble servant. [*Aside.*] A wheedling son of a whore!

*Heart.* And that I may be sure you are friends with me too, pray give me your consent to wed your niece.

*Sir J.* Sir, you have it with all my heart; damn me if you han't. [*Aside.*] 'Tis time to get rid of her; a young pert pimp; she'll make an incomparable bawd *in a little time.*

*Enter a* SERVANT, *who gives* HEARTFREE *a Letter.*

*Bel.* Heartfree your husband, say you? 'Tis impossible!

*Lady F.* 'Would to kind Heaven it were; but 'tis too true; and in the world there lives not such a wretch. I'm young; and either I have been flattered by my friends, as well as glass, or nature has been kind and generous to me. I had a fortune too was greater far than he could ever hope for; but with my heart I am robbed of all the rest. I am slighted and I'm beggared both at once; I have scarce a bare subsistence from the villain, yet dare complain to none; for he has sworn, if ever 'tis known I am his wife, he'll murder me. [*Weeping.*

*Bel.* The traitor!

*Lady F.* I accidently was told he courted you; charity soon prevailed upon me to prevent your misery; and, as you see, I'm still so generous even to him, as not to suffer he should do any thing, for which the law might take away his life. [*Weeping.*

*Bel.* Poor creature! How I pity her!

[*They continue talking aside.*

*Heart.* [*Aside.*] Death and the devil!—Let me read it again. [Reads.] *Though I have a particular reason not to let you know who I am till I see you; yet you'll easily believe 'tis a faithful friend that gives you this advice.*—(Good!)—*I have a child by Belinda*—(Better and better)—*which is now out at nurse*—(Heaven be praised!)—*and I think the foundation laid for another*—(Ha!—old true-penny!)—*no rack could have tortured this story from me; but friendship has done it. I heard of your design to marry her, and could not see you abused. Make use of my advice, but keep my secret till I ask you for't again.* [*Exit* LADY FANCIFUL.

*Con.* [*To* BELINDA.] Come, madam, shall we send for the parson? I doubt here's no business for the lawyers; younger brothers have nothing to settle but

their hearts, and that I believe my friend here has already done very faithfully.

*Bel.* [*Scornfully.*] Are you sure, sir, there are no old mortgages upon it?

*Heart.* [*Coldly.*] If you think there are, madam, it mayn't be amiss to defer the marriage till you are sure they are paid off.

*Bel.* We'll defer it as long as you please, sir.

*Heart.* The more time we take to consider on't: madam, the less apt we shall be to commit oversights therefore, if you please, we will put it off for just nine months.

*Bel.* Guilty consciences make men cowards.

*Heart.* And they make women desperate.

*Bel.* I don't wonder you want time to resolve.

*Heart.* I don't wonder you are so quickly determined.

*Bel.* What does the fellow mean?

*Heart.* What does the lady mean?

*Sir J.* Zoons, what do you both mean?

[HEARTFREE *and* BELINDA *walk chafing about.*

*Razor.* [*Aside.*] Here is so much sport going to be spoiled, it makes me ready to weep again. A pox o' this impertinent Lady Fanciful, and her plots, and her Frenchwoman too; I hear them tittering without still. Icod, I'll e'en go lug them both by the ears, and discover the plot, to secure my pardon. [*Exit.*

*Con.* Pr'ythee explain, Heartfree.

*Heart.* A fair deliverance; thank my stars and my friend!

*Bel.* 'Tis well it went no farther; a base fellow!

*Lady B.* What can be the meaning of all this?

*Bel.* What's his meaning, I don't know; but mine is, that if I had married him, I had had no husband.

*Heart.* And what's her meaning, I don't know; but *mine is, that if* I had married her, I had had wife enough.

*Sir J.* Your people of wit have got such cramp

ways of expressing themselves, they seldom comprehend one another. Pox take you both, will you speak in the language of common sense, that you may be understood.

*Enter* RAZOR, *pulling in* LADY FANCIFUL *and* MADEMOISELLE.

*Razor.* If they won't, here comes an interpreter.

*Lady B.* Heavens! What have we here?

*Razor.* A villain—but a repenting villain.

*Lady B.* What means this?

*Razor.* Nothing without my pardon.

*Lady B.* What pardon do you want?

*Razor.* Imprimis, Your ladyship's, for a damnable lie made upon your spotless virtue, and set to the tune of Spring Garden. [*To* SIR JOHN.] Next at my generous master's feet I bend, for interrupting his more noble thoughts with phantoms of disgraceful cuckoldom. [*To* CONSTANT.] Thirdly, I to this gentleman apply, for making him the hero of my romance. [*To* HEARTFREE.] Fourthly, your pardon, noble sir, I ask, for clandestinely marrying you, without either bidding of banns, bishop's license, friends' consent, or your own knowledge. [*To* BELINDA.] And lastly, to my good young lady's clemency I come, for pretending the corn was sowed in the ground, before ever the plough had been in the field.

*Sir J.* [*Aside.*] So that, after all, 'tis a moot point whether I am a cuckold or not.

*Bel.* Well, sir, upon condition you confess all, I'll pardon you myself, and try to obtain as much from the rest of the company. But I must know then who 'tis has put you upon all this mischief.

*Razor.* Satan and his equipage; woman tempted me, vice weakened me—and so the devil overcame me: as fell Adam, so fell I.

*Bel.* Then pray, Mr. Adam, will you make us acquainted with your Eve?

*Razor.* [*To* MADEMOISELLE.] Unmask, for the honour of France.

*All.* Mademoiselle!

*Madem.* Me ask ten tousand pardon of all de good company.

*Sir J.* Why, this mystery thickens instead of clearing up. [*To* RAZOR.] You son of a whore you, put us out of our pain.

*Razor.* One moment brings sunshine. [*Showing* MADEMOISELLE.] 'Tis true, this is the woman that tempted me, but this is the serpent that tempted the woman; and if my prayers might be heard, her punishment for so doing should be like the serpent's of old——[*Pulls of* LADY FANCIFUL'S *Mask.*] she should lie upon her face all the days of her life.

*All.* Lady Fanciful!

*Bel.* Impertinent!

*Lady B.* Ridiculous!

*All.* Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

*Bel.* I hope your ladyship will give me leave to wish you joy, since you have owned your marriage yourself.—— [*To* HEARTFREE.] I vow 'twas strangely wicked in you to think of another wife, when you have one already so charming as her ladyship.

*All.* Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

*Lady F.* [*Aside.*] Confusion seize them, as it seizes me. Your mirth's as nauseous as yourself. Belinda, you think you triumph over a rival now; helas! ma pauvre fille. Where'er I'm a rival, there's no cause for mirth. No, my poor wretch, 'tis from another principle I have acted. I knew that thing there would make so perverse a husband, and you so impertinent a wife, that, lest your mutual plagues should make you run both mad, I charitably would have broke the *match.* He! he! he! he! he!

[*Exit laughing affectedly,* MADEMOISELLE following *her.*

*Madem.* He! he! he! he! he!

*All.* Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

*Sir J.* [*Aside.*] Why now, this woman will be married to somebody too.

*Bel.* Poor creature! what a passion she is in! but I forgive her.

*Heart.* Since you have so much goodness for her, I hope you'll pardon my offence too, madam?

*Bel.* There will be no great difficulty in that, since I am guilty of an equal fault.

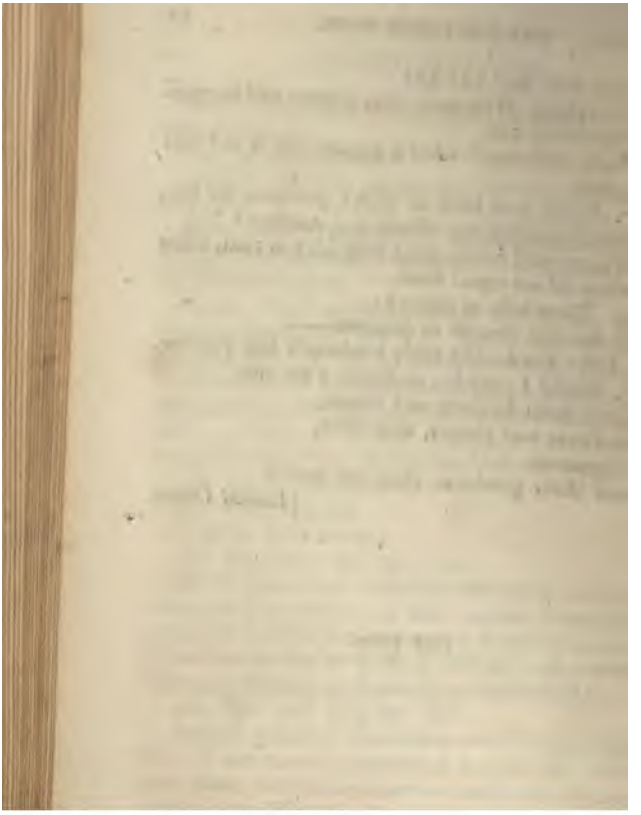
*Heart.* Then let's to church;
And if it be our chance to disagree——

*Bel.* Take heed—the surly husband's fate you see.

*Sir J.* Surly I may be, stubborn I am not,
For I have both forgiven and forgot;
If so, be these our judges, Mrs. Pert,
If they approve,
'Tis more their goodness, than our desert.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

THE END.



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# PROVOKED HUSBAND

LADY TOWNLY ... SUPPORT ME, SAVE ME, HIDE ME FROM THE WORLD

ACT. V. SCENE. II

PAINTED BY SINGLETON PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & CO ENGRAVED BY WARREN

THE

# PROVOKED HUSBAND;

OR,

## A JOURNEY TO LONDON;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY SIR J. VANBRUGH, AND C. CIBBER, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

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# REMARKS.

The artist, who raised the famed structure at Blenheim, laid the foundation of this play. He died in the midst of his labour, and the dramatic edifice was erected by another.

Sir John Vanbrugh, celebrated as an architect, and no less so as a dramatist, was descended from an ancient family in Cheshire, and born about the middle of the reign of King Charles the Second. He was a man of wit, yet a man of business; and without suffering any one of the many talents which he possessed to destroy the other, he made the most of every gift which Providence had bestowed on him, and left an example to poets—that affluence and the muses may dwell in the same habitation, provided the door is not shut against prudence and industry.

Sir John, with all his wisdom and discretion, had still, in the decline of his life, some past deeds of which he repented; and that his contrition was sincere, his amendment appears to have given ample proof —his regret was, that he had ever written a licentious play; and he began to write this moral drama, "The Provoked Husband," in atonement for his former le-

vity. Heaven, it is hoped, accepted his good intention, though it forbade the completion of his pious desire.

Colley Cibber, the author, actor, and manager, who finished this work, which the deceased Vanbrugh had commenced, has given an account of the above laudable design, which was communicated to him by the author, some little time previous to his death; when Cibber waited upon him to inquire after the progress he had made in composing his new comedy, which, as the manager of the theatre, he was impatient to have in his possession.

Cibber relates, that Sir John had even carried his conscientious scruples so far, that he did not mean his gay, dissipated, woman of fashion should be pardoned at the end of the play; but that she should be repudiated by her husband, and all her honourable friends, as a proper warning to the unthinking wives of that inconsiderate period.

Whether Vanbrugh had perceived any symptoms of approaching dissolution when he planned this catastrophe, is not said—but Colley Cibber, in perfect health and spirits when the departed author's manuscript was laid before him, felt more compassion for female frailty, and less zeal for the conversion of the female world, than to give such a severe example as the original author had intended, to the splendid rows of his side boxes.

Cibber, to his honour, preserved Vanbrugh's moral, yet complied with his own feelings and taste.—By this artful lenity, the cause of morality was, perhaps,

more benefited than it would have been by more rigid means. Lady Townly, by Vanbrugh's plot, must have been made too unamiable for compassion: the interest in her final punishment would then have been lost, and her case rendered so desperate, that none but the reprobate would have found a resemblance of themselves in her character—a description of women, too hardened for the reformation of a dramatist.

Colley Cibber, in his variety of occupations, held a post the most difficult to guard against enemies. He was the manager of a London theatre. In this station, he had to repulse numberless unskilful adventurers, both as authors, and actors, to tell them in plain terms, that they were such—and they, of course, resented this want of supposed discernment in their favour.

When "The Provoked Husband" first appeared, Cibber's enemies, it is said, knowing that part of the work was his, and part the renowned Vanbrugh's, they resolved to spare the dead man, but to have no mercy on the living one. In this design they were happily disappointed; for, mistaking the Wronghead family as the production of Cibber's pen, and the house of Lord Townly as proceeding from Sir John's, they applauded the very scenes they came to condemn, and condemned those which they came to applaud.

Cibber took the honest revenge of pointing out to them their error, by publishing the manuscript of Sir John exactly as he left it; where all the merit of the elegant part of the drama was seen to be wanting; and that it was Cibber, and not Vanbrugh, to whom they

had been indebted for the chief part of the dialogue between Lord and Lady Townly; more especially for that admirable scene at the conclusion of the comedy.

Although refined characters are sometimes so dull on the stage, and those of low humour so pleasant, that elegance gives place to nature unadorned—in this comedy it is otherwise; for here, that which is elegant is interesting, and all which is vulgar is tedious and insipid, with the exception of Sir Francis, who is a character drawn with truth and judgment, though somewhat removed in worldly comprehension from the country gentleman of the present day; and as such, not perfectly understood by the majority of an audience.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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|---|---|---|
| LORD TOWNLY | *Mr. Elliston.* | *Mr. Kemble.* |
| SIR F. WRONGHEAD | *Mr. Dowton.* | *Mr. Munden.* |
| MR. MANLY | *Mr. Powell.* | *Mr. Murray.* |
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| MYRTILLA | *Mrs. Scott.* | *Mrs. Beverly.* |
| TRUSTY | *Miss Tidswell.* | *Miss Leserve.* |

THE

# PROVOKED HUSBAND.

## ACT THE FIRST.

### SCENE I.

LORD TOWNLY'S *Apartment.*

LORD TOWNLY, *solus.*

*Lord T.* Why did I marry?—Was it not evident, my plain, rational, scheme of life was impracticable with a woman of so different a way of thinking?—Is there one article of it that she has not broke in upon? —Yes—let me do her justice—her reputation—That —I have no reason to believe, is in question—But then, how long her profligate course of pleasures may make her able to keep it—is a shocking consideration! and her presumption, while she keeps it, insupportable! for, on the pride of that single virtue, she seems to lay it down as a fundamental point, that the free indulgence of every other vice this fertile town affords, is the birthright prerogative of a woman of quality.—Amazing! that a creature, so warm in the pursuit of her pleasures, should never cast one thought towards her happiness—Thus, while she admits of no lover, she thinks it a greater merit still, in her chastity, not to care for her husband; a

while she herself is solacing in one continual round of cards and good company, he, poor wretch, is left at large, to take care of his own contentment—'Tis time, indeed, some care were taken, and speedily there shall be—Yet, let me not be rash—Perhaps this disappointment of my heart may make me too impatient; and some tempers, when reproached, grow more untractable—Here she comes—Let me be calm a while.

*Enter* LADY TOWNLY.

Going out so soon after dinner, madam?

*Lady T.* Lard, my lord! what can I possibly do at home?

*Lord T.* What does my sister, Lady Grace, do at home?

*Lady T.* Why, that is to me amazing! Have you ever any pleasure at home?

*Lord T.* It might be in your power, madam, I confess, to make it a little more comfortable to me.

*Lady T.* Comfortable! And so, my good lord, you would really have a woman of my rank and spirit stay at home to comfort her husband!—Lord, what notions of life some men have!

*Lord T.* Don't you think, madam, some ladies' notions are full as extravagant?

*Lady T.* Yes, my lord, when the tame doves live cooped within the pen of your precepts, I do think them prodigious indeed!

*Lord T.* And when they fly wild about this town, madam, pray what must the world think of them then?

*Lady T.* Oh, this world is not so ill bred, as to quarrel with any woman for liking it.

*Lord T.* Nor am I, madam, a husband so well bred, as to bear my wife's being so fond of it; in short, the life you lead, madam——

*Lady T.* Is to me the pleasantest life in the world.

*Lord T.* I should not dispute your taste, madam, if a woman had a right [illegible] nobody but herself.

*Lady T.* Why, whom would you have her please?

*Lord T.* Sometimes her husband.

*Lady T.* And don't you think a husband under the same obligation?

*Lord T.* Certainly.

*Lady T.* Why, then we are agreed, my lord—For if I never go abroad, till I am weary of being at home—(which you know is the case)—is it not equally reasonable, not to come home, till one is weary of being abroad?

*Lord T.* If this be your rule of life, madam, 'tis time to ask you one serious question.

*Lady T.* Don't let it be long a coming then, for I am in haste.

*Lord T.* Madam, when I am serious, I expect a serious answer.

*Lady T.* Before I know the question?

*Lord T.* Pshaw!—Have I power, madam, to make you serious by entreaty?

*Lady T.* You have.

*Lord T.* And you promise to answer me sincerely?

*Lady T.* Sincerely.

*Lord T.* Now then, recollect your thoughts, and tell me seriously why you married me.

*Lady T.* You insist upon truth, you say?

*Lord T.* I think I have a right to it.

*Lady T.* Why, then, my lord, to give you at once a proof of my obedience and sincerity—I think—I married—to take off that restraint, that lay upon my pleasures while I was a single woman.

*Lord T.* How, madam! is any woman under less restraint after marriage, than before it?

*Lady T.* Oh, my lord, my lord! they are quite different creatures! Wives have infinite liberties in life, that would be terrible in an unmarried woman to take.

*Lord T.* Name one.

*Lady T.* Fifty, if you please—To begin, then—in

the morning—A married woman may have men at her toilet—invite them to dinner—appoint them a party in the stage-box, at the play—engross the conversation there—call them by their christian names—talk louder than the players: from thence, jaunt into the city—take a frolicsome supper at an India House—perhaps, in her *gaieté de cœur*, toast a pretty fellow; then clatter again to this end of the town—break, with the morning, into an assembly—crowd to the hazard-table—throw a familiar levant upon some sharp, lurching, man of quality, and, if he demands his money, turn it off with a loud laugh, and cry, you'll owe it him, to vex him, ha! ha!

*Lord T.* Prodigious! [*Aside.*

*Lady T.* These, now, my lord, are some few of the many modish amusements that distinguish the privilege of a wife, from that of a single woman.

*Lord T.* Death, madam! what law has made these liberties less scandalous in a wife, than in an unmarried woman?

*Lady T.* Why, the strongest law in the world, custom—custom, time out of mind, my lord.

*Lord T.* Custom, madam, is the law of fools; but it shall never govern me.

*Lady T.* Nay, then, my lord, 'tis time for me to observe the laws of prudence.

*Lord T.* I wish I could see an instance of it.

*Lady T.* You shall have one this moment, my lord; for I think, when a man begins to lose his temper at home, if a woman has any prudence, why, she'll go abroad till he comes to himself again. [*Going.*

*Lord T.* Hold, madam; I am amazed you are not more uneasy at the life we lead. You don't want sense, and yet seem void of all humanity; for, with a blush I say it, I think I have not wanted love.

*Lady T.* Oh, don't say that, my lord, if you suppose I have m[illegible]

*Lord T.* What is it, I have done to you? What can you complain of?

*Lady T.* Oh, nothing, in the least! 'Tis true, you have heard me say, I have owed my Lord Lurcher an hundred pounds, these three weeks; but what then? a husband is not liable to his wife's debts of honour, you know; and if a silly woman will be uneasy about money she can't be sued for, what's that to him? As long as he loves her, to be sure, she can have nothing to complain of.

*Lord T.* By Heaven if my whole fortune, thrown into your lap, could make you delight in the cheerful duties of a wife, I should think myself a gainer by the purchase.

*Lady T.* That is, my lord, I might receive your whole estate, provided you were sure I would not spend a shilling of it.

*Lord T.* No, madam; were I master of your heart, your pleasures would be mine; but, different as they are, I'll feed even your follies, to deserve it—Perhaps you may have some other trifling debts of honour abroad, that keep you out of humour at home—at least, it shall not be my fault, if I have not more of your company——There, there's a bill of five hundred—and now, madam————

*Lady T.* And now, my lord, down to the ground, I thank you.

*Lord T.* If it be no offence, madam———

*Lady T.* Say what you please, my lord; I am in that harmony of spirits, it is impossible to put me out of humour.

*Lord T.* How long, in reason, then, do you think that sum ought to last you?

*Lady T.* Oh, my dear, dear lord, now you have spoiled all again! how is it possible I should answer for an event, that so utterly depends upon fortune? But to show you that I am more inclined to get money, than to throw it away, I have a strong pos-

session, that, with this five hundred, I shall win five thousand.

*Lord T.* Madam, if you were to win ten thousand, it would be no satisfaction to me.

*Lady T.* Oh, the churl! ten thousand: what! not so much as wish I might win ten thousand!——Ten thousand! Oh, the charming sum! what infinite pretty things might a woman of spirit do with ten thousand guineas! O' my conscience, if she were a woman of true spirit,—she—she might lose them all again.

*Lord T.* And I had rather it should be so, madam, provided I could be sure, that were the last you would lose.

*Lady T.* Well, my lord, to let you see I design to play all the good housewife I can; I am now going to a party at quadrille, only to trifle with a little of it, at poor two guineas a fish, with the Duchess of Quiteright. [*Exit.*

*Lord T.* Insensible creature! neither reproaches nor indulgence, kindness nor severity, can wake her to the least reflection! Continual license has lulled her into such a lethargy of care, that she speaks of her excesses, with the same easy confidence, as if they were so many virtues. What a turn has her head taken!—But how to cure it—take my friend's opinion—Manly will speak freely—my sister, with tenderness, to both sides.——They know my case—I'll talk with them.

*Enter* WILLIAMS.

*Wil.* Mr. Manly, my lord, has sent to know, if your lordship was at home.

*Lord T.* They did not deny me?

*Wil.* No, my lord.

*Lord T.* Very well; step up to my sister, and say I desire to speak with her.

*Wil.* Lady Grace is here, my lord. [*Exit.*

*Enter* LADY GRACE.

*Lord T.* So, lady fair; what pretty weapon have you been killing your time with?

*Lady G.* A huge folio, that has almost killed me—I think I have half read my eyes out.

*Lord T.* Oh! you should not pore so much just after dinner, child.

*Lady G.* That's true; but any body's thoughts are better than always one's own, you know.

*Lord T.* Who's there?

*Enter* WILLIAMS.

Leave word at the door, I am at home to nobody, but Mr. Manly. [*Exit* WILLIAMS.

*Lady G.* And why is he excepted, pray, my lord?

*Lord T.* I hope, madam, you have no objection to his company?

*Lady G.* Your particular orders, upon my being here, look, indeed, as if you thought I had not.

*Lord T.* And your ladyship's inquiry into the reason of those orders, shows, at least, it was not a matter indifferent to you.

*Lady G.* Lord, you make the oddest constructions, brother!

*Lord T.* Look you, my grave Lady Grace—in one serious word—I wish you had him.

*Lady G.* I can't help that.

*Lord T.* Ha! you can't help it, ha! ha! The flat simplicity of that reply was admirable.

*Lady G.* Pooh, you tease one, brother!

*Lord T.* Come, I beg pardon, child—this is not a point, I grant you, to trifle upon; therefore, I hope you'll give me leave to be serious.

*Lady G.* If you desire it, brother; though, upon my word, as to Mr. Manly's having any serious thoughts of me—I know nothing of it.

*Lord T.* Well—there's nothing wrong in your making a doubt of it—But, in short, I find by his conversation of late, he has been looking round the world for a wife; and if you were to look round the world for a husband, he is the first man I would give to you.

*Lady G.* Then, whenever he makes me any offer, brother, I will certainly tell you of it.

*Lord T.* Oh, that's the last thing he'll do! he'll never make you an offer, till he's pretty sure it won't be refused.

*Lady G.* Now you make me curious. Pray, did he ever make any offer of that kind to you?

*Lord T.* Not directly—but that imports nothing; he is a man too well acquainted with the female world to be brought into a high opinion of any one woman, without some well-examined proof of her merit; yet I have reason to believe, that your good sense, your turn of mind, and your way of life, have brought him to so favourable a one of you, that a few days will reduce him to talk plainly to me: which, as yet, notwithstanding our friendship, I have neither declined, nor encouraged him to.

*Lady G.* I am mighty glad we are so near in our way of thinking; for, to tell you the truth, he is much upon the same terms with me; you know he has a satirical turn, but never lashes any folly, without giving due encomiums to its opposite virtue: and, upon such occasions, he is sometimes particular, in turning his compliments upon me, which I don't receive with any reserve, lest he should imagine I take them to myself.

*Lord T.* You are right, child; when a man of merit makes his addresses, good sense may give him an answer, without scorn or coquetry.

*Lady G.* Hush! he's here——

*Enter* MR. MANLY.

*Manly.* My lord, your most obedient.

*Lord T.* Dear Manly, yours—I was thinking to send to you.

*Manly.* Then I am glad I am here, my lord—Lady Grace, I kiss your hands—What, only you two!—How many visits may a man make, before he falls into such unfashionable company! A brother and sister, soberly sitting at home, when the whole town is a gadding; I question if there is so particular a *tête à tête* again, in the whole parish of St. James's.

*Lady G.* Fie, fie, Mr. Manly, how censorious you are!

*Manly.* I had not made the reflection, madam, but that I saw you an exception to it—Where's my lady?

*Lord T.* That, I believe, is impossible to guess.

*Manly.* Then I won't try, my lord.

*Lord T.* But, 'tis probable, I may hear of her by that time I have been four or five hours in bed.

*Manly.* Now, if that were my case—I believe I—But I beg pardon, my lord.

*Lord T.* Indeed, sir, you shall not: you will oblige me if you speak out, for it was upon this head I wanted to see you.

*Manly.* Why, then, my lord, since you oblige me to proceed—I have often thought that the misconduct of my lady has, in a great measure, been owing to your lordship's treatment of her.

*Lady G.* Bless me!

*Lord T.* My treatment!

*Manly.* Ay, my lord; you so idolized her before marriage, that you even indulged her like a mistress after it: in short, you continued the lover, when you should have taken up the husband; and so, by giving her more power than was needful, she has none where she wants it; having such entire possession of you, she is not mistress of herself.—And, mercy on us! how many fine women's heads have been turned upon the same occasion!

*Lord T.* Oh, Manly, 'Tis too true! there's the

source of my disquiet; she knows, and has abused her power.

*Manly.* However, since you have had so much patience, my lord, even go on with it a day or two more; and upon her ladyship's next sally, be a little rounder in your expostulations? if that don't work——drop her some cool hints of a determined reformation, and leave her——to breakfast upon them.

*Lord T.* You are perfectly right. How valuable is a friend, in our anxiety!

*Manly.* Therefore, to divert that, my lord, I beg, for the present, we may call another cause.

*Lady G.* Ay, for goodness' sake, let us have done with this.

*Lord T.* With all my heart.

*Lady G.* Have you no news abroad, Mr. Manly?

*Manly.* Apropos—I have some, madam; and I believe, my lord, as extraordinary in its kind——

*Lord T.* Pray, let us have it.

*Manly.* Do you know that your country neighbour, and my wise kinsman, Sir Francis Wronghead, is coming to town, with his whole family?

*Lord T.* The fool! what can be his business here?

*Manly.* Oh! of the last importance, I'll assure you ——No less than the business of the nation.

*Lord T.* Explain.

*Manly.* He has carried his election—against Sir John Worthland.

*Lord T.* The deuce! What! for—for——

*Manly.* The famous borough of Guzzledown.

*Lord T.* A proper representative, indeed!

*Lady G.* Pray, Mr. Manly, don't I know him?

*Manly.* You have dined with him, madam, when I was last down with my lord, at Bellmont.

*Lady G.* Was not that he, that got a little merry before dinner, and ov- -he tea-table in making his compliments to n

*Manly.* The s

*Lady G.* Pray what are his circumstances? I know but very little of him.

*Manly.* Then he is worth your knowing, I can tell you, madam. His estate, if clear, I believe, might be a good two thousand pounds a year; though as it was left him, saddled with two jointures, and two weighty mortgages upon it, there is no saying what it is—But that he might be sure never to mend it, he married a profuse young hussy, for love, without a penny of money. Thus, having, like his brave ancestors, provided heirs for the family (for his dove breeds like a tame pigeon), he now finds children and interest money make such a bawling about his ears, that at last he has taken the friendly advice of his kinsman, the good Lord Danglecourt, to run his estate two thousand pounds more in debt, to put the whole management of what is left into Paul Pillage's hands, that he may be at leisure himself to retrieve his affairs, by being a parliament man.

*Lord T.* A most admirable scheme, indeed!

*Manly.* And with this politic prospect, he is now upon his journey to London——

*Lord T.* What can it end in?

*Manly.* Pooh! a journey into the country again.

*Lord T.* Do you think he'll stir, till his money is gone; or, at least, till the session is over?

*Manly.* If my intelligence is right, my lord, he won't sit long enough to give his vote for a turnpike.

*Lord T.* How so?

*Manly.* Oh, a bitter business; he had scarce a vote in the whole town, besides the returning officer. Sir John will certainly have it heard at the bar of the house, and send him about his business again.

*Lord T.* Then he has made a fine business of it indeed.

*Manly.* Which, as far as my little interest will go, shall be done in as few days as possible.

*Lady G.* But why would you ruin the poor gentleman's fortune, Mr. Manly?

*Manly.* No, madam; I would only spoil his project, to save his fortune.

*Lady G.* How are you concerned enough to do either?

*Manly.* Why——I have some obligations to the family, madam: I enjoy, at this time, a pretty estate, which Sir Francis was heir at law to: but—by his being a booby, the last will of an obstinate old uncle gave it to me.

*Enter* WILLIAMS.

*Williams.* [*To* MANLY.] Sir, here is one of your servants, from your house, desires to speak with you.

*Manly.* Will you give him leave to come in, my lord?

*Lord T.* Sir—the ceremony's of your own making. [*Exit* WILLIAMS.

*Enter* JAMES.

*Manly.* Well, James, what's the matter?

*James.* Sir, here is John Moody just come to town: he says Sir Francis, and all the family, will be here to-night, and is in a great hurry to speak with you.

*Manly.* Where is he?

*James.* At our house, sir: he has been gaping and stumping about the streets, in his dirty boots, and asking every one he meets, if they can tell him where he may have a good lodging for a Parliament man, till he can hire a handsome whole house, fit for all his family, for the winter.

*Manly.* I am afraid, my lord, I must wait upon Mr. Moody.

*Lord T.* Pr'ythee let us have him here; he will divert us.

*Manly.* Oh, my lord, he's such a cub! Not but

he's so near common sense, that he passes for a wit in the family.

*Lady G.* I beg, of all things, we may have him: I am in love with nature, let her dress be never so homely.

*Manly.* Then desire him to come hither, James.

[*Exit* JAMES.

*Lady G.* Pray what may be Mr. Moody's post?

*Manly.* Oh! his *maître d'hotel*, his butler, his bailiff, his hind, his huntsman, and sometimes——his companion.

*Lord T.* It runs in my head, that the moment this knight has set him down in the house, he will get up, to give them the earliest proof of what importance he is to the public in his own county.

*Manly.* Yes, and when they have heard him, he will find, that his utmost importance stands valued at—sometimes being invited to dinner.

*Lady G.* And her ladyship, I suppose, will make as considerable a figure in her sphere, too?

*Manly.* That you may depend upon: for (if I don't mistake) she has ten times more of the jade in her than she yet knows of: and she will so improve in this rich soil in a month, that she will visit all the ladies that will let her into their houses; and run in debt to all the shopkeepers that will let her into their books: in short, before her important spouse has made five pounds by his eloquence at Westminster, she will have lost five hundred at dice and quadrille in the parish of St. James's.

*Lord T.* So that, by that time he is declared unduly elected, a swarm of duns will be ready for their money; and his worship—will be ready for a gaol.

*Manly.* Yes, yes, that I reckon will close the account of this hopeful journey to London—But see, here comes the fore-horse of the team!

*Enter* JOHN MOODY.

Oh, honest John!

*Moody.* Ad's waunds and heart, Measter Manly! I'm glad I ha' fun ye. Lawd, lawd, give me your hand! Why, that's friendly naw. Flesh! I thought we would never ha' got hither. Well, and how do you do, measter?—Good lack! I beg pardon for my bawldness——I did not see 'at his honour was here.

*Lord T.* Mr. Moody, your servant: I am glad to see you in London: I hope all the good family is well.

*Moody.* Thanks be praised, your honour, they are all in pretty good heart; tho'f we have had a power of crosses upo' the road.

*Lady G.* I hope my lady has had no hurt, Mr. Moody.

*Moody.* Noa, and please your ladyship, she was never in better humour: there's money enough stirring now.

*Manly.* What has been the matter, John?

*Moody.* Why, we came up in such a hurry, you mun think that our tackle was not so tight as it should be.

*Manly.* Come tell us all.

*Lord T.* Come, let us sit down. [*They take Chairs.*

*Manly.* Pray how do they travel?

*Moody.* Why, i'the awld coach, measter; and 'cause my lady loves to do things handsom, to be sure, she would have a couple of cart-horses clapped to the four old geldings, that neighbours might see she went up to London in her coach and six; and so Giles Joulter, the ploughman, rides postillion.

*Manly.* Very well! The journey sets out as it should do. [*Aside.*] What, do they bring all the children with them too?

*Moody.* Noa, noa, only the younk 'squoire, and Miss Jenny. The other foive are all out at board, at half a crown a head, a week, with John Growse, at *Smoke-dung-hi*

*Manly.* Good again! a right English academy for younger children!

*Moody.* Anon, sir. [*Not understanding him.*

*Lord T.* And when do you expect them here, John?

*Moody.* Why, we were in hopes to ha' come yesterday, an it had no' been that th' awld Weazlebelly horse tired: and then we were so cruelly loaden, that the two fore wheels came crash down at once, in Waggon-rut-lane, and there we lost four hours 'fore we could set things to rights again.

*Manly.* So they bring all the baggage with the coach then?

*Moody.* Ay, ay, and good store on it there is—Why, my lady's geer alone were as much as filled four portmantel trunks, beside the great deal box that heavy Ralph and the monkey sit upon behind.

*Lord T.*
*Lady G.* } Ha! ha! ha!
*Manly.*

*Lady G.* Well, Mr. Moody, and pray how many are they within the coach?

*Moody.* Why there's my lady, and his worship? and the younk 'squoire, and Miss Jenny, and the fat lapdog, and my lady's maid, Mrs. Handy, and Doll Tripe, the cook, that's all—Only Doll puked a little with riding backward; so they hoisted her into the coach box, and then her stomach was easy.

*Lady G.* Oh, I see them! I see them go by me. Ha! ha! [*Laughing.*

*Moody.* Then you mun think, measter, there was some stowage for the belly, as well as the back too; children are apt to be famished upon the road; so we had such cargoes of plum-cake, and baskets of tongues, and biscuits, and cheese, and cold boiled beef——And then, in case of sickness, bottles of cherry brandy, plague water, sack, tent, and strong beer so plenty, as made th' awld coach crack again. Mercy upon them! and send them all well to town, I say.

*Manly.* Ay, and well out on't again, John.

*Moody.* Ods bud, measter! you're a wise man; and for that matter, so am I——Whoam's whoam, I say: I am sure we ha' got but little good e'er sin we turned our backs on't. Nothing but mischief! Some devil's trick or other plagued us aw the day lung. Crack, goes one thing! bawnce, goes another! Woa! says Roger—Then, sowse! we are all set fast in a slough. Whaw, cries miss! Scream, go the maids! and bawl, just as tho'f they were stuck. And so, mercy on us! this was the trade from morning to night. But my lady was in such a murrain haste to be here, that set out she would, tho'f I told her it was Childermas day.

*Manly.* These ladies, these ladies, John——

*Moody.* Ay, measter! I ha' seen a little of them: and I find that the best——when she's mended; won't ha much goodness to spare.

*Lord T.* Well said, John—Ha! ha!

*Manly.* I hope, at least, you and your good woman agree still.

*Moody.* Ay, ay, much of a muchness. Bridget sticks to me; tho' as for her goodness—why, she was willing to come to London, too—But, hauld a bit! Noa, noa, says I; there may be mischief enough done without you.

*Manly.* Why, that was bravely spoken, John, and like a man.

*Moody.* Ah, weast heart! were measter but hawf the mon that I am—Ods wookers! thof' he'll speak stautly too, sometimes—But then he canno' hawld it—no, he canno' hawld it.

*Lord T.*
*Lady G.* } Ha! ha! ha!
*Manly.*

*Moody.* Ods flesh! but I mun hie me whoam; the coach will be coming every hour naw——but measter charged me to find your worship out; for he *has hugey* business [illegible]; and will certainly wait

upon you, by that time he can put on a clean neck-cloth.

*Manly.* Oh, John, I'll wait upon him!

*Moody.* Why you wonno' be so kind, wull ye?

*Manly.* If you'll tell me where you lodge.

*Moody.* Just i'the street next to where your worship dwells, at the sign of the golden ball—It's gold all over; where they sell ribbons and flappits, and other sort of geer for gentlewomen.

*Manly.* A milliner's?

*Moody.* Ay, ay, one Mrs. Motherly. Waunds, she has a couple of clever girls there, stitching i'th' fore-room.

*Manly.* Yes, yes, she's a woman of good business, no doubt on't—Who recommended that house to you, John?

*Moody.* The greatest good fortune in the world, sure; for, as I was gaping about the streets, who should look out of the window there, but the fine gentleman, that was always riding by our coach side at York races——Count——Basset; ay, that's he.

*Manly.* Basset! Oh, I remember; I know him by sight.

*Moody.* Well, to be sure, as civil a gentleman to see to——

*Manly.* As any sharper in town. [*Aside.*

*Moody.* Well, measter——

*Lord T.* My service to Sir Francis, and my lady, John.

*Lady G.* And mine, pray, Mr. Moody.

*Moody.* Ay, your honours; they'll be proud on't, I dare say.

*Manly.* I'll bring my compliments myself: so, honest John——

*Moody.* Dear Measter Manly! the goodness of goodness bless and preserve you! [*Exit.*

*Lord T.* What a natural creature 'tis!

*Lady G.* Well, I can't but think John, in a wet

afternoon, in the country, must be very good company.

*Lord T.* Oh, the tramontane! If this were known at half the quadrille tables in town, they would lay down their cards, to laugh at you.

*Lady G.* And the minute they took them up again, they would do the same at the losers—But, to let you see that I think good company may sometimes want cards to keep them together, what think you, if we three sat soberly down to kill an hour at ombre?

*Manly.* I shall be too hard for you, madam.

*Lady G.* No matter; I shall have as much advantage of my lord, as you have of me.

*Lord T.* Say you so, madam? have at you then. Here! get the ombre table and cards. [*Exit.*

*Lady G.* Come, Mr. Manly—I know you don't forgive me now.

*Manly.* I don't know whether I ought to forgive your thinking so, madam. Where do you imagine I could pass my time so agreeably?

*Lady G.* I'm sorry my lord is not here, to take his share of the compliment—But he'll wonder what's become of us. [*Exit.*

*Manly.* It must be so—She sees I love her—yet with what unoffending decency she avoids an explanation? How amiable is every hour of her conduct! What a vile opinion have I had of the whole sex for these ten years past, which this sensible creature has recovered in less than one! Such a companion, sure, might compensate all the irksome disappointment, that folly and falsehood ever gave me!

Could women regulate, like her, their lives,
What halcyon days were in the gift of wives;
Vain rovers, then, might envy what they hate;
And only fools would mock the married state.

[*Exit.*

# ACT THE SECOND.

## SCENE I.

### MRS. MOTHERLY'S *House.*

*Enter* MRS. MOTHERLY *and* COUNT BASSET.

*Count B.* I tell you, there is not such a family in England for you. Do you think I would have gone out of your lodgings for any body that was not sure to make you easy for the winter?

*Mrs. M.* Nay, I see nothing against it, sir, but the gentleman's being a parliament-man; and when people may, as it were, think one impertinent, or be out of humour, you know, when a body comes to ask for one's own——

*Count B.* Psha! Pr'ythee, never trouble thy head; his pay is as good as the bank—Why, he has above two thousand a year.

*Mrs. M.* Alas-a-day, that's nothing! your people of ten thousand a year have ten thousand things to do with it.

*Count B.* Nay, if you are afraid of being out of your money, what do you think of going a little with me, Mrs Motherly?

*Mrs. M.* As how?

*Count B.* Why, I have a game in my hand, in which, if you'll help me to play it, you shall go five hundred to nothing.

*Mrs. M.* Say you so?—Why, then I go, sir—and now, pray let's see your game.

*Count B.* In one word, my cards lie thus—When I was down this summer at York, I happened to lodge in the same house with this knight's lady, that's now coming to lodge with you.

*Mrs. M.* Is this your game? I would not give sixpence for it. What, you have a passion for her pin-money!—No, no, country ladies are not so flush of it!—Is this your way of making my poor niece, Myrtilla, easy?—Had you not a letter from her this morning?

*Count B.* I have it here in my pocket—this is it.

[*Shows it, and puts it up again.*

*Mrs. M.* Ay, but I don't find you have made any answer to it.

*Count B.* How the devil can I, if you won't hear me!—You must know, this country knight and his lady bring up with them their eldest son and a daughter——

*Mrs. M.* Well——

*Count. B.* The son is an unlicked whelp, about sixteen, just taken from school, and begins to hanker after every wench in the family; now, him we must secure for Myrtilla. The daughter, much of the same age; a pert hussy, who, having eight thousand pounds left her, by an old doting grandmother, seems to have a devilish mind to be busy in her way too—Now, what do you say to me?

*Mrs. M.* Say! why, I shall not sleep for thinking of it. But, as you say, one for t'other, sir; I stick to that—if you don't do my niece's business with the son, I'll blow you with the daughter, depend upon't.

*Count B.* Pay as we go, I tell you; and the five hundred shall be staked down.

*Mrs. M.* That's honest——

*Enter* MYRTILLA.

So, niece, are all the rooms done out, and the beds sheeted?

*Myr.* Yes, madam; but Mr. Moody tells us, the lady always burns wax in her own chamber, and we have none in the house.

*Mrs. M.* Odso! then I must beg your pardon, Count; this is a busy time, you know. [*Exit.*

*Count B.* Myrtilla, how dost thou do, child?

*Myr.* As well as a losing gamester can.

*Count B.* Psha! hang these melancholy thoughts! Suppose I should help thee to a good husband?

*Myr.* I suppose you'll think any one good enough, that will take me off o' your hands.

*Count B.* What do you think of the young country 'squire, the heir of the family that's coming to lodge here?

*Myr.* How should I know what to think of him?

*Count B.* Nay, I only give you the hint, child; it may be worth your while, at least to look about you.

*Enter* MRS. MOTHERLY, *in haste.*

*Mrs. M.* Sir! sir! the gentleman's coach is at the door; they are all come.

*Count B.* What, already?

*Mrs. M.* They are just getting out: Where's your step, and lead in my lady? Do you so in the mean, niece; I must run and receive them.

*Count B.* And think of what I told you.

*Myr.* A faithless fellow! I am sure, were men true to him; and, for that only reason, to wish to be rid of me. But while women are [illegible] will be rogues.

*Enter* MRS. MOTHERLY, *showing in* [illegible] HEAD, *led by* COUNT [illegible]

*Mrs. M.* If your ladyship please to walk [illegible]

parlour, madam, only for the present, till your servants have got all your things in.

*Lady W.* Well, dear sir, this is so infinitely obliging —I protest it gives me pain, though, to turn you out of your lodging thus.

*Count B.* No trouble in the least, madam: we single fellows are soon moved; besides, Mrs. Motherly's my old acquaintance, and I could not be her hinderance.

*Mrs. M.* The Count is so well bred, madam, I dare say he would do a great deal more to accommodate your ladyship.

*Lady W.* Oh, dear madam!—A good, well-bred sort of a woman. [*Apart to the* COUNT.

*Count B.* Oh, madam! she is very much among people of quality; she is seldom without them in her house.

*Lady W.* Are there a good many people of quality in this street, Mrs. Motherly?

*Mrs. M.* Now your ladyship is here, madam, I don't believe there is a house without them.

*Lady W.* I am mighty glad of that; for, really, I think people of quality should always live among one another.

*Count B.* 'Twas what one would chuse, indeed, madam.

*Lady W.* Bless me! but where are the children all this while?

*Sir Fran.* [*Within.*] John Moody! stay you by the coach, and see all our things out—Come, children.

*Enter* SIR FRANCIS, 'SQUIRE RICHARD, *and* MISS JENNY.

*Sir Fran.* Well, Count, I mun say it, this was koynd, indeed.

*Count B.* Sir Francis, give me leave to bid you welcome to London.

*Sir Fran.* Psha! how dost do, mon?——Waunds, I'm glad to see thee! A good sort of a house this.

*Count B.* Is not that Master Richard?

*Sir Fran.* Ey, ey, that's young hopeful—Why dost not baw, Dick?

*'Squire R.* So I do, feyther.

*Count B.* Sir, I'm glad to see you—I protest Mrs. Jane is grown so, I should not have known her.

*Sir Fran.* Come forward, Jenny.

*Jenny.* Sure, papa! do you think I don't know how to behave myself?

*Count B.* If I have permission to approach her, Sir Francis.

*Jenny.* Lord, sir, I'm in such a frightful pickle!— [*Salute.*

*Count B.* Every dress that's proper must become you, madam—you have been a long journey.

*Jenny.* I hope you will see me in a better to-morrow, sir.

[LADY WRONGHEAD *whispers* MRS. MOTHERLY, *pointing to* MYRTILLA.

*Mrs. M.* Only a niece of mine, madam, that lives with me: she will be proud to give your ladyship any assistance in her power.

*Lady W.* A pretty sort of a young woman—Jenny, you two must be acquainted.

*Jenny.* Oh, mamma, I am never strange in a strange place. [*Salutes* MYRTILLA.

*Myr.* You do me a great deal of honour, madam—Madam, your ladyship's welcome to London.

*Jenny.* Mamma, I like her prodigiously; she called me my ladyship.

*'Squire R.* Pray, mother, mayn't I be acquainted with her too?

*Lady W.* You, you clown! stay till you learn a little more breeding first.

*Sir Fran.* Od's heart, my Lady Wronghead! why do you baulk the lad? how should he ever learn *breeding, if he does* not put himself forward?

*'Squire R.* Why, ay, feyther, does mother think, that I'd be uncivil to her?

*Myr.* Master has so much good humour, madam, he would soon gain upon any body.

[*He kisses* MYRTILLA.

*'Squire R.* Lo' you there, mother! and you would but be quiet, she and I should do well enough.

*Lady W.* Why, how now, sirrah! boys must not be be so familiar.

*Squire R.* Why, an' I know nobody; how the murrain mun I pass my time here, in a strange place? Naw you and I, and sister, forsooth, sometimes, in an afternoon, may play at one thirty bone-ace, purely.

*Jenny.* Speak for yourself, sir: d'ye think I play at such clownish games?

*'Squire R.* Why, and you woant yo' ma' let it aloane; then she and I, mayhap, will have a bawt at all-fours, without you.

*Sir Fran.* Noa, noa, Dick, that won't do neither; you mun learn to make one at ombre, here, child.

*Myr.* If master pleases, I'll show it him.

*'Squire R.* What, the Humber! Hoy day! why, does our river run to this tawn, feyther?

*Sir Fran.* Pooh! you silly tony! ombre is a geam at cards, that the better sort of people play three together at.

*'Squire R.* Nay, the moare the merrier, I say; but sister is always so cross-grained——

*Jenny.* Lord! this boy is enough to deaf people—and one has really been stuffed up in a coach so long, that——Pray, madam——could not I get a little powder for my hair?

*Myr.* If you please to come along with me, madam.

[*Exeunt* MYRTILLA *and* JENNY.

*'Squire R.* What, has sister taken her away naw! mess, I'll go and have a little game with them.

[*Exit after them.*

*Lady W.* Well, Count, I hope you won't so far change your lodgings, but you will come, and be at home here sometimes.

*Sir Fran.* Ay, ay, pr'ythee come and take a bit of mutton with us, naw and tan, when thou'st nought to do.

*Count B.* Well, Sir Francis, you shall find I'll make but very little ceremony.

*Sir Fran.* Why, ay now, that's hearty!

*Mrs. M.* Will your ladyship please to refresh yourself wth a dish of tea, after your fatigue?

*Lady W.* If you please, Mrs. Motherly; but I believe we had best have it above stairs.

[*Exit* MRS. MOTHERLY.

Won't you walk up, sir?

*Sir Fran.* Moody!

*Count B.* Shan't we stay for Sir Francis, madam?

*Lady W.* Lard, don't mind him! he will come if he likes it.

*Sir Fran.* Ay, ay, ne'er heed me—I have things to look after.

[*Exeunt* LADY WRONGHEAD *and* COUNT BASSET.

*Enter* JOHN MOODY.

*Moody.* Did your worship want muh?

*Sir Fran.* Ay, is the coach cleared, and all our things in?

*Moody.* Aw but a few band-boxes, and the nook that's left o' the goose poy—But, a plague on him, the monkey has gin us the slip, I think—I suppose he's goon to see his relations; for here looks to be a power of um in this tawn——but heavy Ralph has skawered after him.

*Sir Fran.* Why, let him go to the devil! no matter and the hawnds had had him a month agoe.—But I wish the coach and horses were got safe to the inn! This is a sharp tawn, we mun look about us here,

John; therefore, I would have you go along with Roger, and see that nobody runs away with them before they get to the stable.

*Moody.* Alas a day, sir, I believe our awld cattle won't yeasly be run away with to-night——but howsomdever, we'st ta' the best care we can of um, poor sawls.

*Sir Fran.* Well, well, make haste then——

[MOODY *goes out, and returns.*

*Moody.* Od's flesh! here's Master Monly come to wait upo' your worship!

*Sir Fran.* Wheere is he?

*Moody.* Just coming in at threshould.

*Sir Fran.* Then goa about your business.

[*Exit* MOODY.

*Enter* MANLY.

Cousin Manly! Sir, I am your very humble servant.

*Manly.* I heard you were come, Sir Francis—I and—

*Sir Fran.* Od's heart! this was so kindly done of you, naw!

*Manly.* I wish you may think it so, cousin! for, I confess, I should have been better pleased to have seen you in any other place.

*Sir Fran.* How soa, sir?

*Manly.* Nay, 'tis for your own sake; I'm not concerned.

*Sir Fran.* Look you, cousin; thof' I know you wish me well; yet I don't question I shall give you such weighty reasons for what I have done, that you will say, sir, this is the wisest journey that ever I made in my life.

*Manly.* I think it ought to be, cousin; for I believe you will find it the most expensive one—your election did not cost you a trifle, I suppose.

*Sir Fran.* Why, ay! it's true! That—that did lick a *little;* but if a man's wise, (and I ha'n't fawnd yet

that I'm a fool) there are ways, cousin, to lick one's self whole again.

*Manly.* Nay, if you have that secret——

*Sir Fran.* Don't you be fearful, cousin—you'll find that I know something.

*Manly.* If it be any thing for your good, I should be glad to know it too.

*Sir Fran.* In short, then, I have a friend in a corner, that has let me a little into what's what at Westminster—that's one thing.

*Manly.* Very well! but what good is that to do you?

*Sir Fran.* Why not me, as much as it does other folks?

*Manly.* Other people, I doubt, have the advantage of different qualifications.

*Sir Fran.* Why, ay! there's it naw! you'll say that I have lived all my days i' the country—what then? —I'm o' the quorum—I have been at sessions, and I have made speeches there! ay, and at vestry too—and, mayhap, they may find here—that I have brought my tongue up to town with me! D'ye take me naw?

*Manly.* If I take your case right, cousin, I am afraid the first occasion you will have for your eloquence here, will be, to show that you have any right to make use of it at all.

*Sir Fran.* How d'ye mean?

*Manly.* That Sir John Worthland has lodged a petition against you.

*Sir Fran.* Petition! why, ay! there let it lie—we'll find a way to deal with that, I warrant you!—Why, you forget, cousin, Sir John's o' the wrung side, mon!

*Manly.* I doubt, Sir Francis, that will do you but little service; for, in cases very notorious, which I take yours to be, there is such a thing as a short day, and dispatching them immediately.

*Sir Fran.* With all my heart! the sooner I send him home again the better.

*Manly.* And this is the scheme you have laid down, to repair your fortune?

*Sir Fran.* In one word, cousin, I think it my duty! The Wrongheads have been a considerable family ever since England was England: and, since the world knows I have talents wherewithal, they sha'n't say its my fault, if I don't make as good a figure as any that ever were at the head on't.

*Manly.* Nay, this project, as you have laid it, will come up to any thing your ancestors have done these five hundred years.

*Sir Fran.* And let me alone to work it: mayhap I hav'n't told you all, neither——

*Manly.* You astonish me! what, and is it full as practicable as what you have told me?

*Sir Fran.* Ay, thof' I say it—every whit, cousin. You'll find that I have more irons i' the fire than one; I doan't come of a fool's errand!

*Manly.* Very well.

*Sir Fran.* In a word, my wife has got a friend at court, as well as myself, and her dowghter Jenny is now pretty well grown up——

*Manly.* [*Aside.*] And what, in the devil's name, would he do with the dowdy?

*Sir Fran.* Naw, if I doan't lay in for a husband for her, mayhap, i' this tawn, she may be looking out for herself——

*Manly.* Not unlikely.

*Sir Fran.* Therefore, I have some thoughts of getting her to be maid of honour.

*Manly.* [*Aside.*] Oh, he has taken my breath away! but I must hear him out.—Pray, Sir Francis, do you think her education has yet qualified her for a court?

*Sir Fran.* Why, the girl is a little too mettlesome, it's true; but she has tongue enough: she woan't be

dash't! Then she shall learn to daunce forthwith, and that will soon teach her how to stond still, you know.

*Manly.* Very well; but when she is thus accomplished, you must still wait for a vacancy.

*Sir Fran.* Why, I hope one has a good chance for that every day, cousin; for, if I take it right, that's a post, that folks are not more willing to get into, than they are to get out of—It's like an orange-tree, upon that accawnt—it will bear blossoms, and fruit that's ready to drop, at the same time.

*Manly.* Well, sir, you best know how to make good your pretensions! But, pray, where is my lady, and my young cousin? I should be glad to see them too.

*Sir Fran.* She is but just taking a dish of tea with the Count, and my landlady—I'll call her dawn.

*Manly.* No, no; if she's engaged, I shall call again.

*Sir Fran.* Odsheart! but you mun see her naw, cousin: what! the best friend I have in the world!—Here, sweetheart! [*To a* SERVANT *without.*] pr'ythee, desire the lady and the gentleman to come down a bit; tell her, here's cousin Manly come to wait upon her.

*Manly.* Pray, sir, who may the gentleman be.

*Sir Fran.* You mun know him, to be sure; why, it's Count Basset.

*Manly.* Oh, is it he!—Your family will be infinitely happy in his acquaintance.

*Sir Fran.* Troth, I think so too: he's the civilest man that ever I knew in my life—Why, here he would go out of his own lodgings, at an hour's warning, purely to oblige my family. Wasn't that kind, naw?

*Manly.* Extremely civil—the family is in admirable hands already! [*Aside.*

*Sir Fran.* Then my lady likes him hugely—all

the time of York races, she would never be without him.

*Manly.* That was happy, indeed! and a prudent man, you know, should always take care that his wife may have innocent company.

*Sir Fran.* Why, ay! that's it! and I think there could not be such another!

*Manly.* Why, truly, for her purpose, I think not.

*Sir Fran.* Only naw and tan, he—he stonds a leetle too much upon ceremony; that's his fault.

*Manly.* Oh, never fear! he'll mend that every day ——Mercy on us! what a head he has! [*Aside.*

*Sir Fran.* So, here they come!

*Enter* LADY WRONGHEAD *and* COUNT BASSET.

*Lady W.* Cousin Manly, this is infinitely obliging; I am extremely glad to see you.

*Manly.* Your most obedient servant, madam; I am glad to see your ladyship look so well, after your journey.

*Lady W.* Why, really, coming to London is apt to put a little more life in one's looks.

*Manly.* Yet the way of living, here, is very apt to deaden the complexion——and, give me leave to tell you, as a friend, madam, you are come to the worst place in the world, for a good woman to grow better in.

*Lady W.* Lord, cousin! how should people ever make any figure in life, that are always moped up in the country?

*Count B.* Your ladyship certainly takes the thing in a quite right light, madam. Mr. Manly, your humble servant——a hem.

*Manly.* Familiar puppy! [*Aside.*] Sir, your most obedient——I must be civil to the rascal, to cover my suspicion of him. [*Aside.*

*Count B.* Was you at White's this morning, sir?

*Manly.* Yes, sir, I just called in.

*Count B.* Pray——what——was there any thing done there?

*Manly.* Much as usual, sir; the same daily carcases, and the same crows about them.

*Count B.* The Demoivre baronet had a bloody tumble yesterday.

*Manly.* I hope, sir, you had your share of him.

*Count B.* No, 'faith; I came in when it was all over——I think I just made a couple of bets with him, took up a cool hundred, and so went to the King's Arms.

*Lady W.* What a genteel easy manner he has! [*Aside.*

*Manly.* A very hopeful acquaintance I have made here! [*Aside.*

*Enter* 'SQUIRE RICHARD, *with a wet Brown Paper on his Face.*

*Sir Fran.* How now, Dick; what's the matter with thy forehead, lad?

*'Squire R.* I ha' gotten a knock upon't.

*Lady W.* And how did you come by it, you heedless creature?

*'Squire R.* Why, I was but running after sister, and t'other young woman, into a little room just now: and so with that they slapped the door full in my face, and gave me such a whurr here—I thought they had beaten my brains out; so I gut a dab of whet brown paper here, to swage it a while.

*Lady W.* They served you right enough; will you never have done with your horse play?

*Sir Fran.* Pooh, never heed it, lad; it will be well by to-morrow——the boy has a strong head.

*Manly.* Yes, truly, his skull seems to be of a comfortable thickness! [*Aside.*

*Sir Fran.* Come, Dick, here's cousin Manly—Sir this is your godson.

*'Squire R.* Honoured godfeyther! I crave leave to ask your blessing.

*Manly.* Thou hast it, child—and if it will do thee any good, may it be to make thee, at least, as wise a man as thy father!

*Enter* MISS JENNY, *and* MRS. MOTHERLY.

*Lady W.* Oh, here's my daughter too! Miss Jenny, don't you see your cousin, child?

*Manly.* And as for thee, my pretty dear—[*Salutes her.*]—may'st thou be, at least, as good a woman as thy mother!

*Jenny.* I wish I may ever be so handsome, sir.

*Manly.* Hah, Miss Pert! now that's a thought that seems to have been hatched in the girl on this side Highgate! [*Aside.*

*Sir Fran.* Her tongue is a little nimble, sir.

*Lady W.* That's only from her country education, Sir Francis. You know she has been kept too long there, so I brought her to London, sir, to learn a little more reserve and modesty.

*Manly.* Oh, the best place in the world for it!—every woman she meets, will teach her something of it. There's the good gentlewoman in the house looks like a knowing person; even she, perhaps, will be so good as to show her a little London behaviour.

*Mrs. M.* Alas, sir, miss won't stand long in need of my instruction!

*Manly.* That, I dare say—What thou canst teach her, she will soon be mistress of. [*Aside.*

*Mrs. M.* If she does, sir, they shall always be at her service.

*Lady W.* Very obliging, indeed, Mrs. Motherly!

*Sir Fran.* Very kind and civil, truly!—I think we are got into a mighty good hawse here.

*Manly.* Oh, yes! and very friendly company.

*Count B.* Humph! I'gad, I don't like his looks—*he seems a little* believe I had as good

brush off—If I stay, I don't know but he may ask me some odd questions.

*Manly.* Well, sir, I believe you and I do but hinder the family.

*Count B.* It's very true, sir—I was just thinking of going—He don't care to leave me, I see; but it's no matter, we have time enough—[*Aside.*] And so, ladies, without ceremony, your humble servant.

[*Exit, and drops a Letter.*

*Lady W.* Ha! what paper's this? Some billet-doux, I'll lay my life, but this is no place to examine it.

[*Puts it in her Pocket.*

*Sir Fran.* Why in such haste, cousin?

*Manly.* Oh, my lady must have a great many affairs upon her hands, after such a journey!

*Lady W.* I believe, sir, I shall not have much less every day, while I stay in this town, of one sort or other.

*Manly.* Why, truly, ladies seldom want employment here, madam.

*Jenny.* And mamma did not come to it, to be idle, sir.

*Manly.* Nor you neither, I dare say, my young mistress?

*Jenny.* I hope not, sir.

*Manly.* Ha, Miss Mettle!—Where are you going, sir?

*Sir Fran.* Only to see you to the door, sir.

*Manly.* Oh, Sir Francis, I love to come and go without ceremony!

*Sir Fran.* Nay, sir, I must do as you will have me—your humble servant. [*Exit* MANLY.

*Jenny.* This cousin Manly, papa, seems to be but of an odd sort of a crusty humour—I don't like him half so well as the count.

*Sir Fran.* Pooh! that's another thing, child—Cousin is a little proud, indeed! but, however, you r

always be civil to him, for he has a deal of money; and nobody knows who he may give it to.

*Lady W.* Psha! a fig for his money! you have so many projects of late, about money, since you are a parliament man! What, we must make ourselves slaves to his impertinent humours, eight or ten years, perhaps, in hopes to be his heirs! and then, he will be just old enough to marry his maid.

*Mrs. M.* Nay, for that matter, madam, the town says he is going to be married already.

*Sir Fran.* Who! cousin Manly?

*Lady W.* To whom, pray?

*Mrs. M.* Why, is it possible, your ladyship should know nothing of it!—to my Lord Townly's sister, Lady Grace.

*Lady W.* Lady Grace!

*Mrs. M.* Dear madam, it has been in the news-papers?

*Lady W.* I don't like that, neither.

*Sir Fran.* Naw I do; for then it's likely it mayn't be true.

*Lady W.* [*Aside.*] If it is not too far gone: at least, it may be worth one's while to throw a rub in his way.

*'Squire R.* Pray, feythur, haw lung will it be to supper?

*Sir Fran.* Odso, that's true! step to the cook, lad, and ask what she can get us.

*Mrs. M.* If you please, sir, I'll order one of my maids to show her where she may have any thing you have a mind to. [*Exit.*

*Sir Fran.* Thank you kindly, Mrs. Motherly.

*'Squire R.* Ods flesh! what, is not it i' the hawse yet?—I shall be famished—but hawld! I'll go and ask Doll, an' there's none o' the goose poy left.

*Sir Fran.* Do so—and dost hear, Dick?—see if there's e'er a bottle o' the strong beer, that came i'th' coach with us—if there be, clap a toast in it, and *bring it up.*

*'Squire R.* With a little nutmeg and sugar, shawn'a I, feyther?

*Sir Fran.* Ay, ay, as thee and I always drink it for breakfast.—Go thy ways. [*Exit* 'SQUIRE RICHARD.

*Lady W.* This boy is always thinking of his belly.

*Sir Fran.* Why, my dear, you may allow him to be a little hungry, after his journey.

*Lady W.* Nay, 'tis as bred him your own way—He has been cramming, in or out of the coach, all this day, I am sure—I wish my poor girl could eat a quarter as much.

*Jenny.* Oh, as for that, I could eat a great deal more, mamma! but then, mayhap, I should grow coarse, like him, and spoil my shape.

*Enter* 'SQUIRE RICHARD, *with a full Tankard.*

*'Squire R.* Here, feyther, I ha' browght it—it's well I went as I did; for our Doll had just baked a toast, and was going to drink it herself.

*Sir Fran.* Why, then, here's to thee, Dick!

[*Drinks.*

*'Squire R.* Thonk you, feyther.

*Lady W.* Lord, Sir Francis, I wonder you can encourage the boy to swill so much of that lubberly liquor! it's enough to make him quite stupid!

*'Squire R.* Why, it never hurts me, mother; and I sleep like a shawnd after it. [*Drinks.*

*Sir Fran.* I am sure I ha' drunk it these thirty years, and, by your leave, madam, I don't know that I want wit, ha! ha!

*Jenny.* But you might have had a great deal more, papa, if you would have been governed by my mother.

*Sir Fran.* Daughter, he, that is governed by his wife, has no wit at all.

*Jenny.* Then I hope I shall marry a fool, sir; for I love *to govern*, dearly.

*Sir Fran.* You are too pert, child; it don't do well in a young woman.

*Lady W.* Pray, Sir Francis, don't snub her; she has a fine growing spirit, and if you check her so, you will make her as dull as her brother there.

*'Squire R.* [*After a long Draught.*] Indeed, mother, I think my sister is too forward.

*Jenny.* You! you think I'm too forward! sure, brother mud! your head's too heavy to think of any thing but your belly.

*Lady W.* Well said, miss! he's none of your master, though he is your elder brother.

*'Squire R.* No, nor she shawn't be my mistress, while she's younger sister.

*Sir Fran.* Well said, Dick! show them that stawt liquor makes a stawt heart, lad!

*'Squire R.* So I will! and I'll drink agen, for all her. [*Drinks.*

*Enter* JOHN MOODY.

*Sir Fran.* So, John, how are the horses?

*Moody.* Troth, sir, I ha' noa good opinion o' this tawn; it's made up o' mischief, I think.

*Sir Fran.* What's the matter naw?

*Moody.* Why, I'll tell your worship—before we were gotten to th' street end, with the coach, here, a great luggerheaded cart, with wheels as thick as a brick wall, laid hawld on't, and has poo'd it aw to bits—crack went the perch! down goes the coach! and whang says the glasses, all to shievers! Marcy upon us!—and this be London, 'would we were aw weel in the country ageen!

*Jenny.* What have you to do, to wish us all in the country again, Mr. Lubber? I hope we shall not go nto the country again these seven years, mamma; et twenty coaches be pulled to pieces.

*Sir Fran.* Hold your tongue, Jenny;—Was Roger in no fault in all this?

*Moody.* Noa, sir, nor I, neither. Are not yow ashamed, says Roger to the carter, to do such an unkind thing by strangers? Noa, says he, you bumkin. Sir, he did the thing on very purpose; and so the folks said that stood by—Very well, says Roger, yow shall see what our meyster will say to ye; Your meyster, says he, your meyster may kiss my—and so he clapped his hand just there, and like your worship. Flesh! I thought they had better breeding in this town.

*Sir Fran.* I'll teach this rascal some, I'll warrant him! Odsbud, if I take him in hand, I'll play the devil with him!

*'Squire R.* Ay, do, feyther; have him before the parliament.

*Sir Fran.* Odsbud, and so I will!—I will make him know who I am—Where does he live?

*Moody.* I believe, in London, sir.

*Sir Fran.* What's the rascal's name?

*Moody.* I think I heard somebody call him Dick.

*'Squire R.* What! my name?

*Sir Fran.* Where did he go?

*Moody.* Sir, he went home.

*Sir Fran.* Where's that?

*Moody.* By my troth, sir, I doan't know! I heard him say he would cross the same street again to-morrow; and if we had a mind to stand in his way, he would pooll us over and over again.

*Sir Fran.* Will he so? Odzooks, get me a constable!

*Lady W.* Pooh, get you a good supper!—Come, Sir Francis, don't put yourself in a heat, for what can't be helped. Accidents will happen to people that travel abroad to see the world—For my part, I think it's a mercy it was not overturned, before we *were all out on't.*

*Sir Fran.* Why, ay, that's true again, my dear.

*Lady W.* Therefore, see to-morrow if we can buy one at second hand, for present use; so bespeak a new one, and then all's easy.

*Moody.* Why, troth, sir, I don't think this could have held you above a day longer.

*Sir Fran.* D'ye think so, John?

*Moody.* Why, you ha' had it, ever since your worship were high sheriff.

*Sir Fran.* Why, then, go and see what Doll has got us for supper—and come, and get off my boots.

[*Exit* SIR FRANCIS *and* MOODY.

*Lady W.* In the mean time, miss, do you step to Handy, and bid her get me some fresh night clothes.

[*Exit.*

*Jenny.* Yes, mamma, and some for myself too.

[*Exit.*

*'Squire R.* Ods-flesh! and what mun I do all alone?

I'll e'en seek out where 'tother pratty miss is,
And she and I'll go play at cards for kisses. [*Exit.*

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## ACT THE THIRD.

### SCENE I.

LORD TOWNLY'S *House.*

*Enter* LORD TOWNLY *and* WILLIAMS.

*Lord T.* Who's there?

*Wil.* My lord!

*Lord T.* Bid them get dinner—[*Exit* WILLIAMS.] Lady Grace, your servant!

*Enter* LADY GRACE.

*Lady G.* What, is the house up already?—My lady is not dressed yet.

*Lord T.* No matter—it's five o'clock—she may break my rest, but she shall not alter my hours.

*Lady G.* Nay, you need not fear that now, for she dines abroad.

*Lord T.* That, I suppose, is only an excuse for her not being ready yet.

*Lady G.* No, upon my word, she is engaged in company.

*Lord T.* But, pr'ythee, sister, what humour is she in to-day?

*Lady G.* Oh, in tip-top spirits, I can assure you!—she won a good deal last night.

*Lord T.* I know no difference, between her winning or losing, while she continues her course of life.

*Lady G.* However, she is better in good humour, than bad.

*Lord T.* Much alike: when she is in good humour, other people only are the better for it—when in a very ill humour, then, indeed, I seldom fail to have a share of her.

*Lady G.* Well, we won't talk of that now—Does any body dine here?

*Lord T.* Manly promised me—By the way, madam, what do you think of his last conversation?

*Lady G.* I am a little at a stand about it.

*Lord T.* How so?

*Lady G.* Why—I have received a letter this morning, that shows him a very different man from what I thought him.

*Lord T.* A letter! from whom?

*Lady G.* That I don't know; but there it is.

[Gives a Let

*Lord T.* Pray let's see—— [*Reads.*

*The enclosed, madam, fell accidentally into my hands; if it no way concerns you, you will only have the trouble of reading this, from your sincere friend, and humble servant, unknown, &c.*

*Lady G.* And this was the enclosed.

[*Gives another.*

*Lord T.* [*Reads.*]

*To* CHARLES MANLY, *Esq.*

*Your manner of living with me of late, convinces me, that I now grow as painful to you, as to myself; but, however, though you can love me no longer, I hope you will not let me live worse than I did, before I left an honest income, for the vain hopes of being ever yours,*

MYRTILLA DUPE.

*P. S. 'Tis above four months since I received a shilling from you.*

*Lady G.* What think you now?

*Lord T.* I am considering——

*Lady G.* You see it's directed to him?

*Lord T.* That's true; but the postscript seems to be a reproach, that I think he is not capable of deserving.

*Lady G.* But who could have concern enough to send it to me?

*Lord T.* I have observed, that these sort of letters from unknown friends, generally come from secret enemies.

*Lady G.* What would you have me do in it?

*Lord T.* What I think you ought to do—fairly show it him, and say I advised you to it.

*Lady G.* Will not that have a very odd look from me?

*Lord T.* Not at all, if you use my name in it; if he is innocent, his impatience to appear so, will discover his regard to you. If he is guilty, it will be the best way of preventing his addresses.

*Lady G.* But what pretence have I, to put him out of countenance?

*Lord T.* I can't think there's any fear of that.

*Lady G.* Pray, what is it you do think then?

*Lord T.* Why, certainly, that it's much more probable, this letter may be all an artifice, than, that he is in the least concerned in it.

*Enter* WILLIAMS.

*Wil.* Mr. Manly, my lord. [*Exit.*

*Lord T.* Do you receive him, while I step a minute to my lady. [*Exit.*

*Enter* MANLY.

*Manly.* Madam, your most obedient—they told me my lord was here.

*Lady G.* He will be here presently; he is but just gone in to my sister.

*Manly.* So, then, my lady dines with us?

*Lady G.* No; she is engaged.

*Manly.* I hope you are not of her party, madam?

*Lady G.* Not till after dinner.

*Manly.* And pray, how may she have disposed of the rest of the day?

*Lady G.* Much as usual; she has visits till about eight; after that, till court time, she is to be at quadrille, at Mrs. Idle's; after the drawing-room, she takes a short supper with my Lady Moonlight. And, from thence, they go together to my Lord Noble's assembly.

*Manly.* And are you to do all this with her madam?

*Lady G.* Only a few of the visits: I would, indeed,

have drawn her to the play; but I doubt we have so much upon our hands, that it will not be practicable.

*Manly.* But how can you forbear all the rest of it?

*Lady G.* There's no great merit in forbearing what one is not charmed with.

*Manly.* And yet I have found that very difficult in my time.

*Lady G.* How do you mean?

*Manly.* Why, I have passed a great deal of my life in the hurry of the ladies, though I was generally better pleased when I was at quiet without them.

*Lady G.* What induced you then, to be with them?

*Manly.* Idleness, and the fashion.

*Lady G.* No mistresses in the case?

*Manly.* To speak honestly—yes——Being often in the toy-shop, there was no forbearing the baubles.

*Lady G.* And of course, I suppose, sometimes you were tempted to pay for them, twice as much as they were worth.

*Manly.* Madam!

*Lady G.* I'll be free with you, Mr. Manly.—I don't know a man in the world, that, in appearance, might better pretend to a woman of the first merit, than yourself: and yet I have a reason in my hand, here, to think you have your failings.

*Manly.* I have, infinite, madam; but I am sure the want of an implicit respect for you, is not among the number.—Pray, what is in your hand, madam?

*Lady G.* Nay, sir, I have no title to it, for the direction is to you. [*Gives him a Letter.*

*Manly.* To me! I don't remember the hand. [*Reads to himself.*

*Lady G.* I can't perceive any change of guilt in him; and his surprise seems natural. [*Aside.*] Give me leave to tell you one thing, by the way, Mr. Manly; that I should never have shown you this, but, that my brother enjoined me to it.

*Manly.* I take that to proceed from my lord's good opinion of me, madam.

*Lady G.* I hope, at least, it will stand as an excuse for my taking this liberty.

*Manly.* I never yet saw you do any thing, madam, that wanted an excuse; and I hope you will not give me an instance to the contrary, by refusing the favour I am going to ask you.

*Lady G.* I don't believe I shall refuse any, that you think proper to ask.

*Manly.* Only this, madam, to indulge me so far as to let me know how this letter came into your hands.

*Lady G.* Enclosed to me in this, without a name.

*Manly.* If there be no secret in the contents, madam——

*Lady G.* Why—there is an impertinent insinuation in it; but, as I know your good sense will think it so too, I will venture to trust you.

*Manly.* You'll oblige me, madam.

[*He takes the other Letter, and reads.*

*Lady G.* [*Aside.*] Now am I in the oddest situation! methinks, our conversation grows terribly critical—This must produce something—Oh, lud, 'would it were over!

*Manly.* Now, madam, I begin to have some light into the poor project that is at the bottom of all this.

*Lady G.* I have no notion of what could be proposed by it.

*Manly.* A little patience, madam—First, as to the insinuation you mention——

*Lady G.* Oh! what is he going to say now?

[*Aside.*

*Manly.* Though my intimacy with my lord may have allowed my visits to have been very frequent here of late; yet, in such a talking town as this, you must not wonder, if a great many of those visits are placed to your account: and this taken for granted

I suppose, has been told to my Lady Wrongheaded, as a piece of news, since her arrival, not improbably, with many more imaginary circumstances.

*Lady G.* My Lady Wrongheaded!

*Manly.* Ay, madam, for I am positive this is her hand.

*Lady G.* What view could she have in writing it?

*Manly.* To interrupt any treaty of marriage she may have heard I am engaged in; because, if I die without heirs, her family expects that some part of my estate may return to them again. But I hope she is so far mistaken, that, if this letter has given you the least uneasiness—I shall think that, the happiest moment of my life.

*Lady G.* That does not carry your usual complaisance, Mr. Manly.

*Manly.* Yes, madam, because I am sure I can convince you of my innocence.

*Lady G.* I am sure I have no right to inquire into it.

*Manly.* Suppose you may not, madam; yet you may very innocently have so much curiosity.

*Lady G.* Well, sir, I won't pretend to have so little of the woman in me, as to want curiosity. But pray, do you suppose, then, this Myrtilla is a real or a fictitious name?

*Manly.* Now I recollect, madam, there is a young woman in the house, where my Lady Wrongheaded lodges, that I heard somebody call Myrtilla—this letter may have been written by her—But how it came directed to me, I confess, is a mystery, that, before I ever presume to see your ladyship again, I think myself obliged in honour to find out. [*Going.*

*Lady G.* Mr. Manly—you are not going?

*Manly.* 'Tis but to the next street, madam; I shall be back in ten minutes.

*Lady G.* Nay, but dinner's just coming up.

*Manly.* Madam, I can neither eat nor rest, till I see an end of this affair.

*Lady G.* But this is so odd! why should any silly curiosity of mine drive you away?

*Manly.* Since you won't suffer it to be yours, madam —then it shall be only to satisfy my own curiosity. [*Exit.*

*Lady G.* Well—and now, what am I to think of all this? Or suppose an indifferent person had heard every word we have said to one another, what would they have thought on't? Would it have been very absurd to conclude, he is seriously inclined to pass the rest of his life with me?—I hope not—for I am sure the case is terribly clear on my side.

*Enter* MRS. TRUSTY.

Well, Mrs. Trusty, is my sister dressed yet?

*Mrs. T.* Yes, madam; but my lord has been courting her so, I think, till they are both out of humour.

*Lady G.* How so?

*Mrs. T.* Why, it began, madam, with his lordship's desiring her ladyship to dine at home to-day—upon which, my lady said she could not be ready; upon that, my lord ordered them to stay the dinner—and then, my lady ordered the coach—then my lord took her short, and said, he had ordered the coachman to set up—then, my lady made him a great courtesy, and said she would wait till his lordship's horses had dined, and was mighty pleasant; but, for fear of the worst, madam, she whispered me—to get her chair ready. [*Exit.*

*Lady G.* Oh, here they come! and, by their looks, seem a little unfit for company. [*Exit.*

*Enter* LADY TOWNLY, LORD TOWNLY *following.*

*Lady T.* Well, look you, my lord, I can bear it no longer! nothing still, but about my faults—my faults! *an agreeable subject,* truly!

*Lord T.* Why, madam, if you won't hear of them, how can I ever hope to see you mend them?

*Lady T.* Why, I don't intend to mend them—I can't mend them—you know I have tried to do it a hundred times—and—it hurts me so—I can't bear it.

*Lord T.* And I, madam, can't bear this daily licentious abuse of your time and character.

*Lady T.* Abuse! astonishing! when the universe knows I am never better company than when I am doing what I have a mind to. But, to see this world! that men can never get over that silly spirit of contradiction!—Why, but last Thursday, now!—there you wisely amended one of my faults, as you call them—you insisted upon my not going to the masquerade—and pray, what was the consequence? Was not I as cross as the devil all the night after? Was not I forced to get company at home? And was it not almost three o'clock this morning before I was able to come to myself again? And then the fault is not mended neither—for next time I shall only have twice the inclination to go: so that all this mending, and mending, you see, is but darning old lace, to make it worse than it was before.

*Lord T.* Well, the manner of women's living, of late, is insupportable! and one way or other——

*Lady T.* It's to be mended, I suppose—why, so it may; but then, my dear lord, you must give one time—and when things are at worst, you know, they may mend themselves, ha! ha!

*Lord T.* Madam, I am not in a humour now to trifle!

*Lady T.* Why, then, my lord, one word of fair argument—to talk with you in your own way, now—You complain of my late hours, and I, of your early ones—so far we are even, you'll allow—but, pray, which gives us the best figure in the eye of the polite world—my active, spirited three in the morning, or *your dull, drowsy*, eleven at night? Now, I think, one

has the air of a woman of quality, and 'tother, of a plodding mechanic, that goes to bed betimes, that he may rise early to open his shop—Faugh!

*Lord T.* Fie, fie, madam! is this your way of reasoning? 'tis time to wake you then—'Tis not your ill hours alone that disturb me, but as often, the ill company that occasion those ill hours.

*Lady T.* Sure, I don't understand you now, my lord; what ill company do I keep?

*Lord T.* Why, at best, women that lose their money, and men that win it; or, perhaps, men that are voluntary bubbles at one game, in hopes, a lady will give him fair play at another. Then, that unavoidable mixture with known rakes, concealed thieves, and sharpers in embroidery—or, what to me is still more shocking, that herd of familiar, chattering, crop-eared coxcombs!

*Lady T.* And a husband must give eminent proof of his sense, that thinks their follies dangerous.

*Lord T.* Their being fools, madam, is not always the husband's security; or, if it were, fortune sometimes gives them advantages, that might make a thinking woman tremble.

*Lady T.* What do you mean?

*Lord T.* That women, sometimes, lose more than they are able to pay; and, if a creditor be a little pressing, the lady may be reduced to try, if, instead of gold, the gentleman will accept of a trinket.

*Lady T.* My lord, you grow scurrilous; you'll make me hate you! I'll have you to know, I keep company with the politest people in town, and the assemblies I frequent, are full of such.

*Lord T.* So are the churches—now and then.

*Lady T.* My friends frequent them too, as well as the assemblies.

*Lord T.* Yes, and would do it oftener, if a groom of the chambers were allowed to furnish cards to company.

*Lady T.* I see what you drive at all this while;—you would lay an imputation on my fame, to cover your own avarice. I might take any pleasures, I find, that were not expensive.

*Lord T.* Have a care, madam; don't let me think you value your chastity only, to make me reproachable for not indulging you in every thing else that's vicious—I, madam, have a reputation too, to guard, that's dear to me, as yours—The follies of an ungoverned wife may make the wisest man uneasy; but, 'tis his own fault, if ever they render him contemptible.

*Lady T.* My lord, my lord—you would make a woman mad!

*Lord T.* Madam, madam, you would make a man a fool!

*Lady T.* If Heaven has made you otherwise, that won't be in my power.

*Lord T.* Whatever may be in your inclination, madam, I'll prevent your making me a beggar at least.

*Lady T.* A beggar! Crœsus! I am out of patience!—I won't come home till four, to-morrow morning.

*Lord T.* That may be, madam; but I'll order the doors to be locked at twelve.

*Lady T.* Then I won't come home till to-morrow night.

*Lord T.* Then, madam, you shall never come home again. [*Exit.*

*Lady T.* What does he mean? I never heard such a word from him in my life before! The man always used to have manners, in his worst humours.—There's something, that I don't see, at the bottom of all this—But his head's always upon some impracticable scheme or other; so I won't trouble mine any longer about him. Mr. Manly, your servant!

*Enter* MANLY.

*Manly.* I ask pardon, for intrusion, madam; but I *hope my business* with my lord will excuse it.

*Lady T.* I believe you'll find him in the next room, sir.

*Manly.* Will you give me leave, madam?

*Lady T.* Sir, you have my leave, though you were a lady.

*Manly.* [*Aside.*] What a well-bred age do we live in! [*Exit.*

*Enter* LADY GRACE.

*Lady T.* Oh, my dear Lady Grace! how could you leave me so unmercifully alone, all this while?

*Lady G.* I thought my lord had been with you.

*Lady T.* Why, yes; and, therefore, I wanted your relief; for he has been in such a fluster here—

*Lady G.* Bless me! for what?

*Lady T.* Only our usual breakfast; we have each of us had our dish of matrimonial comfort this morning. We have been charming company!

*Lady G.* I am mighty glad of it; sure, it must be a vast happiness, when a man and wife can give themselves the same turn of conversation!

*Lady T.* Oh, the prettiest thing in the world!

*Lady G.* Now I should be afraid, that, where two people are every day together so, they must often be in want of something to talk upon.

*Lady T.* Oh, my dear, you are the most mistaken in the world! married people have things to talk of, child, that never enter into the imagination of others. —Why, here's my lord and I, now, we have not been married above two short years, you know, and we have already eight or ten things constantly in bank, that, whenever we want company, we can take up any one of them, for two hours together, and the subject never the flatter; nay, if we have occasion for it, it will be as fresh next day too, as it was the first hour it entertained us.

*Lady G.* Certainly, that must be vastly pretty!

*Lady T.* Oh, there's no life like it! Why, to

day, for example, when you dined abroad, my lord and I, after a pretty cheerful *tête à tête* meal, sat us down by the fire side, in an easy, indolent, pick-tooth way, for about a quarter of an hour, as if we had not thought of any other's being in the room——At last, stretching himself, and yawning—My dear, says he——aw——you came home very late last night.—'Twas but just turned of two, says I——I was in bed——aw——by eleven, says he——So you are every night, says I——Well, says he, I am amazed you can sit up so late.—How can you be amazed, says I, at a thing that happens so often?—Upon which, we entered into a conversation—and though this is a point has entertained us above fifty times already, we always find so many pretty new things to say upon it, that, I believe in my soul it will last as long as we live.

*Lady G.* But pray, in such sort of family dialogues, (though extremely well for passing the time) don't there, now and then, enter some little witty sort of bitterness?

*Lady T.* Oh, yes! which does not do amiss at all—A smart repartee, with a zest of recrimination at the head of it, makes the prettiest sherbet! Ay, ay, if we did not mix a little of the acid with it, a matrimonial society would be so luscious, that nothing but an old liquorish prude would be able to bear it.

*Lady G.* Well, certainly, you have the most elegant taste——

*Lady T.* Though, to tell you the truth, my dear, I rather think we squeezed a little too much lemon into it, this bout; for, it grew so sour at last, that—I think—I almost told him he was a fool—and he, again—talked something oddly of—turning me out of doors.

*Lady G.* Oh, have a care of that!

*Lady T.* Nay, if he should, I may thank my own wise father for it.—But, to be serious, my dear; what would you really have a woman do, in my case?

*Lady G.* Why—if I had a mother-husband on you, he'd make himself the happiest wife in the world by being as obsequious.

*Lady T.* Oh, you wicked thing! how can you talk in this rate, when you know he is as very a lamb, that, except giving me money, there is not anything in the world he can do to please me. And I, at the same time, partly by nature, and partly, perhaps, by keeping the best company, do, with my whole love almost, every thing he hints I should upon assembling my lovers about a ball—and cash open.—Lexpire.—Then I love play to distraction.—Quadrille—basset—and dice—but the best of my little vices.—Dear, dear hazard!—Oh, what a flow of spirits it gives one!—Do you never play at hazard, child?

*Lady G.* Oh, never! I don't think it suits well upon women—there's something so masculine, so much the air of the man in it. You see how it quells the men to swear and curse! and when a woman is thrown into the same passion—why—

*Lady T.* That's very true; one is a little put to it, sometimes, not to make use of the same words to express it.

*Lady G.* Well; and, upon ill luck, pray what words are you really forced to make use of?

*Lady T.* Why, upon a very hard case, indeed, when a sad wrong word is rising, just to one's tongue's end, I give a great gulp—and swallow it.

*Lady G.* Well; and is not that enough to make you forswear play, as long as you live?

*Lady T.* Oh, yes—I have forsworn it.

*Lady G.* Seriously?

*Lady T.* Solemnly—a thousand times; but then one is constantly forsworn.

*Lady G.* And how can you answer that?

*Lady T.* My dear, what we say, when we are losers, we look upon, to be no more binding than a

lover's oath, or a great man's promise. But I beg pardon, child, I should not lead you so far into the world; you are a prude, and design to live soberly.

*Lady G.* Why, I confess, my nature and my education do, in a good degree, incline me that way.

*Lady T.* Well, how a woman of spirit (for you don't want that, child) can dream of living soberly, is, to me, inconceivable! for you will marry, I suppose?

*Lady G.* I can't tell but I may.

*Lady T.* And won't you live in town?

*Lady G.* Half the year, I should like it very well.

*Lady T.* My stars! and you would really live in London half the year, to be sober in it?

*Lady G.* Why not?

*Lady T.* Why, can't you as well go and be sober in the country?

*Lady G.* So I would—t'other half year.

*Lady T.* And pray, what comfortable scheme of life would you form, now, for your summer and winter sober entertainments?

*Lady G.* A scheme that, I think, might very well content us.

*Lady T.* Oh, of all things, let's hear it.

*Lady G.* Why, in summer, I could pass my leisure hours in reading, walking by a canal, or sitting at the end of it, under a great tree; in dressing, dining, chatting with an agreeable friend; perhaps, hearing a little music, taking a dish of tea, or a game of cards, soberly; managing my family, looking into its accounts, playing with my children, if I had any, or in a thousand other innocent amusements—soberly; and, possibly, by these means, I might induce my husband to be as sober as myself.

*Lady T.* Well, my dear, thou art an astonishing creature! For, sure, such primitive, antediluvian notions of life have not been in any head these thousand

years—Under a great tree! Oh, my soul!—But I beg we may have the sober town scheme too—for I am charmed with the country one!

*Lady G.* You shall; and I'll try to stick to my sobriety there too.

*Lady T.* Well, though I'm sure it will give me the vapours, I must hear it, however.

*Lady G.* Why, then, for fear of your fainting, madam, I will first so far come into the fashion, that I would never be dressed out of it—but still, it should be soberly; for, I can't think it any disgrace to a woman of my private fortune, not to wear her lace as fine, as the wedding-suit of a first duchess. Though, there is one extravagance I would venture to come up to.

*Lady T.* Ay, now for it!

*Lady G.* I would every day be as neat as a bride.

*Lady T.* Why, the men say, that's a great step to be made one—Well, now you are dressed, pray let's see to what purpose?

*Lady G.* I would visit—that is, my real friends; but as little for form as possible.——I would go to court; sometimes, to an assembly, nay, play at quadrille—soberly: I would see all the good plays; and, because 'tis the fashion, now and then, an opera—but I would not expire there, for fear I should never go again: and, lastly, I can't say, but for curiosity, if I liked my company, I might be drawn in once to a masquerade; and this, I think, is as as far as any woman can go—soberly.

*Lady T.* Well, if it had not been for this last piece of sobriety, I was just going to call for some surfeit-water.

*Lady G.* Why, don't you think, with the farther aid of breakfasting, dining, and taking the air, supping, sleeping, not to say a word of devotion, the four-and-twenty hours might roll over in a tolerable manner?

*Lady T.* Tolerable! deplorable! Why, child, all you propose, is but to endure life; now, I want to enjoy it.

*Enter* MRS. TRUSTY.

*Mrs. T.* Ma'am, your ladyship's chair is ready.

*Lady T.* Have the footmen their white flambeaux yet? For, last night, I was poisoned.

*Mrs. T.* Yes, ma'am; there were some came in this morning. [*Exit.*

*Lady T.* My dear, you will excuse me; but, you know, my time is so precious——

*Lady G.* That I beg I may not hinder your least enjoyment of it.

*Lady T.* You will call on me at Lady Revel's?

*Lady G.* Certainly.

*Lady T.* But I am so afraid it will break into your scheme, my dear!

*Lady G.* When it does, I will soberly break from you.

*Lady T.* Why, then, till we meet again, dear sister, I wish you all tolerable happiness. [*Exit.*

*Lady G.* There she goes!—Dash into her stream of pleasures! Poor woman, she is really a fine creature! and sometimes, infinitely agreeable! nay, take her out of the madness of this town, rational in her notions, and easy to live with; but she is so borne down by this torrent of vanity in vogue, she thinks every hour of her life is lost, that she does not lead at the head of it. What it will end in, I tremble to imagine! Ha, my brother, and Mr. Manly with him! I guess what they have been talking of—I shall hear it in my turn, I suppose, but it won't become me to be inquisitive. [*Exit.*

*Enter* LORD TOWNLY *and* MANLY.

*Lord T.* I did not think my Lady Wronghead had *such a notable* brain: though I can't say she was so

very wise, in trusting this silly girl, you call Myrtilla, with the secret.

*Manly.* No, my lord, you mistake me; had the girl been in the secret, perhaps I had never come at it myself.

*Lord T.* Why, I thought you said the girl writ this letter to you, and that my Lady Wronghead sent it enclosed to my sister.

*Manly.* If you please to give me leave, my lord—the fact is thus—This enclosed letter to Lady Grace was a real, original one, written by this girl to the count, we have been talking of; the count drops it, and my Lady Wronghead finds it—then, only changing the cover, she seals it up, as a letter of business, just written by herself, to me; and, pretending to be in a hurry, gets this innocent girl to write the direction for her.

*Lord T.* Oh, then the girl did not know she was superscribing a billet-doux of her own, to you?

*Manly.* No, my lord; for when I first questioned her about the direction, she owned it immediately; but when I showed her, that her letter to the count was within it, and told her how it came into my hands, the poor creature was amazed, and thought herself betrayed; both by the count, and my lady—in short, upon this discovery, the girl and I grew so gracious, that she has let me into some transactions, in my Lady Wronghead's family, which, with my having a careful eye over them, may prevent the ruin of it.

*Lord T.* You are very generous, to be so solicitous for a lady that has given you so much uneasiness.

*Manly.* But I will be most unmercifully revenged of her: for I will do her the greatest friendship in the world—against her will.

*Lord T.* What an uncommon philosophy art thou master of, to make even thy malice a virtue!

*Manly.* Yet, my lord, I assure you, there is no one

action of my life gives me more pleasure, than your approbation of it.

*Lord T.* Dear Charles! my heart's impatient till thou art nearer to me; and, as a proof, that I have long wished thee so, while your daily conduct has chosen rather to deserve, than to ask, my sister's favour, I have been as secretly industrious to make her sensible of your merit; and since, on this occasion, you have opened your whole heart to me, 'tis now with equal pleasure I assure you, we have both succeeded —she is as firmly yours——

*Manly.* Impossible! you flatter me!

*Lord T.* I'm glad you think it flattery, but she herself shall prove it none; she dines with us alone:—when the servants are withdrawn, I'll open a conversation, that shall excuse my leaving you together.—Oh, Charles! had I, like thee, been cautious in my choice, what melancholy hours had this heart avoided!

*Manly.* No more of that, I beg, my lord.

*Lord T.* But 'twill, at least, be some relief to my anxiety however barren of content the state has been to me, to see so near a friend and sister happy in it. Your harmony of life will be an instance, how much the choice of temper is preferable to beauty.

While your soft hours in mutual kindness move,
You'll reach, by virtue, what I lost, by love.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT THE FOURTH.

### SCENE I.

*Mrs. Motherly's House.*

*Enter* Mrs. MOTHERLY, *meeting* MYRTILLA.

*Mrs. M.* So, niece! where is it possible you can have been these six hours?

*Myr.* Oh, madam, I have such a terrible story to tell you!

*Mrs. M.* A story! 'ods my life! What have you done with the count's note of five hundred pounds, I sent you about? Is it safe?—Is it good?—Is it security?

*Myr.* Yes, yes, it is safe; but for its goodness—— Mercy on us! I have been in a fair way to be hanged about it!

*Mrs. M.* The dickens! has the rogue of a count played us another trick then?

*Myr.* You shall hear, madam; when I came to Mr. Cash, the banker's, and showed him his note for five hundred pounds, payable to the count, or order, in two months—he looked earnestly upon it, and desired me to step into the inner room—after I had stayed about ten minutes, he came in to me, claps to the door, and charges me with a constable, for forgery.

*Mrs. M.* Ah, poor soul! and how didst thou get off?

*Myr.* *While I* was ready to sink in this condition, I

begged him to have a little patience, till I could send for Mr. Manly, whom he knew to be a gentleman of worth and honour, and who, I was sure, would convince him, whatever fraud might be in the note, that I was myself an innocent abused woman—and, as good luck would have it, in less than half an hour Mr. Manly came—so, without mincing the matter, I fairly told him upon what design the Count had lodged that note in your hands, and, in short, laid open the whole scheme against the Wronghead family, he had drawn us into, to make our fortune.

*Mrs. M.* The devil you did!

*Myr.* Why, how do you think it was possible I could any otherwise make Mr. Manly my friend, to help me out of the scrape I was in? To conclude, he soon made Mr. Cash easy, and sent away the constable: nay, farther, he promised me, if I would trust the note in his hands, he would give me an ample revenge upon the Count; so that all you have to consider now, madam, is, whether you think yourself safer in the Count's hands, or Mr. Manly's.

*Mrs. M.* Nay, nay, child, there is no choice in the matter! Mr. Manly may be a friend indeed, if any thing in our power can make him so.

*Myr.* Well, madam, and now, pray, how stand matters at home here? What has the Count done with the ladies?

*Mrs. M.* Why, every thing he has a mind to do, by this time, I suppose. He is in as high favour with miss, as he is with my lady. [*Exit* MYRTILLA.

*Enter* SIR FRANCIS WRONGHEAD.

*Sir Fran.* What! my wife and daughter abroad, say you?

*Mrs. M.* Oh, dear sir, they have been mighty busy *all the day long;* [illegible] home to snap up a *short dinner, and*

*Sir Fran.* Well, well, I shan't stay supper for them, I can tell them that: for, od's heart! I have nothing in me, but a toast and tankard, since morning.

*Mrs. M.* I am afraid, sir, these late parliament hours won't agree with you.

*Sir Fran.* Why, truly, Mrs. Motherly, they don't do right with us country gentlemen; to lose one meal out of three, is a hard tax upon a good stomach.

*Mrs. M.* It is so, indeed, sir.

*Sir Fran.* But housomever, Mrs. Motherly, when we consider, that what we suffer is for the good of our country——

*Mrs. M.* Why, truly, sir, that is something.

*Sir Fran.* Oh, there's a great deal to be said for't —I have heard of some honest gentlemen so very zealous, that, for the good of their country—they would sometimes go to dinner at midnight.

*Mrs. M.* Oh, the goodness of them! sure their country must have a vast esteem for them?

*Sir Fran.* So they have, Mrs. Motherly; they are so respected, when they come home to their boroughs, after a session, and so beloved—that their country will come and dine with them every day in the week.

*Mrs. M.* Dear me! What a fine thing 'tis to be so populous!—Here's company, sir. [*Exit.*

*Enter* MANLY.

*Manly.* Sir Francis, your servant.

*Sir Fran.* Cousin Manly!

*Manly.* I am come to see how the family goes on here.

*Sir Fran.* Troth, all as busy as bees! I have been upon the wing ever since eight o'clock this morning.

*Manly.* By your early hour, then, I suppose you have been making your court to some of the great men.

*Sir Fran.* Why, 'faith, you have hit it, sir!—I was advised to lose no time; so I e'en went straight forward to one great man I had never seen in my life before.

*Manly.* Right! that was doing business: but who had you got to introduce you?

*Sir Fran.* Why, nobody—I remember I had heard a wise man say—My son, be bold—so, troth, I introduced myself.

*Manly.* As how, pray?

*Sir Fran.* Why, thus—Lookye—Please your lordship, says I, I am Sir Francis Wronghead, of Bumper Hall, and member of parliament for the borough of Guzzledown——Sir, your humble servant, says my lord; thof' I have not the honour to know your person, I have heard you are a very honest gentleman, and I am glad your borough has made choice of so worthy a representative; and so, says he, Sir Francis, have you any service to command me? Naw, cousin, those last words, you may be sure, gave me no small encouragement. And thof' I know, sir, you have no extraordinary opinion of my parts, yet, I believe, you won't say I mist it naw!

*Manly.* Well, I hope I shall have no cause.

*Sir Fran.* So, when I found him so courteous—My lord, says I, I did not think to ha' troubled your lordship with business upon my first visit; but, since your ordship is pleased not to stand upon ceremony,—why, truly, says I, I think naw is as good as another time.

*Manly.* Right! there you pushed him home.

*Sir Fran.* Ay, ay, I had a mind to let him see that *I was* none of your mealy-mouthed ones.

*Manly.* Very good.

*Sir Fran.* t, my lord, says I, I have a

good estate——but—a—it's a little awt at elbows: and, as I desire to serve my king as well as my country, I shall be very willing to accept of a place at court.

*Manly.* So, this was making short on't.

*Sir Fran.* 'Icod, I shot him flying, cousin! some of your hawf-witted ones, naw, would ha' hummed and hawed, and dangled a month or two after him, before they durst open their mouths about a place, and, mayhap, not ha' got it at last neither.

*Manly.* Oh, I'm glad you're so sure on't——

*Sir Fran.* You shall hear, cousin——Sir Francis, says my lord, pray what sort of a place may you ha' turned your thoughts upon? My lord, says I, beggars must not be chusers; but ony place, says I, about a thousand a year, will be well enough to be doing with, till something better falls in—for I thowght it would not look well to stond haggling with him at first.

*Manly.* No, no, your business was to get footing any way.

*Sir Fran.* Right! there's it! ay, cousin, I see you know the world.

*Manly.* Yes, yes, one sees more of it every day—Well, but what said my lord to all this?

*Sir Fran.* Sir Francis, says he, I shall be glad to serve you any way that lies in my power; so he gave me a squeeze by the hand, as much as to say, give yourself no trouble—I'll do your business; with that he turned him abawt to somebody with a coloured ribbon across here, that looked, in my thowghts, as if he came for a place too.

*Manly.* Ha! so, upon these hopes, you are to make your fortune!

*Sir Fran.* Why, do you think there's any doubt of it, sir?

*Manly.* Oh, no, I have not the least doubt about

it—for, just as you have done, I made my fortune ten years ago.

*Sir Fran.* Why, I never knew you had a place, cousin.

*Manly.* Nor I neither, upon my faith, cousin. But you, perhaps, may have better fortune; for I suppose my lord has heard of what importance you were in the debate to-day—You have been since down at the house, I presume?

*Sir Fran.* Oh, yes; I would not neglect the house for ever so much.

*Manly.* Well; and, pray, what have they done there?

*Sir Fran.* Why, troth, I can't well tell you what they have done; but I can tell you what I did: and, I think, pretty well in the main; only I happened to make a little mistake at last, indeed.

*Manly.* How was that?

*Sir Fran.* Why, they were all got there into a sort of a puzzling debate, about the good of the nation—and I were always for that, you know—but, in short, the arguments were so long-winded o' both sides, that, waunds! I did not well understand 'um: hawsomever, I was convinced, and so resolved to vote right, according to my conscience—so, when they came to put the question, as they call it—I don't know haw 'twas—but I doubt I cried, Ay! when I should ha' cried, No!

*Manly.* How came that about?

*Sir Fran.* Why, by a mistake, as I tell you—for there was a good-humoured sort of a gentleman, one Mr. Totherside, I think they call him, that sat next me, as soon as I had cried, Ay! gives me a hearty shake by the hand—Sir, says he, you are a man of honour, and a true Englishman! and I should be proud to be better acquainted with you——and so, with that he takes me by the sleeve, along with the crowd, into the lobby— I knew nowght—but,

ods flesh! I was got o' the wrung side the post—for I were told, afterwards, I should have staid where I was.

*Manly.* And so, if you had not quite made your fortune before, you have clinched it now!—Ah, thou head of the Wrongheads! [*Aside.*

*Lady W.* [*Without.*] Very well, very well.

*Sir Fran.* Odso! here's my lady come home at last!

*Enter* LADY WRONGHEAD, COUNT BASSET, *and* MISS JENNY.

*Lady W.* Cousin, your servant: I hope you will pardon my rudeness; but we have really been in such a continual hurry here, that we have not had a leisure moment to return your last visit.

*Manly.* Oh, madam, I am a man of no ceremony; you see that has not hindered my coming again.

*Lady W.* You are infinitely obliging; but I'll redeem my credit with you.

*Manly.* At your own time, madam.

*Count B.* I must say that for Mr. Manly, madam: if making people easy, is the rule of good-breeding, he is certainly the best bred man in the world.

*Manly.* Soh! I am not to drop my acquaintance, I find. [*Aside.*]—I am afraid, sir, I shall grow vain upon your good opinion.

*Count B.* I don't know that, sir; but, I am sure, what you are pleased to say makes me so.

*Manly.* The most impudent modesty that ever I met with! [*Aside.*

*Lady W.* Lard, how ready his wit is! [*Aside.*

*Sir Fran.* Don't you think, sir, the Count's a very fine gentleman? [*Apart.*

*Manly.* Oh, among the ladies, certainly. [*Apart.*

*Sir Fran.* And yet he's as stout as a lion. Waunds, he'll storm any thing! [*Apart.*

*Manly.* Will he so? Why, then, sir, take care of your citadel. [*Apa*

*Sir Fran.* Ah, you are a wag, cousin! [*Apart.*

*Manly.* I hope, ladies, the town air continues to agree with you.

*Jenny.* Oh, perfectly well, sir! We have been abroad, in our new coach, all day long—and we have bought an ocean of fine things. And to-morrow we go to the masquerade; and on Friday to the play; and on Saturday to the opera; and on Sunday we are to be at the what d'ye call it—assembly, and see the ladies play at quadrille, and piquet, and ombre, and hazard, and basset; and on Monday we are to see the king; and so on Tuesday——

*Lady W.* Hold, hold, miss! you must not let your tongue run so fast, child—you forget; you know I brought you hither to learn modesty.

*Manly.* Yes, yes, and she is improved with a vengeance! [*Aside.*

*Jenny.* Lawrd, mamma! I am sure I did not say any harm; and, if one must not speak in one's turn, one may be kept under as long as one lives, for ought I see.

*Lady W.* O' my conscience, this girl grows so headstrong——

*Sir Fran.* Ay, ay, there's your fine growing spirit for you! Now tack it dawn, an' you can.

*Jenny.* All I said, papa, was only to entertain my cousin Manly.

*Manly.* My pretty dear, I am mightily obliged to you.

*Jenny.* Look you there now, madam.

*Lady W.* Hold your tongue, I say.

*Jenny.* [*Turning away, and pouting.*] I declare it; I won't bear it: she is always snubbing me before you, sir!—I know why she does it, well enough—— [*Aside to the* COUNT.

*Count B.* Hush, hush, my dear! don't be uneasy at that; she'll suspect us. [*Aside.*

*Jenny. Let her* suspect! what do I care?—I don't

know but I have as much reason to suspect as she—though, perhaps, I am not so afraid of her.

*Count B.* [*Aside.*] 'Egad, if I don't keep a tight hand on my tit, here, she'll run away with my project, before I can bring it to bear!

*Lady W.* [*Aside.*] The young harlot is certainly in love with him; but I must not let them see I think so—and yet I can't bear it. Upon my life, Count, you'll spoil that forward girl—you should not encourage her so.

*Count B.* Pardon me, madam, I was only advising her to observe what your ladyship said to her.—In one word, madam, she has a jealousy of your ladyship, and I am forced to encourage her, to blind it; 'twill be better to take no notice of her behaviour to me. [*Apart.*

*Lady W.* You are right; I will be more cautious. [*Apart.*

*Count B.* To-morrow, at the masquerade, we may lose her. [*Apart.*

*Lady W.* We shall be observed; I'll send you a note, and settle that affair—go on with the girl, and don't mind me. [*Apart.*

*Count B.* I have been taking your part, my little angel.

*Lady W.* Jenny! come hither, child—you must not be so hasty, my dear—I only advise you for your good.

*Jenny.* Yes, mamma; but when I am told of a thing before company, it always makes me worse, you know.

*Manly.* If I have any skill in the fair sex, miss and her mamma have only quarrelled because they are both of a mind. This facetious count seems to have made a very genteel step into the family! [*Aside.*

*Sir Fran.* A thousand pound! Yes; but mayhap I mayn't receive the first quarter on't this half year.

*Enter* 'SQUIRE RICHARD.

*'Squire R.* Feyther, an you doan't come quickly, the meat will be coaled: and I'd fain pick a bit with you.

*Lady W.* Bless me, Sir Francis! you are not going to sup by yourself?

*Sir Fran.* No, but I'm going to dine by myself, and that's pretty near the matter, madam.

*Lady W.* Had not you as good stay a little, my dear? We shall all eat in half an hour; and I was thinking to ask my cousin Manly to take a family morsel with us.

*Sir Fran.* Nay, for my cousin's good company, I don't care if I ride a day's journey without baiting.

*Manly.* By no means, Sir Francis. I am going upon a little business.

*Sir Fran.* Well, sir, I know you don't love compliments.

*Manly.* You'll excuse me, madam——

*Lady W.* Since you have business, sir——

[*Exit* MANLY.

*Enter* MRS. MOTHERLY.

Oh, Mrs. Motherly! you were saying, this morning, you had some very fine lace to show me—can't I see it now? [SIR FRANCIS *stares.*

*Mrs. M.* Why, really, madam, I had made a sort of a promise to let the Countess of Nicely have the first sight of it, for the birth-day; but your ladyship——

*Lady W.* Oh, I die if I don't see it before her.

*'Squire R.* Woant you goa, feyther?

*Sir Fran.* Waunds, lad, I shall ha' no stomach, at this rate!

*Mrs. M.* Well, madam, though I say it, 'tis the

sweetest pattern that ever came over—and, for fineness—no cobweb comes up to it.

*Sir Fran.* Ods guts and gizzard, madam! Lace as fine as a cobweb! why, what the devil's that to cost, now?

*Mrs. M.* Nay, if Sir Francis does not like of it, madam——

*Lady W.* He like it! Dear Mrs. Motherly, he is not to wear it.

*Sir Fran.* Flesh, madam! but I suppose I am to pay for it.

*Lady W.* No doubt on't! Think of your thousand a year, and who got it you; go, eat your dinner, and be thankful, go! [*Driving him to the Door.*] Come, Mrs. Motherly.

[*Exit* LADY WRONGHEAD, *with* MRS. MOTHERLY.

*Sir Fran.* Very fine! so here I mun fast, till I am almost famished, for the good of my country, while madam is laying me out an hundred pound a day, in lace as fine as a cobweb, for the honour of my family! Ods flesh! things had need go well at this rate!

*'Squire R.* Nay, nay—come, feyther.

[*Exeunt* SIR FRANCIS *and* 'SQUIRE RICHARD.

*Enter* MYRTILLA.

*Myr.* Madam, my lady desires you and the Count will please to come, and assist her fancy in some of the new laces.

*Count B.* We'll wait upon her——

*Jenny.* So, I told you how it was! you see she can't bear to leave us together.

*Count B.* No matter, my dear: you know she has asked me to stay supper: so, when your papa and she are a-bed, Mrs. Myrtilla will let me into the house again; then you may steal into her chamber, and we'll have a pretty sneaker of punch together.

*Myr.* Ay, ay, madam, you may command me in any thing.

*Jenny.* Well, that will be pure!

*Count B.* But you had best go to her alone, my life: it will look better, if I come after you.

*Jenny.* Ay, so it will: and to-morrow, you know, at the masquerade: and then!—— [*Exit.*

*Myr.* So, sir, am not I very commode to you?

*Count B.* Well, child, and don't you find your account in it? Did I not tell you we might still be of use to one another?

*Myr.* Well, but how stands your affair with miss in the main?

*Count B.* Oh, she's mad for the masquerade! It drives like a nail; we want nothing now but a parson to clinch it. Did not your aunt say she could get one at a short warning?

*Myr.* Yes, yes, my Lord Townly's chaplain is her cousin, you know; he'll do your business and mine, at the same time.

*Count B.* Oh, it's true! but where shall we appoint him?

*Myr.* Why, you know my Lady Townly's house is always open to the masks upon a ball night, before they go to the Haymarket.

*Count B.* Good.

*Myr.* Now, the doctor proposes we should all come thither in our habits, and, when the rooms are full, we may steal up into his chamber, he says, and there —crack—he'll give us all canonical commission to go to bed together.

*Count B.* Admirable! Well, the devil fetch me, if I shall not be heartily glad to see thee well settled, child.

*Myr.* And may he tuck me under his arm at the same time, if I shall not think myself obliged to you as long as I live—But I must run to my 'squire.

*Count B.* And I to the ladies—so, your humble servant, sweet Mrs. Wronghead!

*Myr.* Yours, as in duty bound, most noble Count Basset! [*Exit.*

*Count B.* Why, ay! Count! That title has been of some use to me, indeed; not that I have any more pretence to it, than I have to a blue ribbon. Yet I have made a pretty considerable figure in life with it. I have lolled in my own chariot, dealt at assemblies, dined with ambassadors, and made one at quadrille with the first women of quality—But—*tempora mutantur*—since that damned squadron at White's have left me out of their last secret, I am reduced to trade upon my own stock of industry, and make my last push upon a wife. If I can snap up Miss Jenny, and her eight thousand pounds, I shall once more cut a figure, and cock my hat in the face of the best of them: for, since our modern men of fortune are grown wise enough to be sharpers, I think sharpers are fools, that don't take up the airs of men of quality. [*Exit.*

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## ACT THE FIFTH.

### SCENE I.

LORD TOWNLY'S *House.*

*Enter* WILLIAMS *and* MR. MANLY.

*Will.* I believe it is Sir Francis Wronghead, sir.

*Manly.* Desire Sir Francis to walk in. [*Exit* WILLIAMS.]—I suppose, by this time, his wise w

begins to find that the balance of his journey to London is on the wrong side.

*Enter* SIR FRANCIS WRONGHEAD.

Sir Francis, your servant. How came I by the favour of this extraordinary visit?

*Sir Fran.* Ah, cousin!

*Manly.* Why that sorrowful face, man?

*Sir Fran.* I have no friend alive but you——

*Manly.* I am sorry for that—But what's the matter?

*Sir Fran.* I have played the fool by this journey, I see now——for my bitter wife——

*Manly.* What of her?

*Sir Fran.* Is playing the devil.

*Manly.* Why, truly, that's a part that most of your fine ladies begin with, as soon as they get to London.

*Sir Fran.* If I'm a living man, cousin, she has made away with above two hundred and fifty pounds since yesterday morning. But there's one hundred on't goes more to my heart than all the rest.

*Manly.* And how might that be disposed of?

*Sir Fran.* Troth, I am almost ashamed to tell you.

*Manly.* Out with it.

*Sir Fran.* Why, she has been at an assembly.

*Manly.* What, since I saw you! I thought you had all supped at home last night.

*Sir Fran.* Why, so we did——and all as merry as grigs——I'cod, my heart was so open, that I tossed another hundred into her apron, to go out early this morning with——But the cloth was no sooner taken away, than in comes my Lady Townly here, with another rantipole dame of quality, and out they must have her, they said, to introduce her at my Lady Noble's assembly, forsooth——A few words, you may be sure, made the bargain—so, bawnce! and away they drive, as if the devil had got into the coach-box ——so, about four or five in the morning—home *comes madam,* with [illegible] foot deep in her head

—and my poor hundred pounds left behind her at the hazard-table.

*Manly.* All lost at dice!

*Sir Fran.* Every shilling—among a parcel of pig-tail puppies, and pale faced women of quality.

*Manly.* If you remember, I gave you a hint of this.

*Sir Fran.* Why, ay, it's true, you did so: but the devil himself could not have believed she would have rid post to him.

*Manly.* Sir, if you stay but a fortnight in this town, you will every day see hundreds as fast upon the gallop as she is.

*Sir Fran.* Ah, this London is a base place indeed! —Waunds, if things should happen to go wrong with me at Westminster, at this rate, how the devil shall I keep out of a gaol?

*Manly.* Why, truly, there seems to me but one way to avoid it.

*Sir Fran.* Ah, would you could tell me that, cousin!

*Manly.* The way lies plain before you, sir; the same road that brought you hither, will carry you safe home again.

*Sir Fran.* Ods flesh, cousin! what! and leave a thousand pounds a year behind me?

*Manly.* Pooh, pooh! leave any thing behind you, but your family, and you are a saver by it.

*Sir Fran.* Ay, but consider, cousin, what a scurvy figure shall I make in the country, if I come dawn withawt it.

*Manly.* You will make a much more lamentable figure in a gaol without it.

*Sir Fran.* Mayhap 'at you have no great opinion of my journey to London then, cousin?

*Manly.* Sir Francis, to do you the service of a real friend, I must speak very plainly to you: you don't yet see half the ruin that's before you.

*Sir Fran.* Good lack! how may you mean, cousin?

*Manly.* In one word, your whole affairs stand thus ——In a week you'll lose your seat at Westminster: in a fortnight my lady will run you into gaol, by keeping the best company——In four-and-twenty hours your daughter will run away with a sharper, because she han't been used to better company: and your son will steal into marriage with a cast mistress, because he has not been used to any company at all.

*Sir Fran.* I'th' name o' goodness, why should you think all this?

*Manly.* Because I have proof of it; in short, I know so much of their secrets, that if all this is not prevented to-night, it will be out of your power to do it to-morrow morning.

*Sir Fran.* Waunds! if what you tell me be true, I'll stuff my whole family into a stage coach, and trundle them into the country again on Monday morning.

*Manly.* Stick to that, sir, and we may yet find a way to redeem all. I hear company entering—You know they see masks here to-day—conceal yourself in this room, and for the truth of what I have told you, take the evidence of your own senses: but be sure you keep close till I give you the signal.

*Sir Fran.* Sir, I'll warrant you——Ah, my lady! my Lady Wronghead! What a bitter business have you drawn me into!

*Manly.* Hush! to your post; here comes one couple already.

[SIR FRANCIS *and* MANLY *retire through the centre Door.*

*Enter* 'SQUIRE RICHARD *and* MYRTILLA, *in Masquerade Dresses.*

*Squire R.* What, is this the doctor's chamber?

*Myr. Yes, yes,* speak softly.

*'Squire R.* Well, but where is he?

*Myr.* He'll be ready for us presently, but he says he can't do us the good turn without witnesses: so, when the count and your sister come, you know he and you may be fathers for one another.

*'Squire R.* Well, well, tit for tat! ay, ay, that will be friendly.

*Myr.* And see, here they come!

*Enter* COUNT BASSET *and* MISS JENNY, *in Masquerade Dresses.*

*Count B.* So, so, here's your brother and his bride, before us, my dear.

*Jenny.* Well, I vow, my heart's at my mouth still! I thought I should never have got rid of mamma; but while she stood gaping upon the dance, I gave her the slip! Lawd, do but feel how it beats here!

*Count B.* Oh, the pretty flutterer! I protest, my dear, you have put mine into the same palpitation!

*Jenny.* Ay, you say so——but let's see now—Oh, lud! I vow it thumps purely—well, well, I see it will do; and so where's the parson?

*Count B.* Mrs. Myrtilla, will you be so good as to see if the doctor's ready for us?

*Myr.* He only staid for you, sir; I'll fetch him immediately. [*Exit.*

*Jenny.* Pray, sir, am not I to take place of mamma, when I'm a countess!

*Count B.* No doubt on't, my dear.

*Jenny.* Oh, lud! how her back will be up then, when she meets me at an assembly; or you and I in our coach and six at Hyde-Park together!

*Count B.* Ay, or when she hears the box-keepers at an opera, call out—The Countess of Basset's servants!

*Jenny.* Well, I say it, that will be delicious! And then, mayhap, to have a fine gentleman, with a star and a what-d'ye-call-um ribbon, lead me to my *with his hat under* his arm all the way\ Hold

the chairman; and so, says I, my lord, your humble servant. I suppose, madam, says he, we shall see you at my Lady Quadrille's? Ay, ay, to be sure, my lord, says I——So in swops me, with my hoop stuffed up to my forehead; and away they trot, swing! swang, with my tassels dangling, and my flambeaux blazing! and——Oh, it's a charming thing to be a woman of quality!

*Count B.* Well! I see that, plainly, my dear, there's ne'er a duchess of them all will become an equipage like you.

*Jenny.* Well, well, do you find equipage, and I'll find airs, I warrant you.

*'Squire R.* Troth! I think this masquerading's the merriest game that ever I saw in my life! Thof' in my mind, and there were but a little wrestling, or cudgel-playing naw, it would help it hugely. But what a-rope makes the parson stay so?

*Count B.* Oh, here he comes, I believe.

*Enter* MYRTILLA, *with a* CONSTABLE.

*Const.* Well, madam, pray which is the party that wants a spice of my office here?

*Myr.* That's the gentleman.

[*Pointing to the* COUNT.

*Count B.* Heyday! what, in masquerade, doctor?

*Const.* Doctor! Sir, I believe you have mistaken your man: but if you are called Count Basset, I have a billet-doux in my hand for you, that will set you right presently.

*Count B.* What the devil's the meaning of all this?

*Const.* Only my Lord Chief Justice's warrant against you, for forgery, sir.

*Count B.* Blood and thunder!

*Const.* And so, sir, if you please to pull off your fool's frock there, I'll wait upon you to the next justice of peace im-

*advance.*

*Jenny.* Oh, dear me, what's the matter?
[*Trembling.*

*Count B.* Oh, nothing, only a masquerading frolic, my dear.

*'Squire R.* Oh, ho, is that all!

*Sir Fran.* No, sirrah! that is not all!

[SIR FRANCIS *coming softly behind the* 'SQUIRE, *knocks him down with his Cane.*

*'Squire R.* Oh, lawd! Oh, lawd! he has beaten my brains out.

*Manly.* Hold, hold, Sir Francis, have a little mercy upon my poor godson, pray, sir.

*Sir Fran.* Wounds, cousin, I ha'n't patience.

*Count B.* Manly! nay then I'm blown to the devil! [*Aside.*

*'Squire R.* Oh, my head! my head!

*Enter* LADY WRONGHEAD, *dressed as a Shepherdess.*

*Lady W.* What's the matter here, gentlemen? For Heaven's sake! What, are you murdering my children?

*Const.* No, no, madam; no murder; only a little suspicion of felony, that's all.

*Sir Fran.* [*To* JENNY.] And for you, Mrs. Hot-upon't, I could find in my heart to make you wear that habit as long as you live, you jade you. Do you know, hussy, that you were within two minutes of marrying a pickpocket.

*Count B.* So, so, all's out I find! [*Aside.*

*Jenny.* Oh, the mercy! why, pray, papa, is not the count a man of quality then?

*Sir Fran.* Oh, yes, one of the unhanged ones, it seems.

*Lady W.* [*Aside.*] Married! Oh, the confident thing! There was his urgent business then—slighted for her! I ha'nt patience!—and, for ought I know, I have been all this while making a friendship with a highwayman.

*Manly.* Mr. Constable, secure there.

*Sir Fran.* Ah, my lady! my lady! this comes of your journey to London: but now I'll have a frolic of my own, madam; therefore pack up your trumpery this very night; for the moment my horses are able to crawl, you and your brats shall make a journey into the country again.

*Lady W.* Indeed, you are mistaken, Sir Francis—I shall not stir out of town yet, I promise you.

*Sir Fran.* Not stir? Waunds, madam——

*Manly.* Hold, sir!—if you'll give me leave a little—I fancy I shall prevail with my lady to think better on't.

*Sir Fran.* Ah, cousin, you are a friend indeed!

*Manly.* [*Apart to* LADY WRONGHEAD.] Look you, madam; as to the favour you designed me, in sending this spurious letter enclosed to my Lady Grace, all the revenge I have taken, is to have saved your son and daughter from ruin.——Now if you will take them fairly and quietly into the country again, I will save your ladyship from ruin.

*Lady W.* What do you mean, sir?

*Manly.* Why, Sir Francis——shall never know what is in this letter; look upon it. How it came into my hands you shall know at leisure.

*Lady W.* Ha! my billet-doux to the count! and an appointment in it! I shall sink with confusion!

*Manly.* What shall I say to Sir Francis, madam?

*Lady W.* Dear sir, I am in such a trembling! preserve my honour, and I am all obedience.

[*Apart to* MANLY.

*Manly.* Sir Francis——my lady is ready to receive your commands for her journey, whenever you please to appoint it.

*Sir Fran.* Ah, cousin, I doubt I am obliged to you for it.

*Manly.* Come, come, Sir Francis, take it as you *find it.* Obedience in a wife is a good thing, though

it were never so wonderful!——And now, sir, we have nothing to do but to dispose of this gentleman.

*Count B.* Mr. Manly; sir, I hope you won't ruin me?

*Manly.* Did not you forge this note for five hundred pounds, sir!

*Count B.* Sir——I see you know the world, and therefore I shall not pretend to prevaricate——But it has hurt nobody yet, sir; I beg you will not stigmatize me; since you have spoiled my fortune in one family, I hope you won't be so cruel to a young fellow, as to put it out of my power, sir, to make it in another, sir.

*Manly.* Look you, sir, I have not much time to waste with you: but if you expect mercy yourself, you must show it to one you have been cruel to.

*Count B.* Cruel, sir!

*Manly.* Have you not ruined this young woman?

*Count B.* I, sir!

*Manly.* I know you have——therefore you can't blame her, if, in the fact you are charged with, she is a principal witness against you. However, you have one, and only one chance to get off with. Marry her this instant—and you take off her evidence.

*Count B.* Dear sir!

*Manly.* No words, sir, a wife, or a mittimus.

*Count B.* Lord, sir! this is the most unmerciful mercy!

*Manly.* A private penance, or a public one—Constable!

*Count B.* Hold, sir, since you are pleased to give me my choice, I will not make so ill a compliment to the lady, as not to give her the preference.

*Manly.* It must be done this minute, sir; the chaplain you expected is still within call.

*Myr.* Come, sir, don't repine: marriage is at worst but playing upon the square.

*Count B.* Ay, but the worst of the match too, the devil.

*Manly.* Well, sir, to let you see it is not so bad as you think it; as a reward for her honesty, in detecting your practices, instead of the forged bill you would have put upon her, there's a real one of five hundred pounds, to begin a new honey-moon with.

[*Gives it to* MYRTILLA.

*Count B.* Sir, this is so generous an act——

*Manly.* No compliments, dear sir——I am not at leisure now to receive them. Mr. Constable, will you be so good as to wait upon this gentleman into the next room, and give this lady in marriage to him?

[*Exit.*

*Const.* Sir, I'll do it faithfully.

*Count B.* Well, five hundred will serve to make a handsome push with, however. And I am not the first of the fraternity who has run his head into one noose, to keep it out of another—Come, spouse.

*Myr.* Yes, my life.

[*Exeunt* MYRTILLA, COUNT, *and* CONSTABLE.

*Sir Fran.* And that I may be sure my family's rid of him for ever—come, my lady, let's even take our children along with us, and be all witness of the ceremony. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A Dressing Room.*

LADY TOWNLY *discovered as just up,* MRS. TRUSTY, *waiting.*

*Mrs. T.* Dear madam, what should make your ladyship so ill?

*Lady T.* How is it possible to be well, where one is killed for want of sleep?

*Mrs. T.* Dear me! it was so long before you rung,

madam, I was in hopes your ladyship had been finely composed.

*Lady T.* Composed! why I have lain in an inn here; this house is worse than an inn with ten stage-coaches: what between my lord's impertinent people of business in a morning, and the intolerable thick shoes of footmen at noon, one has not a wink all night.

*Mrs. T.* Indeed, madam, it's a great pity my lord can't be persuaded into the hours of people of quality —though I must say that, madam, your ladyship is certainly the best matrimonial manager in town.

*Lady T.* Oh, you are quite mistaken, Trusty! I manage very ill; for, notwithstanding all the power I have, by never being over fond of my lord—yet I want money infinitely oftener than he is willing to give it me.

*Mrs. T.* Ah! if his lordship could but be brought to play himself, madam, then he might feel what it is to want money.

*Lady T.* Oh, don't talk of it! do you know that I am undone, Trusty?

*Mrs. T.* Mercy forbid, madam!

*Lady T.* Broke, ruined, plundered!——stripped, even to a confiscation of my last guinea!

*Mrs. T.* You don't tell me so, madam!

*Lady T.* And where to raise ten pound in the world —What is to be done, Trusty?

*Mrs. T.* Truly, I wish I were wise enough to tell you, madam: but may be your ladyship may have a run of better fortune upon some of the good company that comes here to-night.

*Lady T.* But I have not a single guinea to try my fortune.

*Mrs. T.* Ha! that's a bad business indeed, madam —Adad, I have a thought in my head, madam, if it is not too late——

*Lady T.* Out with it quickly, then, I beseech

*Mrs. T.* Has not the steward something of

pounds, madam, that you left in his hands to pay somebody about this time?

*Lady T.* Oh, ay; I had forgot—'twas to a—what's his filthy name?

*Mrs. T.* Now I remember, madam, 'twas to Mr. Lutestring, your old mercer, that your ladyship turned off about a year ago, because he would trust you no longer.

*Lady T.* The very wretch! If he has not paid it, run quickly, dear Trusty, and bid him bring it hither immediately. [*Exit* TRUSTY.] Well, sure mortal woman never had such fortune! five, five and nine, against poor seven, for ever!—No, after that horrid bar of my chance—that Lady Wronghead's fatal red fist upon the table, I saw it was impossible ever to win another stake——Sit up all night—lose all one's money—dream of winning thousands—wake without a shilling! and then——How like a hag I look!—In short—the pleasures of life are not worth this disorder. If it were not for shame, now, I could almost think Lady Grace's sober scheme not quite so ridiculous——If my wise lord could but hold his tongue for a week, 'tis odds, but I should hate the town in a fortnight—But I will not be driven out of it, that's positive.

*Enter* MRS. TRUSTY.

*Mrs. T.* Oh, madam, there's no bearing of it! Mr. Lutestring was just let in at the door, as I came to the stair foot; and the steward is now actually paying him the money in the hall.

*Lady T.* Run to the staircase head again—and scream to him, that I must speak with him this instant. [MRS. TRUSTY *runs out, and speaks.*

*Mrs. T.* [*Within.*] Mr. Poundage!—a hem! Mr. Poundage, a word with you quickly!

*Pound.* [*Within.*] I'll come to you presently.

*Mrs. T.* [*Within.*] Presently won't do, man; you must come this minute.

*Pound.* [*Within.*] I am but just paying a little money here.

*Mrs. T.* [*Within.*] Od's my life, paying money! Is the man distracted? Come here, I tell you, to my lady, this moment—quick!

*Enter* MRS. TRUSTY.

*Lady T.* Will the monster come, or no?

*Mrs. T.* Yes, I hear him now, madam; he is hobbling up as fast as he can.

*Lady T.* Don't let him come in—for he will keep such a babbling about his accounts—my brain is not able to bear him.

[POUNDAGE *comes to the Door, with a Money Bag in his Hand.*

*Mrs. T.* Oh, it's well you are come! where's the fifty pounds?

*Pound.* Why, here it is; if you had not been in such haste, I should have paid it by this time—the man's now writing a receipt below, for it.

*Mrs. T.* No matter; my lady says you must not pay him with that money; there's not enough, it seems—there's a pistole, and a guinea, that is not good, in it—besides, there is a mistake in the account too—[*Twitching the Bag from him.*] But she is not at leisure to examine it now; so you must bid Mr. What-d'ye-call-um call another time.

*Lady T.* What is all that noise there?

*Pound.* Why, and it please your ladyship——

*Lady T.* Pr'ythee, don't plague me now; but do as you were ordered.

*Pound.* Nay, what your ladyship pleases, madam. [*Exit.*

*Mrs. T.* There they are, madam—[*Pours the Mo-*

*ney out of the Bag.*]—The pretty things—were so near falling into a nasty tradesman's hands, I protest, it made me tremble for them!—I fancy, your ladyship had as good give me that bad guinea, for luck's sake—Thank you, ma'am. [*Takes a Guinea.*

*Lady T.* Why, I did not bid you take it.

*Mrs. T.* No; but your ladyship looked as if you were just going to bid me; and so I was willing to save you the trouble of speaking, madam.

*Lady T.* Well, thou hast deserved it; and so, for once—but, hark! don't I hear the man making a noise yonder? Though, I think, now, we may compound for a little of his ill humour.

*Mrs. T.* I'll listen.

*Lady T.* Pr'ythee do.

[MRS. TRUSTY *goes to the Door.*

*Poundage.* [*Without.*] Well, but Mr. Lutestring—

*Lutestring.* [*Without.*] I tell you, I insist——

*Poundage.* [*Without.*] Well, but can't you call next week, Mr. Lutestring?

*Lutestring.* [*Without.*] I'll be made a fool of no longer, Mr. Poundage; and if you don't pay me my money——

*Poundage.* [*Without.*] Bless my soul, Mr. Lutestring, sure you won't——

*Lutestring.* [*Without.*] Indeed, but I will though!—I won't swear, but, if I leave this house, without my money, I'll be damned, that's all.

*Mrs. T.* Ay, they are at it, madam—he's in a bitter passion with poor Poundage—Bless me! I believe he'll beat him—Mercy on us, how the wretch swears!

*Lady T.* And a sober citizen too! that's a shame.

*Mrs. T.* Ha! I think all's silent, of a sudden—may be, the porter has knocked him down—I'll step and see. [*Exit.*

*Lady T.* Ther[illegible]ople are the troublesomest creatures! Nr[illegible]y them!

*Enter* MRS. TRUSTY.

*Mrs. T.* Oh, madam! undone—undone! My lord has just bolted out upon the man, and is hearing all his pitiful story over—If your ladyship pleases to come hither, you may hear him yourself.

*Lady T.* No matter; it will come round presently: I shall have it from my lord, without losing a word by the way, I'll warrant you.

*Mrs. T.* Oh, lud, madam! here's my lord just coming in.

*Lady T.* Do you get out of the way then. [*Exit* MRS. TRUSTY.] I am afraid I want spirits; but he will soon give them me.

*Enter* LORD TOWNLY.

*Lord T.* How comes it, madam, that a tradesman dares be clamorous in my house, for money due to him from you?

*Lady T.* You don't expect, my lord, that I should answer for other people's impertinence?

*Lord T.* I expect, madam, you should answer for your own extravagancies, that are the occasion of it; I thought I had given you money, three months ago, to satisfy all these sort of people.

*Lady T.* Yes; but you see they never are to be satisfied.

*Lord T.* Nor am I, madam, longer to be abused thus—what's become of the last five hundred I gave you?

*Lady T.* Gone.

*Lord T.* Gone! what way, madam?

*Lady T.* Half the town over, I believe, by this time.

*Lord T.* 'Tis well; I see ruin will make no impression, till it falls upon you.

*Lady T.* In short, my lord, if money is always the subject of our conversation, I shall make you no answer.

*Lord T.* Madam, madam, I will be heard, and make you answer.

*Lady T.* Make me! Then I must tell you, my lord, this is a language I have not been used to, and I won't bear it.

*Lord T.* Come, come, madam, you shall bear a great deal more, before I part with you.

*Lady T.* My lord, if you insult me, you will have as much to bear on your side, I can assure you.

*Lord T.* Pooh! your spirit grows ridiculous!—— you have neither honour, worth, or innocence, to support it.

*Lady T.* You'll find, at least, I have resentment; and do you look well to the provocation.

*Lord T.* After those you have given me, madam, 'tis almost infamous to talk with you.

*Lady T.* I scorn your imputation, and your menaces. The narrowness of your heart is your monitor —'tis there, there, my lord, you are wounded; you have less to complain of, than many husbands of an equal rank to you.

*Lord T.* Death, madam! do you presume upon your corporal merit, that your person's less tainted than your mind? Is it there, there alone, an honest husband can be injured? Have you not every other vice that can debase your birth, or stain the heart of woman? Is not your health, your beauty, husband, fortune, family disclaimed—for nights, consumed in riot and extravagance? The wanton does no more;— if she conceals her shame, does less; and sure the dissolute avowed, as sorely wrongs my honour and my quiet.

*Lady T.* I see, my lord, what sort of wife might please you.

*Lord T.* Ungrateful woman! could you have seen yourself, you in yourself had seen her—I am amazed our legislature has left no precedent of a divorce, for *this more visible* injury, this adultery of the mind, as

well as that of the person! When a woman's whole heart is alienated to pleasures I have no share in, what is it to me, whether a black ace, or a powdered coxcomb has possession of it?

*Lady T.* If you have not found it yet, my lord, this is not the way to get possession of mine, depend upon it.

*Lord T.* That, madam, I have long despaired of; and, since our happiness cannot be mutual, 'tis fit, that, with our hearts, our persons too, should separate.—This house you sleep no more in; though your content, might grossly feed upon the dishonour of a husband, yet my desires would starve upon the features of a wife.

*Lady T.* Your style, my lord, is much of the same delicacy with your sentiments of honour!

*Lord T.* Madam, madam, this is no time for compliments—I have done with you.

*Lady T.* Done with me! If we had never met, my lord, I had not broke my heart for it—but have a care; I may not, perhaps, be so easily recalled as you may imagine.

*Lord T.* Recalled!—Whose there?

*Enter* WILLIAMS.

Desire my sister and Mr. Manly to walk up.

[*Exit* WILLIAMS.

*Lady T.* My lord, you may proceed as you please; but pray, what indiscretions have I committed, that are not daily practised by a hundred other women of quality?

*Lord T.* 'Tis not the number of ill wives, madam, that makes the patience of a husband less contemptible; and though a bad one may be the best man's lot, yet he'll make a better figure in the world, that keeps his misfortunes out of doors, than he that tamely keeps them within.

*Lady T.* I don't know what figure you may ma

my lord; but I shall have no reason to be ashamed of mine, in whatever company I may meet you.

*Lord T.* Be sparing of your spirit, madam; you'll need it to support you.

*Enter* LADY GRACE *and* MR. MANLY.

Mr. Manly, I have an act of friendship to beg of you, which wants more apologies, than words can make for it.

*Manly.* Then, pray make none, my lord, that I may have the greater merit in obliging you.

*Lord T.* Sister, I have the same excuse to entreat of you too.

*Lady G.* To your request, I beg, my lord.

*Lord T.* Thus then—As you both were present at my ill-considered marriage, I now desire you each will be a witness of my determined separation—I know, sir, your goodnature, and my sister's, must be shocked at the office I impose on you; but, as I don't ask your justification of my cause, so, I hope, you are conscious, that an ill woman can't reproach you, if you are silent on her side.

*Manly.* My lord, I never thought, till now, it could be difficult to oblige you.

*Lord T.* For you, my Lady Townly, I need not here repeat the provocations of my parting with you—the world, I fear, is too well informed of them—For the good lord, your dead father's sake, I will still support you as his daughter.—As the Lord Townly's wife, you have had every thing a fond husband could bestow, and, to our mutual shame I speak it, more than happy wives desire—But those indulgencies must end—state, equipage, and splendour, but ill become the vices that misuse them—The decent necessaries of life shall be supplied, but not one article to luxury—not even the coach, that waits to carry you from hence, shall you ever use again. Your tender aunt, my *Lady Lovemore,* with tears, this morning, has consented

to receive you; where, if time, and your condition, brings you to a due reflection, your allowance shall be increased—but if you still are lavish of your little, or pine for past licentious pleasures, that little shall be less; nor will I call that soul my friend, that names you in my hearing.

*Lady G.* My heart bleeds for her! [*Aside.*

*Lord T.* Oh, Manly, look there! turn back thy thoughts with me, and witness to my growing love.—There was a time, when I believed that form incapable of vice, or of decay; there I proposed the partner of an easy home; there I, for ever, hoped to find a cheerful companion, a faithful friend, a useful helpmate, and a tender mother—but, oh, how bitter now the disappointment!

*Manly.* The world is different in its sense of happiness; offended as you are, I know you will still be just.

*Lord T.* Fear me not.

*Manly.* This last reproach, I see, has struck her! [*Aside.*

*Lord T.* No, let me not, (though I this moment cast her from my heart for ever) let me not urge her punishment beyond her crimes—I know the world is fond of any tale that feeds its appetite of scandal;—and as I am conscious, severities of this kind seldom fail of imputations too gross to mention, I here, before you both, acquit her of the least suspicion raised against the honour of my bed. Therefore, when abroad, her conduct may be questioned, do her fame that justice.

*Lady T.* Oh, sister! [*Turns to* LADY GRACE, *weeping.*

*Lord T.* When I am spoken of, where, without favour this action may be canvassed, relate but half my provocations, and give me up to censure. [*Going.*

*Lady T.* Support me—save me—hide me from the world! [*Falling on* LADY GRACE'S

*Lord T.* [*Returning.*] I had forgot me—You have no share in my resentment; therefore, as you have lived in friendship with her, your parting may admit of gentler terms, than suit the honour of an injured husband. [*Offers to go out.*

*Manly.* [*Interposing.*] My lord, you must not, shall not, leave her thus!—One moment's stay can do your cause no wrong: If looks can speak the anguish of her heart, I'll answer, with my life, there's something labouring in her mind, that, would you bear the hearing, might deserve it.

*Lord T.* Consider—since we no more can meet, press not my staying to insult her.

*Lady T.* Yet stay, my lord—the little I would say will not deserve an insult; and, undeserved, I know your nature gives it not. But as you've called in friends to witness your resentment, let them be equal hearers of my last reply.

*Lord T.* I sha'n't refuse you that, madam—be it so.

*Lady T.* My lord, you ever have complained I wanted love; but as you kindly have allowed I never gave it to another, so, when you hear the story of my heart, though you may still complain, you will not wonder, at my coldness.

*Manly.* This, my lord, you are concerned to hear.

*Lord T.* Proceed—I am attentive.

*Lady T.* Before I was your bride, my lord, the flattering world had talked me into beauty; which, at my glass, my youthful vanity confirmed. Wild with that fame, I thought mankind my slaves—I triumphed over hearts, while all my pleasure was their pain: yet was my own so equally insensible to all, that, when a father's firm commands, enjoined me to make choice of one, I even there declined the liberty he gave, and, to his own election, yielded up my youth—his tender care, my lord, directed him to you—Our hands were *joined, but still my* s wedded to its folly:—

My only joy was power, command, society, profuseness, and to lead in pleasures.—The husband's right to rule, I thought a vulgar law, which, only the deformed, or meanly spirited obeyed.—I knew no directors, but my passions; no master, but my will.—Even you, my lord, some time o'ercome by love, were pleased with my delights; nor then foresaw this mad misuse of your indulgence.—And, though I call myself ungrateful while I own it, yet, as a truth, it cannot be denied, that, kind indulgence has undone me; it added strength to my habitual failings, and, in a heart thus warm in wild, unthinking life, no wonder, if the gentler sense of love was lost.

*Lord T.* Oh, Manly! where has this creature's heart been buried? [*Apart.*

*Manly.* If yet recoverable, how vast the treasure! [*Apart.*

*Lady T.* What I have said, my lord, is not my excuse, but my confession; my errors, (give them, if you please, a harder name) cannot be defended—No, what's in its nature wrong, no words can palliate—no plea can alter! What then remains in my condition, but resignation to your pleasure? Time only can convince you of my future conduct: therefore, till I have lived an object of forgiveness, I dare not hope for pardon—The penance of a lonely, contrite life, were little, to the innocent; but, to have deserved this separation, will strew perpetual thorns upon my pillow.—Sister, farewell! [*Kissing her.*] Your virtue needs no warning from the shame that falls on me; but when you think I have atoned my follies past, persuade your injured brother to forgive them.

*Lord T.* No, madam! your errors, thus renounced, this instant are forgotten!—Long parted friends, that pass through easy voyages of life, receive but common gladness in their meeting; but, from a shipwreck saved, we mingle tears with our embraces.

[*Embracing* LADY TOW

*Lady T.* What words—what love—what duty can repay such obligations?

*Lord T.* Preserve but this desire to please, your power is endless.

*Lady T.* Oh! till this moment, never did I know, my lord, I had a heart to give you!

*Lord T.* By Heaven! this yielding hand, when first it gave you to my wishes, presented not a treasure more desirable!—Oh, Manly! sister! as you have often shared in my disquiet, partake of my felicity—my new-born joy! See here, the bride of my desires! This may be called my wedding-day.

*Lady G.* Sister, (for now, methinks, that name is dearer to me than ever) let me congratulate the happiness that opens to you.

*Manly.* Long, long, and mutual, may it flow!

*Lord T.* To make our happiness complete, my dear, join here with me to give a hand, that amply will repay the obligation.

*Lady T.* Sister, a day like this——

*Lady G.* Admits of no excuse against the general joy. [*Gives her Hand to* MANLY.

*Manly.* A joy, like mine——despairs of words to speak it.

*Lord T.* Oh, Manly, how the name of friend endears the brother! [*Embracing him.*

*Manly.* Your words, my lord, will warm me to deserve them.

*Lady T.* Sister, to your unnerring virtue, I now commit the guidance of my future days.

Never the paths of pleasure more to tread,
But where your guarded innocence shall lead;
For, in the marriage state, the world must own,
Divided happiness was never known.
To make it mutual, nature points the way;
Let husbands govern; gentle wives obey. [*Exeunt.*

THE END.

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LOVE MAKES A MAN

# LOVE MAKES A MAN;

OR,

## THE FOP'S FORTUNE.

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

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LONDON:

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LONDON.

# REMARKS.

Many a comedy, where the scene is placed in Spain, owes its success to the splendid fashion of Spanish dresses, to the bustling spirit of hide and seek in chamber-maids and valets, or to the paroxysms of frantic jealousy between lovers.

The present comedy has claim to public favour upon superior advantages. Here is a good fable, variety of occurrence, and, above all, some excellently drawn characters.

The English, in bringing Spaniards upon the stage, have always given them a great deal to do, and scarcely any thing to say; at least all they have said has generally amounted to nothing. But in "Love makes a Man," the dramatis personæ talk as well as act; and speak to a right purpose.

That there should be mind, as well as manners, attached to the characters of this play, will no longer appear extraordinary, when it is considered, that the production owes its origin to Beaumont and Fletcher.

A third author, of no mean repute, exerted his skill in uniting and adorning the ancient foundation of this work, (the dramas of "The E

Brother," and "The Custom of the Country,") according to the modern taste, in 1700; and introduced the whole composition to the public under the present title; with the additional name affixed, of Colley Cibber.

Whilst many a judicious critic boasted of knowing what kind of drama the public ought to like; Cibber was the lucky dramatist generally to know what they *would* like, whether they ought or not. If he secured their interest, he defied their understanding; and here, in the following scenes, so far he engages the heart in every event, that the head does not once reflect upon the improbabilities, or even impossibilities, with which the senses are delighted.

To atone for incident somewhat too extravagant and surprising, the author has brought on the stage many very rational and most natural personages.

The love of learning in the illiterate Don Lewis, is a just trait of disposition, though it appears a paradoxical one—and the endowing of a licentious coxcomb, as in Clodio, with frankness and valour, has been an impartial distribution of virtues and vices, which few authors have justice, or rather judgment, enough to bestow upon their copies of mankind.

The creatures of a writer's brain are much oftener monsters than men; for the wicked are seldom more deformed by every ill quality, than the virtuous are out of human shape by every good one; and thus both parties are equally irregular, in not agreeing with the common order of things.

*But lest from* this observation, Carlos should be

liable to objection, from his wisdom and goodness, it is proper to allow,—that in him, perfection has been so naturally accounted for by the poet, in the description of his youth and passion for study, that he appears like one whom temptations have yet never reached, rather than like that supernatural being, who can always be proof against them.

This young student, just from college, argues, reasons, and even preaches without either cant or affectation: and the long lessons which he gives to Louisa, in the fourth act, are so many short sermons addressed to all females: which, combined with Louisa's character, will infallibly teach them—that, though love may sometimes make a man; too frequently—it undoes a woman.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|---|---|
| The GOVERNOR | *Mr. Creswell.* |
| DON DUART | *Mr. Claremont.* |
| DON ANTONIO | *Mr. Blanchard.* |
| DON CHARINO | *Mr. Bennett.* |
| DON LEWIS | *Mr. Munden.* |
| CARLOS | *Mr. C. Kemble.* |
| CLODIO | *Mr. Lewis.* |
| PRIEST | *Mr. Davenport.* |
| LAWYER | *Mr. Atkins.* |
| MANUEL | *Mr. Chapman.* |
| OFFICERS | *Messrs. King and Lee.* |
| PAGE | *Master P. Benson.* |
| COOK | *Mr. Harley.* |
| ISIDOR | *Mr. T. Blanchard.* |
| GIUSEPPE | *Mr. Sarjant.* |
| SANCHO | *Mr. Farley.* |
| MONSIEUR | *Mr. Klanert.* |
| JAQUES | *Mr. Beverly.* |
| PEDRO | *Mr. Jefferies.* |
| GUSMAN | *Mr. Abbot.* |
| BRAVOS—*Messrs. Truman, L. Lewiss.* | *Bologna, Goodwin,* |
| SAILORS | *Messrs. Wilde and Powers.* |
| ANGELINA | *Miss Brunton.* |
| ELVIRA | *Mrs. Humphries.* |
| LOUISA | *Mrs. Litchfield.* |
| HONORIA | *Miss Waddy.* |
| ISABELLA | *Miss Cox.* |

# LOVE MAKES A MAN.

## ACT THE FIRST.

### SCENE I.

*A Hall.*

*Enter* ANTONIO *and* CHARINO.

*Ant.* Without compliment, my old friend, I shall think myself much honoured in your alliance.

*Cha.* Sir, you offer fair and nobly; but since I have but one girl in the world, you won't think me a troublesome old fool, if I endeavour to bestow her to her worth; therefore if you please, before we shake hands, a word or two by the bye; for I have some considerable questions to ask you.

*Ant.* Ask them.

*Cha.* Well, in the first place, you say you have two sons?

*Ant.* Exactly.

*Cha.* And you are willing that one of them shall marry my daughter Angelina?

*Ant.* Willing.

*Cha.* And you are likewise content that the said Angelina shall survey them both, and (with my allowance) take to her lawful husband which of them she pleases?

*Ant.* Content.

*Cha.* And you farther promise that the person by her and me so chosen, be it elder or younger, shall be your sole heir; that is to say, shall be in a conditional possession of at least three parts of your estate. This you positively promise——

*Ant.* To perform.

*Cha.* Why then, as the last token of my full consent and approbation, I give you my hand.

*Ant.* There's mine.

*Cha.* Is't a match?

*Ant.* A match.

*Cha* That's enough—Carlos, the elder you say, is a great scholar, spends his whole life in the university, and loves his study?

*Ant.* Nothing more, sir.

*Cha.* But Clodio, the younger, has seen the world, and is very well known in the court of France; a sprightly fellow, ha?

*Ant.* Mettle to the back, sir.

*Cha.* Well, how far either of them may go with my daughter, I can't tell; she'll be easily pleased where I am—[*Knocking.*] Hark! what noise without?

*Ant.* Odso! 'tis they——they're come——I have expected them these two hours. Well, sirrah, who's without?

*Enter a* SERVANT.

*Serv.* 'Tis Sancho, sir, with a waggon-load of my master's books.

*Cha.* What, does he always travel with his whole study?

*Ant.* Never without them, sir; 'tis his humour.

*Enter* S[illegible]

*San.* Pedro, u[illegible] bid the

porter open the great gates, and make room for t'other dozen of carts; I'll be with you presently.

*Ant.* Ha! Sancho! where's my Carlos? Speak, boy, where didst thou leave thy master?

*San.* Jogging on, sir, in the highway to knowledge, both hands employed, in his book, and his bridle, sir; but he has sent his duty before him in this letter, sir. [*Gives* ANTONIO *the Letter.*

*Cha.* Pray, sir, what sort of life may your master lead?

*San.* Life, sir! no prince fares like him; he breaks his fast with Aristotle, dines with Tully, drinks tea at Helicon, sups with Seneca, then walks a turn or two in the milky way, and after six hours conference with the stars, sleeps with old Erra Pater.

*Cha.* Wonderful!

*Ant.* So, Carlos will be here presently——Here, take the knave in, and let him eat.

*San.* And drink too, sir?

*Ant.* And drink too, sir—and pray see your master's chamber ready. [*Knocking again.*] Well, sir, who's at the *gate?*

*Enter a* SERVANT.

*Serv.* Monsieur, sir, from my young master, Clodio.

*Enter* MONSIEUR.

*Ant.* Well, Monsieur, what says *your master?* when will he be here?

*Mons.* Sire he vill be here in de less time dan you quarter of de hour; he is not quite forty mile off.

*Ant.* And what came you before for?

*Mons.* Sire, me come to provide de perfumes, and de essence for his hair, dat he may appear to your vorshipe vid de reverence, and de *bele air.*

*Ant.* What, is he unprovided then?

*Mons.* Sire, he vas enrage, and de *vind* was

d'orangerie, because it vas not de same dat is prepare for Monseigneur le Dauphin.

*Ant.* Well, sir, if you'll go to the butler, he'll help you to some oil for his hair.

*Mons.* Sire, me tank you. [*Exit* MONSIEUR.

*Cha.* A very notable spark, this Clodio. Ha! what noise is that without?

*Enter a* SERVANT.

*Serv.* Sir, my young masters are both come.

*Ant.* That's well! Now, sir, now! now observe their several dispositions.

*Enter* CARLOS.

*Car.* My father! sir, your blessing.

*Ant.* Thou hast it, Carlos; and now, pray know this gentleman, Charino, sir, my old friend, and one in whom you may have a particular interest.

*Car.* I'll study to deserve his love, sir.

*Cha.* Sir, as for that matter, you need not study at all. [*They salute.*

*Clo.* [*Within.*] Hey! La Valiere! bid the groom take care our hunters be well rubbed and clothed; they're hot, and have out-stripped the wind.

*Cha.* Ay, marry, sir, there's mettle in this young fellow.

*Enter* CLODIO.

*Clo.* Where's my father? Ah, my dear dad!

*Ant.* Ha, my dear Clody, thou'rt welcome!

*Clo.* Sir, being my father's friend, I am your most obliged, faithful, humble servant. [*To* CHARINO.

*Cha.* Sir,—I—I—I like you. [*Eagerly.*

*Clo.* Thy hand—I'm your eternal friend.

*Cha.* Faith, thou art a pretty-humoured fellow.

*Clo.* Who's that? Pray, sir, who's that?

*Ant.* Your brother, Clody.

*Clo.* Odso! I beg his pardon with all my heart—Ha! ha! ha! did ever mortal see such a book-worm?—Brother, how is't? [*Carelessly.*

*Car.* I'm glad you are well, brother. [*Reads.*

*Clo.* What, does he draw his book upon me? Then I will draw my wit upon him——Gad, I'll puzzle him—Hark you, brother; pray, what's———Latin for a sword-knot?

*Car.* The Romans wore none, brother.

*Clo.* No ornaments upon their swords, sir?

*Car.* Oh, yes, several, conquest, peace, and honour—an old unfashionable wear.

*Clo.* Sir, no man in Europe wears a more fashionable sword than I do; he cost me fifty louis d'ors in Paris———There, sir,——feel him——try him, sir.

*Car.* I have no skill, sir.

*Clo.* No skill, sir! why, this sword would make a coward fight——aha! sa, sa! rip—— ha! there I had him! [*Fencing.*

*Car.* Take heed, you'll cut my clothes, brother.

*Clo.* Cut them! ha, ha!—no, no, they are cut already, brother, to the grammar rules exactly: Psha! pr'ythee, man, leave off this college air.

*Car.* No, brother, I think it wholesome, the soil and situation pleasant.

*Clo.* A put, by Jupiter! he don't know the air of a gentleman, from the air of the country—Sir, I mean the air of your clothes; I would have you change your tailor, and dress a little more *en cavalier:* lay by your book, and take out your snuff-box; cock, and look smart, ha!

*Cha.* 'Faith, a pretty fellow!

*Enter* MONSIEUR.

*Mons.* Sire, here be de several sort of de jessamine d'orangerie vidout, if you please to make your shoice.

*Clo.* Mum, sir! I must beg pardon for a moment; a most important business calls me aside, which I will despatch with all imaginable celerity, and return to the repetition of my desire to continue, sir, your most obliged, and faithful humble servant.

[*Exit* CLODIO, *bowing.*

*Cha.* 'Faith, he's a pretty fellow!

*Ant.* Now, sir, if you please, since we have got the other alone, we'll put the matter a little closer to him.

*Cha.* 'Tis to little purpose, I'm afraid: but use your pleasure, sir.

*Car.* Plato differs from Socrates in this. [*To himself.*

*Ant.* Come, come, pr'ythee, Charles, lay them by, let them agree at leisure.——What, no hour of interruption?

*Car.* Man's life, sir, being so short; and then the way that leads us to the knowledge of ourselves, so hard and tedious, each minute should be precious.

*Ant.* Ay, but to thrive in this world, Charles, you must part a little with this bookish contemplation, and prepare yourself for action. If you will study, let it be to know what part of my land's fit for the plough; what for pasture; to buy and sell my stock to the best advantage, and cure my cattle when they are over-grown with labour. This, now, would turn to some account.

*Car.* This, sir, may be done from what I've read; for what concerns tillage, who can better deliver it, than Virgil in his Georgicks? And for the cure of herds, his Bucolicks are a master-piece; but when his art describes the commonwealth of bees, their industry, their order in going forth, and coming laden home, their strict obedience to their king, his just rewards to such as labour, his punishment, inflicted only on the slothful drone; I'm ravish'd with it, then reap,

indeed, my harvest, receive the grain my cattle bring me, and there find wax and honey.

*Ant.* Heyday! Georges, and Blue-sticks, and bees-wax! What, art thou mad?

*Cha.* Raving, raving!

*Car.* No, sir, the knowledge of this guards me from it.

*Ant.* But can you find amongst all your musty manuscripts, what pleasure he enjoys that lies in the arms of a young, rich, well-shaped, healthy bride? Answer me that, ha, sir?

*Car.* 'Tis frequent, sir, in story; there I read of all kinds of virtuous, and of vicious women; the ancient Spartan dames, the Roman ladies, their beauties, their deformities; and when I light upon a Portia, or a Cornelia, crowned with ever-blooming truth and virtue, with such a feeling I peruse their fortunes, as if I then had lived, and tasted of their lawful, envied love. But when I meet a Messalina, tired and unsated in her foul desires; a Clytemnestra, bathed in her husband's blood; an impious Tullia, whirling her chariot over her father's breathless body, horror invades my faculties. Comparing, then, the numerous guilty with the easy count of those that die in innocence, I detest and loath them as ignorance, or atheism.

*Ant.* And you do resolve, then, not to make payment of the debt you owe me?

*Car.* What debt, good sir?

*Ant.* Why, the debt I paid my father, when I got you, sir, and made him a grandsire; which I expect from you. I won't have my name die.

*Car.* Nor would I; my laboured studies, sir, may prove in time a living issue.

*Ant.* Very well, sir; and so I shall have a general collection of all the quiddits from Adam till this time, to be my grand-child.

*Car.* I'll take my best care, sir, that what I leave may'nt shame the family.

*Cha.* A sad fellow, this! this is a very sad fellow! [*Aside.*

*Ant.* So in short, you would not marry an empress?

*Car.* Oh, sir! the closet that contains my chosen books, to me's a glorious court; can I then part with solid constant pleasures, to clasp uncertain vanities? No, sir, be it your care to swell your heap of wealth; marry my brother, and let him get you bodies of your name; I rather would inform it with a soul.—I tire you, sir—your pardon and your leave.——Lights there, for my study. [*Exit* CARLOS.

*Ant.* Was ever man thus transported from the common sense of his own happiness; a stupid wise rogue! I could beat him. Now, if it were not for my hopes in young Clody, I might fairly conclude my name were at a period.

*Cha.* Ay, ay, he's the match for my money, and my girl's too, I warrant her. What say you, sir, shall we tell them a piece of our mind?

*Ant.* This minute, sir; and here comes my young rogue, in the very nick of his fortune.

*Enter* CLODIO.

*Ant.* Clody, a word——

*Clo.* To the wise is enough. Your pleasure, sir?

*Ant.* In the mean time, sir, if you please to send your daughter notice of our intended visit.

[*To* CHARINO.

*Cha.* I'll do't——Hark you, friend——

[*Whispers a* SERVANT.

*Enter* SANCHO *behind.*

*San.* I doubt my master has found but rough welcome; he's gone supperless into his study; I'd fain know the reason—— I must find it out. [*Stands aside.*

*Clo.* Sir, you could not have started any thing more agreeable to my inclination; and for the young lady's, sir, if this old gentleman will please to give me a sight of her, you shall see me whip into her's, in the cutting of a caper.

*Cha.* Well, pursue and conquer; tho' let me tell you, sir, my girl has wit, and will give you as good as you bring; she has a smart way, sir.

*Clo.* Sir, I will be as smart as she; I have my share of courage; I fear no woman alive, sir, having always found that love and assurance ought to be as inseparable companions, as a beau and a snuff-box, or a curate and a tobacco-stopper.

*Cha.* 'Faith, thou art a pleasant rogue; l'gad she must like thee.

*Clo.* I know how to tickle the ladies, sir——In Paris, I had constantly two challenges every morning came up with my chocolate, only for being pleasant company the night before with the first ladies of quality.

*Cha.* Ah, silly, envious rogues! Pr'ythee what do you do to the ladies?

*San.* Positively, nothing. [*Aside.*

*Clo.* Why, the truth is, I did make the jades drink a little too smartly; for which the poor dogs, the princes, could not endure me.

*Cha.* Why, hast thou really conversed with princes?

*Clo.* Conversed with them! why, you shall judge now, you shall judge——Let me see——There was I and Prince Grandmont, Duke de Bongrace, Duke de Bellegrade——(Bellegrade——yes, yes—Jack was there) Count de l'Esprit, Marshal Bombard, and that pleasant dog, the Prince de Hautenbas. We six, now, were all at supper, all in good humour; champaigne was the word, and wit flew about the room, like a pack of losing cards——Now, sir, there happened to be the self-same number of ladies, after the fatigue of a ballet, diverting themselves with tu'

and the spleen; so dull, they were not able to talk, though it were scandalously, even of their best friends. So, sir, after a profound silence, at last, one of them gaped—Oh, Gad! says she, would that pleasant dog, Clody, were here, to *badiner* a little—Hey, says a second, and stretched——Ah, *mon dieu!* says a third, and waked——Could not one find him? says a fourth—and leered——Oh, burn him! says a fifth, I saw him go out with the nasty rakes of the blood again—in a pet——Did you so, says a sixth? *Pardie!* we'll spoil that gang presently—in a passion. Whereupon, sir, in two minutes, I received a billet in four words—*Chien, nous vous, demandons;* subscribed Grandmont, Bongrace, Bellegrade, L'Esprit, Bombard, Hautenbas.

*Cha.* Why, these are the very names of the princes you supped with.

*Clo.* Every soul of them the individual wife or sister of every man in the company, split me! ha! ha! ha!

*Cha. and Ant.* Ha! ha! ha!

*San.* Did ever two old gudgeons swallow so greedily? [*Aside.*

*Ant.* Well, and didst thou make a night on't, boy?

*Clo.* Yes, I'gad, and morning too, sir; for about eight o'clock the next day, slap they all soused upon their knees, kissed round, burned their commodes, drank my health, broke their glasses, and so parted.

*Ant.* Gad-a-mercy, Clody! Nay, 'twas always a wild young rogue.

*Cha.* I like him the better for't—You remember the conditions, sir; three parts of your estate to him and his heirs.

*Ant.* Sir, he deserves it all; 'tis not a trifle shall part them. You see Charles has given over the world: I'll undertake to buy his birth-right for a shelf of new books.

*Cha.* Ay, ay; get you the writings ready, with

your other son's hand to them; for unless he signs, the conveyance is of no validity.

*Ant.* I know it, sir—they shall be ready with his hand in two hours.

*Cha.* Why then, come along, my lad; and now I'll show thee to my daughter.

*Clo.* I dare be shown, sir——*Allons!* Hey, *suivons, l'amour.* [*Sings.*] [*Exeunt all but* SANCHO.

*San.* How! my poor master to be disinherited, for Monsieur Sa-sa there; and I a looker on too! If we have studied our majors and our minors, our antecedents and consequences, to be concluded coxcombs at last, we have made a fair hand on't! I'm glad I know of this roguery, however; I'll take care my master's uncle, old Don Lewis, shall hear of it; for though he can hardly read a proclamation, yet he dotes upon his learning; and if he be that old, rough, testy blade he used to be, we may chance to have a rubbers with them first———Here he comes *profecto.*

*Enter* DON LEWIS.

*Don L.* Sancho, where's my boy Charles? What, is he at it? Is he at it?—Deep—deep, I warrant him——Sancho—a little peep now—one peep at him, through the key-hole—I must have a peep.

*San.* Have a care, sir, he's upon a magical point.

*Don L.* What, has he lost any thing?

*San.* Yes, sir, he has lost with a vengeance!

*Don L.* But what, what, what, what, sirrah? what is't?

*San.* Why, his birth-right, sir! he is di—di—dis—disinherited. [*Sobbing.*

*Don L.* Ha! how! when! what! where! who! what dost thou mean?

*San.* His brother, sir, is to marry Angelina, the great heiress, to enjoy three parts of his father's

estate; and my master is to have a whole acre of new books, for setting his hand to the conveyance.

*Don L.* This must be a lie, sirrah; I will have it a lie.

*San.* With all my heart, sir; but here comes my old master, and the pickpocket the lawyer: they'll tell you more.

*Enter* ANTONIO, *and a* LAWYER.

*Ant.* Here, sir, this paper has your full instructions: pray be speedy, sir; I don't know but we may couple them to-morrow; be sure you make it firm.

*Law.* Do you secure his hand, sir, I defy the law to give him his title again. [*Exit.*

*San.* What think you now, sir?

*Don L.* Why, now methinks I'm pleased——this is right——I'm pleased——must cut that lawyer's throat, though——must bone him——ay, I'll have him boned—and potted.

*Ant.* Brother, how is't?

*Don L.* Oh, mighty well—mighty well—let's feel your pulse——Feverish——

[*Looks earnestly in* ANTONIO's *face, and after some pause, whistles a piece of a Tune.*

*Ant.* You are merry, brother.

*Don L.* It's a lie.

*Ant.* How, brother?

*Don L.* A damn'd lie—I am not merry. [*Smiling.*

*Ant.* What are you, then?

*Don L.* Very angry.

*Ant.* Hi! hi! hi! at what, brother?

[*Mimicking him.*

*Don L.* Why, at a very wise settlement I have made lately.

*Ant.* What settlement, good brother? I find he has heard of it. [*Aside.*

*Don L.* What do you think I have done?——I have—this deep head of mine has—disinherited my eldest son, because his understanding's an honour to my family, and given it all to my younger, because he's a puppy—a puppy.

*Ant.* Come, I guess at your meaning, brother.

*Don L.* Do you so, sir? Why, then, I must tell you, flat and plain, my boy Charles must and shall inherit it.

*Ant.* I say no, unless Charles had a soul to value his fortune.——Hark you, brother, do you know what learning is?

*Don L.* What if I don't, sir, I believe it's a fine thing, and that's enough—Though I can speak no Greek, I love and honour the sound of it, and Charles speaks it loftily; I'gad, he thunders it out, sir: and let me tell you, sir, if you had ever the grace to have heard but six lines of Hesiod, or Homer, or Iliad, or any of the Greek poets, ods-heart! it would have made your hair stand an end; sir, he has read such things in my hearing——

*Ant.* But did you understand them, brother?

*Don L.* I tell you, no. What does that signify? The very sound's sufficient comfort to an honest man.

*Ant.* Fie, fie! I wonder you talk so, you that are old, and should understand.

*Don L.* Should, sir! Yes, and do, sir. Sir, I'd have you to know, I have studied, I have run over history, poetry, philosophy.

*Ant.* Yes, like a cat over a harpsichord, rare music—You have read catalogues, I believe. Come, come, brother, my younger boy is a fine gentleman.

*Don L.* A sad dog—I'll buy a prettier fellow in a penny-worth of gingerbread.

*Ant.* What I propose, I'll do, sir, say you your pleasure——Here comes one I must talk with——Well, brother, what news?

*Enter* CHARINO.

*Cha.* Oh, to our wishes, sir; Clody's a right bait for a girl, sir. Noble Don Lewis, I am your humble servant. Come, what say you? Shall I prevail with you to settle some part of your estate upon young Clody?

*Don L.* Clody!

*Cha.* Ay, your nephew, Clody.

*Don L.* Settle upon him!

*Cha.* Ay.

*Don L.* Why, look you, I ha'nt much land to spare; but I have an admirable horse-pond——I'll settle that upon him, if you will.

*Ant.* Come, let him have his way, sir, he's old and hasty; my estate's sufficient. How does your daughter, sir?

*Cha.* Ripe and ready, sir; get you the writings ready, my girl shall be here in the morning.

*Don L.* Hark you, sir, do you suppose my Charles shall——

*Cha.* Sir, I suppose nothing; what I'll do, I'll justify; what your brother does, let him answer.

*Ant.* That I have already, sir, and so good-morrow to your patience, brother. [*Ex.* ANT. *and* CHA.

*Don L.* Sancho!

*San.* Sir.

*Don L.* Fetch me some gunpowder—quick—quick.

*San.* Sir!

*Don L.* Some gunpowder, I say——a barrel——quickly—and dy'e hear, three penny-worth of ratsbane—Hey! ay, I'll blow up one, and poison the other.

*San.* Come, sir, I see what you would be at, and if you dare take my advice, (I don't want wit at a pinch, sir) e'en let me try, if I can fire my master enough with the praises of the young lady, to make him rival his brother; that would blow them up indeed, sir.

*Don L.* Psha! impossible, he never spoke six words to any woman in his life, but his bed maker.

*San.* So much the better, sir; therefore, if he speaks at all, it's the more likely to be out of the road.—Hark, he rings—I must wait upon him. [*Exit.*

*Don L.* I can't look my poor boy in the face: but come, Charles, let them go on, thou shalt not want money to buy thee books yet———That old fool thy father, and his young puppy, shall not share a groat of mine between them; nay, to plague them, I could find in my heart to fall sick in a pet, give thee my estate in a passion, and leave the world in a fury.

[*Exit.*

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## ACT THE SECOND.

### SCENE I.

*A Hall.*

*Enter* ANTONIO *and* SANCHO.

*Ant.* Sir, he shall have what's fit for him.

*San.* No inheritance, sir?

*Ant.* Enough to give him books, and a moderate maintenance: that's as much as he cares for; you talk like a fool, a coxcomb! trouble him with land!——

*San.* Must master Claudio have all, sir?

*Ant.* All, all; he knows how to use it; he's a man bred in this world; t'other in the skies, his business is altogether above stairs: [*Bell rings.*] go, see what he wants.

*San.* A father, I'm sure! [*Exit* SANCHO.

*Ant.* What, will none of my rogues come near me now? Oh, here they are.

*Enter Three* SERVANTS *and the* COOK.

Well, sir, in the first place, can you procure me a plentiful dinner for about fifty, within two hours? Your young master is to be married this morning; will that spur you, sir?

*Cook.* Young master, sir; I wish your honour had given me a little more warning.

*Ant.* Sir, you have as much as I had: I was not sure of it half an hour ago.

*Cook.* Sir, I will try what I can do—Hey, Pedro! Gusman! Come, stir, ho! [*Exit* COOK.

*Ant.* Butler, open the cellar to all good fellows; if any man offers to sneak away sober, knock him down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*A Library.*

CARLOS *alone.—A Noise of Chopping within.*

*Car.* What a perpetual noise these people make; I have forgot to eat and sleep, with reading; all my faculties turn into study. What a misfortune 'tis in human nature, that the body will not live on that which feeds the mind!——How unprofitable a pleasure is eating!——Sancho!

*Enter* SANCHO.

*San.* Did you call, sir? [*Chopping again.*

*Car.* Pr'ythee, what noise is this?

*San.* The cooks are hard at work, sir, chopping herbs, and mincing meat, and breaking marrow-bones.

*Car.* And is it thus at every dinner?

*San.* No, sir; but we have high doings to-day.

*Car.* Well, set this folio in its place again; then make me a little fire, and get a manchet; I'll dine alone—Does my younger brother speak any Greek yet, Sancho?

*San.* No, sir, but he spits French like a magpye, and that's more in fashion.

*Car.* He steps before me there; I think I read it well enough to understand it, but when I am to give it utterance, it quarrels with my tongue.—Again that noise! Pr'ythee tell me, Sancho, are there any princes to dine here?

*San.* Some there are as happy as princes, sir,—your brother's marry'd to-day—all the country round is invited; not a dog that knows the house, but comes too: all open, sir.

*Car.* Pr'ythee, who is it my brother marries?

*San.* Old Charino's daughter, sir, the great heiress: a delicate creature; young, soft, smooth, fair, plump, and ripe as a cherry!

*Car.* Is she so fine a creature?

*San.* Such eyes; such looks; such a pair of pretty plump pouting lips; such softness in her voice; such music too; and when she smiles, such roguish dimples in her cheeks; such a clear skin; white neck, and a little lower, such a pair of round, hard, heaving, what d'ye call-ums——ah!

*Car.* Why, thou art in love, Sancho.

*San.* Ay, so would you be, if you saw her, sir.

*Car.* I don't think so.

*San.* Ods me! sir, sir, here comes the very lady, the bride, your sister that must be, and her father.

*Enter* CHARINO *and* ANGELINA.

Stand close, you'll both see and hear, sir.

*Car.* I ne'er saw any yet so fair; such sweetness in her look; such modesty! If we may think that

the window to the heart, she has a thousand treasured virtues there.

*San.* So! the book's gone. [*Aside.*

*Cha.* Come, pr'ythee put on a brisker look; odsheart, dost thou think in conscience, that's fit for thy wedding-day?

*Ang.* Sir, I wish it were not quite so sudden; a little time for farther thought perhaps had made it easier to me: to change for ever, sir, is no trifle, sir.

*Car.* A wonder!

*Cha.* Look you, his fortune I have taken care of, and his person you have no exceptions to. What, in the name of Venus, would the girl have?

*Ang.* I never said of all the world I made him, sir, my choice: nay, though he be yours, I cannot say I am highly pleased with him, nor yet am averse; but I had rather welcome your commands and him, than disobedience.

*Cha.* Oh, if that be all, madam, to make you easy, my commands are at your service.

*Ang.* I have done with my objections, sir.

*Car.* Such understanding in so soft a form!——Happy——happy brother!—I have gazed too much ——Reach me an Ovid.

[*Exeunt* CARLOS *and* SANCHO.

*Cha.* I say put on your best looks, hussy—for here he comes, 'faith.

*Enter* CLODIO.

Ah, my dear Clody!

*Clo.* My dear, [*Embracing.*] dear dad. Ha! *Ma princesse! estes vous la donc?* Ah, ha! *Non, non. Je ne m'y connois gueres*, &c. [*Sings.*] Look, look—look, o'slyboots; what, she knows nothing of the matter! But you will, child.

*Enter* ANTONIO, *and* LAWYER.

*Ant.* Well said, Clody; my noble brother, welcome; my fair daughter, I give you joy.

*Clo.* And so will I too, sir. *Allons! Vivons! Chantons, dansons! Hey! L'autre jour*, &c.

[*Sings and dances, &c.*

*Ant.* Well said again, boy. Sir, you and your writings are welcome.

*Enter* DON LEWIS.

What, my angry brother! nay, you must have your welcome too, or we shall make but a flat feast on't.

*Don L.* Sir, I am not welcome, nor I won't be welcome, nor no-body's welcome, and you are all a parcel of——

*Cha.* What, sir?

*Don L.* ——Miserable wretches——sad dogs.

*Ant.* Come, pray, sir, bear with him, he's old and hasty: but he'll dine and be good company for all this.

*Don L.* A strange lie, that.

*Clo.* Ha! ha! ha! poor Testy, ha! ha!

*Don L.* Don't laugh, my dear rogue, pr'ythee don't laugh now; 'faith, I shall break thy head, if thou dost.

*Clo.* Gad so! why, then I find you are angry at me, dear uncle!

*Don L.* Angry at thee, hey, puppy!—Why, what;—what dost thou see in that lovely hatchet face of thine, that's worth my being out of humour at? Blood and fire, ye dog, get out of my sight, or——

*Ant.* Nay, brother, this is too far——

*Don L.* Angry at him! a son of a——son's son of a whore!

*Cha.* Ha! ha! poor peevish——

*Don L.* I'd fain have somebody poison him. [*To himself.*] Ah, that sweet creature! Must this fair flower be cropped to stick up in a piece of rascally earthen ware? I must speak to her——Puppy, stand out of my way.

*Clo.* Ha! ha! ay, now for't.

*Don L.* [*To* ANGELINA.] Ah!——ah!——ah! Madam——I pity you; you're a lovely young creature

ture, and ought to have a handsome man yoked to you; one of understanding too;——I am sorry to say it, but this fellow's skull's extremely thick——and if he should have a thing shaped like a child, you can make nothing of it but a tailor.

*Clo.* Odds me! why, you are testy, my dear uncle.

*Don L.* Will nobody take that troublesome dog out of my sight——I can't stay where he is——I'll go see my poor boy Charles——I've disturbed you, madam; your humble servant.

*Ant.* You'll come again, and drink the bride's health, brother?

*Don L.* That lady's health I may; and, if she'll give me leave, perhaps sit by her at table too.

*Clo.* Ha! ha! bye, nuncle.

*Don L.* Puppy, good bye—— [*Exit* DON LEWIS.

*Ang.* An odd humoured gentleman.

*Ant.* Very odd indeed, child; I suppose in pure spite, he'll make my son Charles his heir.

*Ang.* Methinks I would not have a light head, nor one laden with too much learning, as my father says this Carlos is; sure there's something hid in that gentleman's concern for him, that speaks him not so mere a log.

*Ant.* Come, shall we go and seal, brother? The priest stays for us. When Carlos has signed the conveyance, as he shall presently, we'll then to the wedding, and so to dinner.

*Cha.* With all my heart, sir.

*Clo. Allons, ma chere princesse.* [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*A Study.*

CARLOS *in his Study, with* DON LEWIS, *and* SANCHO.

*Don L.* Nay, you are undone.

*Car.* Then—I must study, sir, to bear my fortune,

*Don L.* Have you no greater feeling?

*San.* You were sensible of the great book, sir, when it fell upon your head; and won't the ruin of your fortune stir you?

*Car.* Will he have my books too?

*Don L.* No, no, he has a book, a fine one too, called the Gentleman's Recreation; or, the secret Art of getting Sons and Daughters: such a creature! a beauty in folio! 'Would thou hadst her in thy study, Carlos, though it were but to new-clasp her.

*San.* He has seen her, sir.

*Don L.* Well, and——and——

*San.* He flung away his book, sir.

*Don L.* Did he 'faith? would he had flung away his humour too, and spoke to her.

*Car.* Must my brother then have all?

*Don L.* All, all.

*San.* All that your father has, sir.

*Car.* And that fair creature too?

*San.* Ay, sir.

*Don L.* Hey!

*Car.* He has enough, then. [*Sighing.*

*Don L.* He have her, Charles! why, would, would, that is——hey!

*Car.* May not I see her, sometimes, and call her sister? I'll do her no wrong.

*Don L.* I can't bear this! 'Sheart, I could cry for madness! Flesh and fire! do but speak to her, man.

*Car.* I cannot, sir, her look requires something of that distant awe, words of that soft respect, and yet such force and meaning too, that I should stand confounded to approach her, and yet I long to wish her joy.——Oh, were I born to give it too!

*Don L.* Why, thou shalt wish her joy, boy; 'faith she is a good-humoured creature, she'll take it kindly.

*Car.* Do you think so, uncle?

*Don L.* I'll to her, and tell you.

*Car.* Do sir——Stay, uncle;——will she not think me rude? I would not for the world offend her.

*Don L.* 'Fend a fiddle-stick——let me alone——I'll——I'll——

*Car.* Nay, but, sir! dear uncle!

*Don L.* A hum! a hum! [*Exit* DON LEWIS.

*Enter* ANTONIO *and the* LAWYER *with a Writing.*

*Ant.* Where's my son?

*San.* There, sir, casting a figure what chopping children his brother shall have, and where he shall find a new father for himself.

*Ant.* I shall find a stick for you, rogue, I shall. Charles, how dost thou do? Come, hither boy.

*Car.* Your pleasure, sir?

*Ant.* Nay, no great matter, child, only to put your name here a little, to this bit of parchment: I think you write a reasonable good hand, Charles.

*Car.* Pray, sir, to what use may it be?

*Ant.* Only to pass your title in the land I have, to your brother Clodio.

*Car.* Is it no more, sir?

*Law.* That's all, sir.

*Ant.* No, no, 'tis nothing else; look you, you shall be provided for, you shall have what books you please, and your means shall come in without your care, and you shall always have a servant to wait on you.

*Car.* Sir, I thank you; but if you please, I had rather sign it before the good company below; it being, sir, so frank a gift, 'twill be some small compliment to have done it before the lady too: there I shall sign it cheerfully, and wish my brother fortune.

*Ant.* With all my heart, child; it's the same thing to me.

*Car.* You'll excuse me, sir, if I make no great stay with you.

*Ant.* Do as thou wilt, thou shalt do any thing thou hast a mind to. [*Exeunt.*

*San.* Now has he undone himself for ever; odsheart, I'll down into the cellar, and be stark drunk for anger. [*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.

*A Dining Room.*

*A large Table spread.*

*Enter* CHARINO *with* ANGELINA, CLODIO, DON LEWIS, LADIES, *and* PRIEST.

*Cha.* Come, let him bring his son's hand, and all's done. Are you ready, sir?

*Priest.* Sir, I shall despatch them presently, immediately; for in truth I am an hungry.

*Clo.* I'gad, I warrant you, the priest and I could both fall to without saying grace——Ha, you little rogue! what, you think it long too?

*Ang.* I find no fault, sir; better things were well done, than done too hastily——Sir, you look melancholy. [*To* DON LEWIS.

*Don L.* Sweet swelling blossom! Ah, that I had the gathering of thee; I would stick thee in the bosom of a pretty young fellow——Ah, thou hast missed a man (but that he is so bewitched to his study, and knows no other mistress than his mind) so far above this feather-headed puppy——

*Ant.* Can he talk, sir?

*Don L.* Like an angel——to himself——the devil a word to a woman.

*Ang.* But a little conversation, methinks——

*Don L.* Why, so I think too; but the boy's

witched, and the devil can't bring him to't: shall I try if I can get him to wish you joy?

*Ang.* I shall receive it as becomes his sister, sir.

*Clo.* Look, look, old testy will fall in love by and by; he's hard at it, split me!

*Cha.* Let him alone, she'll fetch him about, I warrant you.

*Clo.* So, here my father comes! Hey, my brother too! that's a wonder; broke like a spirit from his cell.

*Enter* ANTONIO, CARLOS, *and the* LAWYER.

*Don L.* Odso! here he is; that's he; a little inclining to the lean, or so, but his understanding's the fatter for't.

*Ant.* Come, Charles, 'twas your desire to see my fair daughter and the good company, and to seal before them all, and give your brother joy.

*Cha.* He does well; I shall think the better of him as long as I live.

*Car.* Is this the lady, sir?

*Ant.* Ay, that's your sister, Charles.

*Car.* Forbid it, love! [*Aside.*] Do you not think she'll grace our family?

*Ant.* No doubt on't, sir.

*Car.* Should I not thank her for so unmerited a grace?

*Ant.* Ay, and welcome, Charles.

*Don L.* Now, my boy; give her a gentle twist by the finger; lay your lips softly, softly, close and plump to her. [*Apart to* CARLOS.

*Car.* Pardon a stranger's freedom, lady——[*Salutes* ANGELINA.] Dissolving softness! Oh, the drowning joy!—Happy, happy he that sips eternally such nectar down——But you, fair creature, share by far the higher joy; if, as I've read, (nay, now am sure) the sole delight of love lies only in the power to give.

*Ang.* How near his [illegible] agree with mine! this

the mere scholar I was told of! [*Aside.*]——I find, sir, you have experienced love, you seem acquainted with the passion.

*Car.* I've had, indeed, a dead pale glimpse in theory, but never saw the enlivening light before.

*Ang.* Ha, before! [*Aside.*

*Ant.* Well, these are very fine compliments, Charles; but you say nothing to your brother yet.

*Cor.* Oh, yes, and wish him, sir, with any other beauty, (if possible) more lasting joy than I could taste with her.

*Ang.* He speaks unhappily.

*Clo.* Ha!———what do you say, brother?

*Ant.* Nay, for my part, I don't understand him.

*Cha.* Nor I.

*Don L.* Stand clear, I do———and that sweet creature too, I hope.

*Ang.* Too well, I fear.

*Ant.* Come, come, to the writing, Charles; pr'ythee leave thy studying, man.

*Car.* I leave my life first; I study now to be a man; before, what man was, was but my argument; ———I am now on the proof; I find, I feel myself a man—

*Don L.* He has it! he has it! my boy's in for't.

*Clo.* Come, come, will you——

*Don L.* Stand out of the way, puppy.

[*Interposing with his Back to* CLODIO.

*Car.* Whence is it, fair, that while I offer speech to you, my thoughts want words, my words their free and honest utterance? Why is it thus I tremble at your touch, and fear your frown? Yet should my dearest friend or brother dare to check my vain deluded wishes, Oh, I should turn and tear him like an offended lion.

*Clo.* Come, come, will you sign, brother?

*Don L.* Time enough, puppy.

*Clo.* I say, will you sign, brother?

*Car.* Away, I have no time for trifles! Room for an elder brother.

*Don L.* Why, did not I bid thee stand out of the way now?

*Ant.* Ay, but this is trifling, Charles! Come, come, your hand, man.

*Car.* Your pardon, sir, I cannot seal yet; had you only showed me land, I had resigned it free, and proud to have bestowed it to your pleasure: but you have opened to me such a treasure, such unimagined mines of solid joy, that I perceive my temper stubborn now, even to a churlish avarice of love.

*Ant.* And so you won't part with your title, sir?

*Car.* Sooner with my soul of reason, be a plant, a beast, a fish, a fly, than yield one foot of land——if she be ty'd to't.

*Don. L.* Ah, Charles! What say you to the scholar now, chicken?

*Ang.* A wonder!——Is this gentleman your brother, sir? [*To* CLODIO.

*Clo.* Hey! No, my——Madam, not quite—that is, he is a little akin by the——Plague on him, would he were bury'd——I can't tell what to say to him, split me!

*Ant* Positively, you will not seal then, ha?

*Car.* Neither——I should not blindly say I will not seal—Let me entreat a moment's pause——for, even yet, perhaps I may. [*Sighing.*

*Ang.* Forbid it, Fortune!

*Ant.* O, may you so, sir?

*Clo.* Ay, sir, hey! What, you are come to yourself I find, 'sheart!

*Cha.* Ay, ay, give him a little time, he'll think better on't, I warrant you.

*Car.* Perhaps, fair creature, I have done you wrong, whose plighted love and hope went hand in hand together; but I conjure you, think my life were hateful after so base, so barbarous an act as parting them.

I have no land, no fortune, life, or being, while your necessity of peace requires them.

*Cha.* Why, ay! there's some civility in this.

*Clo.* The fellow really talks very prettily.

*Car.* But if in bare compliance to a father's will, you now but suffer marriage, or what's worse, give it as an extorted bond, imposed on the simplicity of your youth, and dare confess you wish some honest friend would save, or free you from its hard conditions; I then again have land, have life, and resolution, waiting still upon your happier fortune.

*Clo.* Ha, ha! pert enough, that—I'gad, I long to see what this will come to!

*Priest.* In truth, unless somebody is marry'd presently, the dinner will be spoiled, and then——nobody will be able to eat it.

*Car.* Consider, fair one, now's the very crisis of our fate: you cannot have it sure to ask, if honour be the parent of my love: If you can love for love, and think your heart rewarded there——

*Ang.* Need I then speak? to say, I am far from hating you——I would say more, but there is nothing fit for me to say.

*Cha.* I'll bear it no longer——

*Ang.* On this you may depend, I cannot like that marriage was proposed me.

*Car.* How shall my soul requite this goodness?

*Cha.* Beyond patience! this is downright insolence! roguery! villany! treachery! part them?

*Ang.* Part them!

*Clo.* Ay, ay, part them! part them!

*Don L.* Doll! dum! dum!

[*Sings, and draws in their Defence.*

*Cha.* Call an officer! I'll have them forced asunder.

*Ang.* Nay, then I'm reduced to take protection here. [*Goes to* CARLOS.

*Car.* O ecstacy of heart! transporting joy!

*Don L.* Lorro! Dorrol! Loll! [*Sings and dances.*

*Cha.* A plot! a plot against my honour! Murder! Treason! Gunpowder! I'll be revenged! [*Exit.*

*Ant.* Carlos, I say, forego the lady.

*Car.* Never, while I have sense of being, life, or motion.

*Clo.* You won't! Gadso! What, then I find I must lug out upon this business! *Allons!* the lady, sir!

*Don L.* Lorro! Dorrol! Loll!

[*Presenting his Point to* CLODIO.

*Car.* Hold, uncle! come, brother! sheath your anger——I'll do my best to satisfy you all——but first I would entreat a blessing here.

*Ant.* Out of my doors, thou art no son of mine.

[*Exit* ANTONIO.

*Car.* I am sorry I have lost a father, sir——For you, brother, since once you had a seeming hope, in lieu of what you've lost, half of my birthright—

*Clo.* No halves! no halves, sir! the whole lady!

*Car.* Why, then the whole, if you can like the terms.

*Clo.* What terms? What terms? Come, quick, quick.

*Car.* The first is this——[*Snatches* DON LEWIS's *Sword.*] Win her, and wear her; for, on my soul, unless my body fail, my mind shall never yield thee up a thought in love.

*Don L.* Gramercy, Charles! to him, boy; I'gad, this love has made a man of him.

*Car.* This is the first good sword I ever poised in anger yet; 'tis sharp I'm sure; if it but hold my putting home, I shall so hunt your insolence!——I feel the fire of ten strong spirits in me: wer't thou a native fencer, in so fair a cause, I thus should hold thee at the worst defiance.

*Clo.* Look you, brother, take care of yourself, I shall certainly be in you the first thrust; but if you

had rather, dy'e see, we'll talk a little calmly about this business.

*Car.* Away, trifler! I would be loath to prove thee a coward too.

*Clo.* Coward! why then really, sir, if you please, midriff's the word, brother; you are a son of a whore —*Allons!*— [*They fight, and* CLODIO *is disarmed.*

*Car.* There, sir, take your life—and mend it.——

*Ang.* Are you wounded, sir?

*Car.* Only in my fears for you; how shall we bestow us, uncle?

*Don L.* Positively, we are not safe here, this lady being an heiress. Follow me.

*Car.* Good angels guard us.

[*Exeunt with* ANGELINA.

*Clo.* Gadso! I never fenced so ill in all my life—never in my life, split me!

*Enter* MONSIEUR.

*Mons.* Sire, here be de trompete, de haute-boy, de musique, de maiter danser, dat deseer to know if you sal be please to have de masque begin.

*Clo.* Ha! what does this puppy say now?

*Mons.* Sire, de musique.

*Clo.* Why ay——that's true——but——tell them —plague on them, tell them, they are not ready tuned.

*Mons.* Sire, dare is all tune, all prepare.

*Clo.* Ay! Why then, tell them that my brother's wise again, and has spoiled all, and I am bubbled, and so I shan't be married till next time: but I have fought with him, and he has disarmed me; and so he won't release the land, nor give me my mistress again; and I——I am done, that's all. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* CHARINO, ANTONIO, OFFICERS, *and* SERVANTS.

*Cha.* Officer, do your duty: I say, seize them all.

*Ant. Carry them this minute before a*——*How now! What all fled?*

*Cha.* Ha! my girl! my child! my heiress! I am abused! I am cheated! I am robbed! I am ravished! murdered! and flung in a ditch.

*Ant.* Who let them out? Which way went they, villains?

*Serv.* Sir, we had no order to stop them; but they went out at the door not six minutes ago.

*Cha.* I'll pursue them with bills, warrants, actions, writs, and malice: I'm a lawyer, sir; they shall find I understand ruin.

*Ant.* Nay, they shall be found, sir: run you to the port, sirrah, see if any ships are going off, and bring us notice immediately.

[*Exeunt* OFFICERS *and* SERVANTS.

*Enter* SANCHO, *drunk.*

*San.* Ban, ban, Cac-caliban. [*Sings.*

*Ant.* Here comes a rogue, I'll warrant, knows the bottom of all! Where's my son, villain?

*San.* Son, sir!

*Cha.* Where's my daughter, sirrah?

*San.* Daughter, sir!

*Cha.* Ay, my daughter, rascal!

*San.* Why, sir, they told me just now, sir—that she's—she's run away.

*Ant.* Dog, where's your master?

*San.* My master? why, they say he is——

*Ant.* Where, sirrah?

*San.* Why, he is—he is—gone along with her.

*Ant.* Death! you dog, discover him, or——

*San.* Sir, I will—I will.

*Ant.* Where is he, villain?

*San.* Where, sir? Why, to be sure he is—he is—upon my soul, I don't know, sir.

*Ant.* No more trifling, rascal!

*San.* If I do sir, I wish this may be my poison.

[*Drinks.*

*Ant.* Death! you dog, get out of my house, or I'll ——So sir, have yo[illegible]

*Re-enter the* SERVANT *hastily*, CLODIO, *and* MONSIEUR.

*Clo.* Ay, sir, have you found them?

*Serv.* Yes, sir, I had a sight of them; but they were just got on board a small vessel before I could overtake them.

*Cha.* Death and furies!

*Ant.* Whither were they bound, sirrah?

*Serv.* Sir, I could not discover that: but they were full before the wind, with a very smart gale.

*Ant.* What shall we do, brother?

*Clo.* Be as smart as they, sir; follow them, follow them.

*Cha.* Send to the port this moment, and secure a ship; I'll pursue them through all the elements.

*Clo.* I'll follow you by the northern star.

*Ant.* Run to the port again, rogue; hire a ship, and tell them they must hoist sail immediately.

[*Exit* SERVANT.

*Clo.* And you rogue, run to my chamber, fill up my snuff-box——Cram it hard, you dog, and be here again before you get thither. [*Exit* MONSIEUR.

*Ant.* What, will you take nothing else, boy?

*Clo.* Nothing, sir, but snuff and opportunity——we're in haste. *Allons!* hey! *Je vole.* [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT THE THIRD.

### SCENE I.

*Lisbon.*

*Enter* ELVIRA, DON DUART, *and* GOVERNOR.

*Elv.* Dear brother, let me intreat you, stay; why will you provoke your danger?

*Don D.* Madam, my honour must be satisfied.

*Elv.* That's done already, by the degrading blow you gave him.

*Gov.* Pray, niece, what is it has incens'd him?

*Elv.* Nothing but a needless quarrel.

*Gov.* I am sorry for him——To whom is all this fury, nephew?

*Don D.* To you, sir, or any man that dares oppose me.

*Gov.* Come, you are too boisterous, sir; and this vain opinion of your courage, taken on your late success in duelling, makes you daily shunned by men of civil conversation. For shame, leave off these senseless brawls; if you are valiant, as you would be thought, turn out your courage to the wars; let your king and country be the better for't.

*Don D.* Yes, so I might be general——Sir, no man living shall command me.

*Gov.* Sir, you shall find that here in Lisbon I will: I'm every hour followed with complaints of your behaviour from men of almost all conditions; and my authority, which you presume will bear you out, because you are my nephew, no longer shall protect you now: expect your next disorder to be punished with as much severity as his, that is a stranger to my blood.

*Don D.* Punish me! You, nor your office, dare not do't.—Fire! and furies! I'm tutor'd here like a mere school-boy! Women shall judge of injuries in honour!——For you, sir——I was born free, and will not curb my spirit, nor is it for your authority to tempt it: give me the usage of a man of honour, or 'tis not your government shall protect you. [*Exit.*

*Gov.* I am sorry to see this, niece, for your sake.

*Elv.* 'Would he were not my brother. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*A Street.*

*Enter* DON MANUEL, ANGELINA, *and* SAILORS.

*Don M.* Divide the spoil amongst you. this fair captive I only challenge for myself.

*Sail.* Sir, she's yours; you fought, and well deserve her. [*Exeunt* SAILORS.

*Enter* GOVERNOR.

*Gov.* Noble Don Manuel! welcome to Lisbon! I see you are fortunate: for I presume that's some uncommon prize.

*Don M.* She is, indeed, lord governor: These ten years I have known the seas, and many rough engagements there; but never saw so small a bark so long defended with such incredible valour, and by two men scarce armed too.

*Gov.* Is't possible!

*Don M.* Nay, and scarce had we secured our hard-won prize, before an Algerine grappled us; when the same two dreading to see this lovely creature made a prize to infidels, gallantly boarded her; but instantly——

*Ang.* Alas!

*Gov.* What then, sir?

*Don M.* She quitted us, and crowding all the sail she could, escaped our slower vessel.

*Gov.* And carried those brave gentlemen away—

*Don M.* No, my lord; for as they stood upon the deck disarmed and ready to be fettered, on a sudden (the younger taking first from this fair maid a farewell only with his eyes) both leaped into the sea.

*Gov.* 'Tis wonderful, indeed.

*Don M.* Had not our own safety hindered, (at that time another ship pursuing us) I would have ta'en them up, and with their lives they should have had their liberty.

*Ang.* Too late, alas! they're lost!——I am now friendless, miserable, and a slave.

*Don M.* Take comfort, fair one, perhaps you yet again may see them: they were not quite a league from shore, and with such strength and courage broke through the roiling waves, they could not fail of life and safety.

*Ang.* In that last hope, I brook a wretched being: but if they're dead, my woes will find so many doors to let out life, I shall not long survive them, but—

*Gov.* Alas, poor lady! misery but weeps the more when she is gazed on—I leave you—your servant, sir.— [*Exit* GOVERNOR.

*Don M.* Now, my fair captive, though I confess you beautiful, yet give me leave to own my heart has long been in another's keeping; therefore, the favour I am about to ask, you may at least hear with safety.

*Ang.* This has engaged me, sir, to hear.

*Don M.* These three years have I honourably loved a noble lady; her name Louisa, the beauteous niece of great Ferrara's Duke: sole mistress of herself and me, who long have languished in a hopeless constancy. Now, I would a while entreat your leave to recommend you, as her companion, to this lady's favour; and, (as I'm sure you'll soon be near her closest thoughts) if you can think upon the honest courtesies I hitherto have shown your modesty, and, in your happy talk, but name with any mark of favour, me, or my unwearied love, 'twould be a generous act would fix me ever grateful to its memory.

*Ang.* Such poor assistance, sir, as one distressed like me, can give, shall willingly be paid.

*Don M.* I'll study to deserve this goodness: for

the present, think my poor house your own; at night I'll wait upon you to the lady, till when I am your guard.

*Ang.* You have bound me to your service.

[*Exeunt* DON MANUEL *and* ANGELINA.

## SCENE III.

### *A Church.*

*The Vespers supposed to be just ended, several walking out,* CARLOS *and* DON LEWIS *rising near* LOUISA *and* HONORIA. LOUISA *observing* CARLOS.

*Hon.* Come, madam, shall we walk out? The crowd's pretty well over now.

*Lou.* But then that melancholy softness in his look! [*To herself.*

*Hon.* Cousin! Donna Louisa!

*Lou.* Even in his devotions too, such graceful adorations——so sweet a——

*Hon.* Cousin, will you go?

*Lou.* Pshaw! time enough——Pr'ythee let's walk a little this way.

[*They walk from* DON LEWIS *and* CARLOS.

*Car.* To what are we reserved?

*Don L.* For no good, I'm afraid——My ill luck don't use to give over when her hand's in—One misfortune generally comes galloping in upon the back of another——Drowning we have escaped miraculously; 'would the fear of hanging were over our being so strangely saved from one, smells terribly rank of the other. Though I am obliged to Charles, for what life I have, and I'll thank him if ever I set foot upon my estate again: 'twas just gone; if thou hadst not taken me up

the last hundred yards, by this time I had bee
for herrings and mackerel—But 'tis pretty well a
for there is not much difference between starvin
drowning.

*Car.* These are light wants to me—O! I c
wish the fate that saved us from the ocean's fur
kinder pity of our love's distress, had buried us in
wave embracing.

*Lou.* How tenderly he talks! This were indee
lover!—I'll have him dogged. Jaques!

[*Whispers* JAQU

*Don L.* A most unhappy loss, indeed! But com
don't despair, boy; the ship that took us was a Po
tuguese, of Lisbon too, I believe; who knows bu
some way or other we may hear of her yet?

*Car.* Have I not cause? Were not my force of faith
superior to my hopeless reason, I could not bear the
insults of my fortune.

*Don L.* Why now, would not this make any one
weep, to hear a young man talk so finely, when he is
almost famished?

*Lou.* Did you observe those strangers that have
walked by us?

*Hon.* Not much; but what of them?

*Lou.* Did you hear nothing of their talk?

*Hon.* I think I did; one of them, the younger,
seemed concerned for a lost mistress.

*Lou.* Ay, but so near, so tenderly concerned, hi s
looks as well as words, speaking an inward grief, that
could not flow from every common passion. I must
know more of him.

*Hon.* What do you mean?

*Lou.* Must speak to him.

*Hon.* By no means.

*Lou.* Why, you see they are strangers, I believe in
some necessity.

*Hon.* Consider.

*Lou.* I hate it

— sir—

*Don L.* Would you speak with me, madam?

*Lou.* If you please, with your friend——not to interrupt you, sir.

*Car.* Your pleasure, lady?

*Lou.* You seem a stranger, sir.

*Car.* A most unfortunate one.

*Lou.* If I am not deceived, in want: pardon my fredom——If I have erred, as freely tell me so; if not, as earnest of your better fortune, this trifle sues for your acceptance. [*Gives him Money.*

*Don L.* Take it, boy.

*Car.* A bounty so unmerited, and from a hand unknown, fills me with surprise and wonder. But give me leave, in honesty, to warn you lady, of a too heedless purchase; for if you mean it as a bribe to any evil you would have me practise, be not offended, if I dare not take it.

*Lou.* You are too scrupulous; I have no hard designs upon your honesty——only thus——be wise and cautious, if you should follow me; I am observed; farewell. Jaques!——Will you walk, cousin?

[*Exeunt* LOUISA *and* HONORIA.

*Don L.* Let's see; Odsheart! follow her, man—why, 'tis all gold!

*Car.* Dispose it as you please.

*Don L.* I'll first have a better title to't——No, 'tis all thine, boy——I hold an hundred pistoles she's some great fortune in love with you——I say, follow her——since you have lost one wife before you had her, I'd have you make sure of another before you lose her.

*Car.* Fortune, indeed, has dispossessed her of my person; but her firm title to my heart, not all the subtle arts or laws of love can shake or violate.

*Don L.* Pr'ythee follow her now; methinks I'd fain see thee in bed with somebody before I die.

*Car.* Be not so poor in thought; let me entreat

you rather to employ them, sir, with mine, in search of Angelina's fortune.

*Don L.* Well, dear Charles, don't chide me now; I do love thee, and will follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE IV.

*The Street.*

*Enter* ANTONIO *and* CHARINO.

*Ant.* You heard what the sailor said, brother; such a ship has put in here, and such persons were taken in it. Therefore, my advice is, immediately to get a warrant from the government, to search and take them up, wherever we can find them.

*Cha.* Sir, you must not tell me—I won't be chouse out of my daughter; I shall expect her, sir; if not, I'll take my course; I know the law. [*Walks about.*

*Ant.* You really have a great deal of dark wit, brother; but if you know any course better than a warrant to search for her, in the name of wisdom, take it; if not, here's my oath, and yours, and——how now, where's Clody?——Oh, here he comes——

*Enter* CLODIO, *searching his Pockets.*

How now? what's the matter, boy?

*Clo.* Ay, it's gone, split me!

*Ant.* What's the matter? [*Louder.*

*Clo.* The best joint in Christendom.

*Ant.* Clody?

*Clo.* Sir, I have lost my snuff-box.

*Ant.* Psha! a trifle; get thee another, man.

*Clo.* Sir, 'tis not to be had—besides, I dare not

show my face at Paris without it. What do you think her Grace will say to me?

*Cha.* Well, upon second thoughts, I am content to search.

*Clo.* I have searched all my pockets fifty times over, to no purpose.

*Cha.* Pockets!

*Clo.* It's impossible to fellow it, but in Paris —— I'll go to Paris, split me! [*Aside.*

*Cha.* Paris! Why, you don't suppose my daughter's there, sir?

*Clo.* I don't know but she may, sir: but I am sure they make the best joints in Europe there.

*Cha.* Joints!——my son-in-law, that should have been, seems strangely altered for the worse. But come, let's to the governor.

*Ant.* Come along, Clody.

[*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* CHARINO.

*Clo.* Sir, I must look a little; I'll follow you presently. My poor, pretty box! Ah, plague o'my sea voyage!

*Enter a* PAGE *hastily, with a Flambeau.*

*Serv.* By your leave, sir, my master's coming; pray, sir, clear the way.

*Clo.* Ha! why, thou art pert, my love; pr'ythee, who is thy master, child?

*Serv.* The valiant Don Duart, sir, nephew to the governor of Lisbon.

*Clo.* Well, child; and what, does he eat every man he meets?

*Serv.* No, sir; but he challenges every man that takes the wall of him, and always sends me before to clear the way.

*Clo.* Ha! a pretty harmless humour that! Is this he, child?—You may look as terrible as you please; I must banter you, split me! [*Aside.*

*Enter* DON DUART, *stalking up to* CLODIO.

*Don D.* Do you know me, sir?

*Clo.* Hey, ho! [*Looks carelessly on him, and gapes.*

*Don D.* Do you know me, sir?

*Clo.* You did not see my snuff-box, sir, did you?

*Don D.* Sir, in Lisbon, no man asks me a question covered. [*Strikes off* CLODY'S *hat*] Now, you know me.

*Clo.* Perfectly well, sir—Hi, hi! I like you mightily—you are not a bully, sir?

*Don. D.* You are saucy, friend.

*Clo.* Ay, it's a way I have, after I'm affronted—Thou art really the most extraordinary—umph—that ever I met with. Now, sir, do you know me? split me!

*Don D.* Know thee! take that, peasant!

[*Strikes him, and both draw.*

*Clo.* I can't, upon my soul, sir; *allons!* now we shall come to a right understanding. [*They fight.*

Clo. *Allons!* to our better acquaintance, sir—Ah, ha! [DON DUART *falls.*] he has it! never pushed better in my life, never in my life, split me!

*Page.* Oh, my master's killed! help, ho! murder! help!

*Clo.* Hey! why, faith, child, that's very true, as thou sayest; and so, the devil take the hindmost.

[*Exit* CLODIO.

*Enter* OFFICERS.

1 *Off.* How now! Who's that cries murder?

*Page.* Oh! my master's murdered! some of you follow me; this way he took; let's after him—help! murder! help! [*Exit.*

2 *Off.* 'Tis Don Duart.

1 *Off.* So, pride has got a fall; he has paid for't now; you have met with your match, 'faith, sir. Come, let's carry the body to that surgeon's: you pursue the murderer; I'll warrant him some civil

gentleman; ye need not make too much haste; for if he does escape, tis no great matter——Come along.

[*Exeunt with the Body.*

*Enter* CARLOS *and* DON LEWIS.

*Don L.* Come along, Charles; I'm sure tis she, by their description; and if that brawny dog, the captain has played her no foul play, she shan't want ransom, if all my estate can purchase it.

*Car.* Now, fortune guide us! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* JAQUES *and* BRAVOES.

*Jaques.* That's he, the tallest—be sure you spare his person—only force him into this chair, and carry him as directed.

1 *Brav.* What must be done with the old fellow?

*Jaques.* We must have him too, lest he should dog the other, and be troublesome. If he won't come quietly, bring him any how——Follow softly; we shall snap them as they turn the corner.

[*Exeunt after them.*

*A noise of* Follow, *&c. Enter* CLODIO *hastily from the other Side.*

*Clo.* Ah, pox of their noses! the dogs have smelled me out! What shall I do? If they take me, I shall be hanged, split me——Ha! a door open! 'faith I'll in at a venture. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter* BRAVOES, *with* CARLOS *in a Chair; some hauling in* DON LEWIS.

*Don L.* Oh, my poor boy, Charles!—Charles!—help! murder!—

1 *Brav.* Hold your peace, fool, if you'd be well used.

*Don L.* Sir, I will not hold my peace; dogs! rogues! villains! help! murder!

1 *Brav.* Nay, then, by your leave, old gentleman. —So, bring him along.

*Don L.* Aw, aw, aw!

[*They gag him, and carry him head and heels. Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

### *A Chamber.*

ELVIRA *and* ISABELLA.

*Elv.* Is not my brother come home yet?

*Isa.* I have not seen him, madam.

*Elv.* Go, send and seek him; go all of ye every where—I'll not rest till your return; take away your lights too; for my devotions are written in my heart, and I shall read them without a taper.

[*Exit* ISABELLA.

*Enter* CLODIO, *stealing in.*

*Clo.* Ah, poor Clody! what will become of thee? Thy condition, I'm afraid, is but very indifferent—Followed behind, stopped before, and beset on both sides! Ah, pox o'my wit! I must be bantering, must I? But let me see—where am I?—An odd sort of a house, this—all the doors open, and nobody in't; no noise, no whisper, no dog stirring!

*Elv.* Who's that?

*Clo.* Ha! a woman's voice!

*Elv.* Who are you? Who waits there? Stephano! Julia!

*Clo.* Gadso! 'tis the lady of the house: she can't see my unfortunate face however. Faith, I'll e'en make a grave speech, tell her my case, and beg her *protection.*

*Elv.* Speak! what are you?

*Clo.* Madam, a most unfortunate young gentleman.

*Elv.* I am sure you are a man of most ill manners, to press thus boldly to my private chamber. Whither would you? What want you?

*Clo.* Gracious madam, hear me; I am a stranger most unfortunate, and my distress has made me rudely press for your protection: if you refuse it, madam, I am undone for ever, by—I say, madam, I am utterly undone—'Twas coming faith! [*Aside.*

*Elv.* Alas! his fear confounds him. What is't pursues you, sir?

*Clo.* An outcry of officers; the law's at my heels, madam, tho' justice I'm not afraid of.

*Elv.* How could you offend the one and not the other?

*Clo.* Being provoked, madam, by the insolence of my enemy, in my own defence, I just now left him dead in the street. I am a very young man, madam, and I would not willingly be hanged in a strange country, methinks; which I certainly shall be, unless your tender charity protects me——Gad, I have a rare tongue! I have a rare tongue, faith! [*Aside.*

*Elv.* Poor wretch, I pity him!

*Clo.* Madam, your house is now my only sanctuary, my altar; therefore, I beg you, upon my knees, madam, take pity of a poor bleeding victim.

*Elv.* Are you a Castilian?

*Clo.* No, madam, I was born in—in—in—what d'ye call 'um—in——

*Elv.* Nay, I ask not with purpose to betray you; were you ten thousand times a Spaniard, the nation we Portuguese most hate, in such distress, I yet would give you my protection.

*Clo.* May I depend upon you, madam? Am I safe?

*Elv.* Safe as my power, my word, or vow can make you. Enter that door, which leads you to a closet; should the officers come, as you expect, they

such reverence to my lodgings, they'll search no further than my leave invites them.

*Clo.* D'ye think, madam, you can persuade them?

*Elv.* Fear not; I'll warrant you; away!

*Clo.* The breath of gods, and eloquence of angels, go along with you. [*Exit.*

*Elv.* Alas! who knows but that the charity I afford this stranger, perhaps my brother, elsewhere, may stand in need of? How he trembles! I hear his breath come short, hither. Be of comfort, sir, once more I give you my solemn promise for your safety.

*Enter Two* OFFICERS, ISABELLA, PAGE, *and* PEDRO.

*Page.* Oh, madam, madam! my master's killed.

*Elv.* What sayest thou?

*Pedro.* Your brother, madam, my master, young Don Duart's dead; he just now quarrelled with a gentleman, who unfortunately killed him in the street.

*Elv.* Ah, me!

*1 Off.* We are informed, madam, that the murderer was seen to enter this house, which made us press into it, to apprehend him.

*Clo.* Hey!—Why, what the devil! Am I safer than I would be now;—Exactly—I have nicked the house to a hair—Just so I did at Paris, too, when I took a lodging at a bailiff's, that had three writs against me—This damned closet, too, has ne'er a chimney to creep out at—Ah, poor Clody! [*Retires.*

*Elv.* Oh, my unhappy brother! such an end as this, thy haughty mind did long since prophesy; and to increase my misery, thy wretched sister wilfully must make a breach of what she has vowed, or thou fall unrevenged.

*Enter* GOVERNOR *and* SERVANTS.

*Gov.* Where's my unhappy niece—Alas! your

brother lies at a surgeon's yonder, past all recovery. Reproof comes now too late—he's dead! he's dead!

*Elv.* It shall be so; I'll take the lighter evil of the two, and keep the solemn vow to which just Heaven was witness: the wounds of perjury never can be cured; but justice may again o'ertake the murderer, when no rash vows protect him.

*Gov.* Take comfort, niece.

*Elv.* O forbear! Search for the murderer, and take order for my brother's funeral, while I shut out the offensive day, and here in solitude indulge my sorrow; therefore I beg my nearest friends, and you, my lord, for some few days, to spare your charitable visits.

*Gov.* I grieve for your misfortune, niece; but since you'll have it so, we take our leaves. Farewell——

[*Exeunt* GOVERNOR, SERVANTS, *&c.*

*Clo.* Hey! what, are they gone away without me; and by her contrivance too?——Gadso!

*Elv.* Whoe'er thou art, to whom I've given means of life, to let thee see with what religion I have kept my vow, come fearless forth, while night's thy friend, and pass unknown.

*Clo.* If this is not love, the devil's in't! [*Aside.*

*Elv.* Fly with the utmost speed, where I may never see thee more.

*Clo.* Ay, that's her modesty. [*Aside.*

*Elv.* And let that charitable faith thou hast found in me, persuade thee to atone thy crime by penitence.

*Clo.* Poor soul! I may find a better way to thank thee for't.

*Elv.* You are at the door now; farewell for ever.

[*Exit* ELVIRA.

*Clo.* Which is as much as to say, what would I give to see you again——All in good time, child——

[*Exit.*

## ACT THE FOURTH.

### SCENE I.

LOUISA'S *House.*

*Enter* LOUISA *and* JAQUES.

*Lou.* Were they both seized?

*Jaq.* Both, madam, and will be here immediately. I ran before, to give your ladyship notice.

*Lou.* You know my orders; when they are entered, bar all the doors, and, on your lives, let every one be mute, as I directed—I must retire a while. [*Exit.*

*Enter* BRAVOES, *who let* CARLOS *out of the Chair, while others throw down* DON LEWIS *gagged and bound.*

*Car.* So, gentlemen, you find I've not resisted you—but now, pray, let me know my crime? Why have you brought me hither? Where am I? if in prison, look in my face, perhaps you have mistaken me for another——[JAQUES *holds up his Lanthorn, nods, and exit with the rest.*] You seem not to know me, sir—All dumb, and vanished, my fortune's humourous; she sports with me.

*Don L.* Aw, aw!

*Car.* What's here? a fellow prisoner! Who are you?

*Don L.* Aw, aw!

*Car.* Do you speak no other language!

*Don L.* Aw, aw, aw! [*Louder.*

*Car.* Nay, that's the same.

*Don L.* Oh! [*Sighing.*

*Car.* Poor wretch! I am afraid he would speak if he could.

*Enter* JAQUES, *who releases* DON LEWIS.

Sure they think I walk in my sleep, and won't speak, for fear of waking me.

*Don L.* Sir, your most humble servant; and now my tongue's at liberty, pray, will you do me the favour to show me the way home again? What a plague, are you all dumb?——[*Exit* JAQUES.] Well, sir, and pray what are———Charles! ah! my dear boy!

*Car.* My uncle! Nay then my fortune has not quite forsaken me! How came you hither, sir?

*Don L.* Faith, like a corpse into a church, boy, with my heels foremost; but, pr'ythee, how didst thou come?

*Car.* You saw the man that seized us: they forced me into a chair, and brought me.

*Don L.* Well, but what is all this for? What would they have?

*Car.* That we must wait their pleasure to be informed of.

*Don L.* The sons of whores won't speak neither. Heyday! what's to be done now?

*Enter* JAQUES, *and Two* SERVANTS, *with a Banquet, Wine, and Lights.*

*Car.* More riddles yet; I dream, sure.

[JAQUES *compliments* DON LEWIS *to take his Chair.*

*Don L.* For me? Sir, your most humble servant: [*Sits.*] Charles, sit down, boy. Ha! ha! ha! a parcel of silly dumb dogs! Is this all the business? Puppies! did they think I would not come to supper, without being brought neck and heels to't.

*Car.* Amazement all! What can it end in?

*Don L.* Never trouble thy head, pr'ythee: fall to, man——Delicate food, truly——Here——Dumb! pr'ythee give's a glass of wine, to wet the way a little. Come, Charles, here's, here's—honest Dumb's he

—To thee: [*Drinks.*] Dumb's a very honest fellow, 'faith. [*Claps* JAQUES *on the Head.*

*Car.* What harmony's this? [*A Flourish.*

*Don L.* Rare music indeed; let's eat and hear it. [*Music here.*] Mighty fine, truly——I have not made an heartier meal a great while. [*Here* JAQUES *offers a Nightcap and Gown to* DON LEWIS.] Well, and what's to do now, lad? For me, boy? Odso, we lie here, do we?—mighty well that again, 'faith; (for I was just thinking to go home, but that I had ne'er a lodging:) nay, I always said honest Dumb knew how to make his friends welcome——Well, but it's time enough yet, sha'nt we crack a bottle first? Charles is melancholy. [JAQUES *shakes his Head.*] What, that's as much as to say, If I won't go. I shall be carried—Sir, your humble servant. [*Puts on the Gown.*] Well, Charles, good night, since they won't let me have a mind to stay any longer. I'll give a pistole though, to know what this will come to! Dumb, come along.

[*Exeunt* DON LEWIS *and* JAQUES.

*Car.* I'm bury'd in amusement—[*Music is heard.*] Ha, more music?

[*Music again.* DON LEWIS *appears above.*

*Don L.* So, at last I have groped out a window, that will let me into the secret; now if any foul play should happen, I am pretty near the street too, and can bawl out Murder! to the watch——But, mum, the door opens.

*Enter* LOUISA.

Hey! ah! what dull rogues were we not to suspect this before?——Dumb's a sly dog: 'tis she, 'faith—tum, dum, dum——Here will be fine work presently! toll, dum, di, dum——Now I shall see what mettle my boy's made of; tum, dum, dum.

*Lou.* You seem amazed, sir.

*Car.* Your pardon, lady, if I confess it raises much my wonder, why a stranger, friendless, and unknown,

should meet, unmerited, such floods of courtesy: for, if I mistake not, once this day before, I've tasted of your bounty.

*Lou.* I have forgot that; but I confess I saw you, sir.

*Car.* Why then was I forced hither? If you relieved me only from a soft compassion of my fortune, you could not think but such humanity might, on the slightest hint, have drawn me to be grateful.

*Lou.* I own I could not trust you to my fortune; I knew not but some other might have seen you —beside, methought you spoke less kind to me before.

*Car.* If my poor thanks were offered in too plain a dress, (as I confess, I'm little practised in the rules of graced behaviour) rather think me ignorant, than rude, and pity what you cannot pardon.

*Lou.* How could you charge yourself with such a thought? I scarce can think 'tis in your nature to be rude——at least to our sex.

*Car.* 'Twere more unpardonable there.

*Lou.* Nay, now you are too strict on the other side; for there may happen times, when what the world calls rudeness, a woman might be brought to pardon, seasons, when even modesty were ignorance——Pray be seated, sir,——nay, I'll have it so——Suppose yourself the man so loved, where could you find at such a time, excuses for your modesty?

*Car.* If I could love again, my eyes would tell her; if not, I would not seem to understand her.

*Lou.* Alas, you have too poor a sense of woman's love. Think you we have no invention? You would not understand her! how would you avoid it? When even her slightest look would speak too plain for that excuse; if not, she'd press you still with plainer, stronger proofs; her life, her fortune, should be yours: for where a woman loves, such gifts as these are trifles.

[*Gives him Jew*

*Car.* Is't possible! can there be such a woman?

*Lou.* Fie, I could chide you now; you would not sure be thought so slow of apprehension.

*Car.* I would not willingly be thought so vain, or so uncharitable, to suppose there could be such a one.

*Lou.* Nay, now you force me to forsake my sex, and tell you plain——I cannot speak it——yet you must know—I am this creature so reduced for you.

*Car.* Monstrous! [*Aside and rising.*

*Lou.* What is't you start at?

*Car.* Not for your beauty; though I confess you fair to a perfection, but when that beauty fades, (as time leaves none unvisited) what charm shall then secure my love? Your riches? No—an honest mind's above the bribes of fortune: for though distressed, a stranger, and in want, I thus return them thankless. Be modest, and be virtuous, I'll admire you; all good men will adore you, and when your beauty and your fortune are no more, will still deliver down your name revered to ages.

*Lou.* Oh, say you will be mine, and make your own conditions. If you suspect my temper, bind me by the most sacred tie, and let my love, my person, and my fortune, lawfully be yours.

*Car.* Madam, I'll be at once sincere, and tell you, 'tis impossible that we should ever meet in love.

*Lou.* Impossible! Oh, why?

*Car.* Because my love, my vows, and faith, are given to another: therefore, since you find I dare be honest, be early wise, and now release me to my fortune.

*Lou.* I cannot part with you.

*Car.* You must! I cannot with my reason——

*Lou.* Ungrateful! Will you go? Take heed! for you have proved I am not mistress of my temper.

*Car.* I see it, and am sorry, but needed not this threat to drive me; for still I dare be just, and force myself away. [*Exit* CARLOS.

*Lou.* Oh, torture! left! refused! despised! Have I thrown off my pride for this! Oh, insupportable! ——If I am not revenged, may all the——well.

[*Walks disordered,*

*Don L.* What a plague, are all these fine things come to nothing then!——Poor soul! she's in great heat truly———Ah, silly rogue!———now could I find in my heart to put her into good humour again —I have a great mind, 'faith——Odd, she's a hummer———A strange mind, I ha'nt had such a mind a great while—Hey!——ay; I'll do't, faith——if she does but stay now; ah, if she does but stay! [*As he is getting from the Balcony,* LOUISA *is speaking to* JAQUES.

*Lou.* Who waits there?

*Enter* JAQUES.

Where's the stranger?

*Jaq.* Madam, I met him just now walking hastily about the gallery.

*Lou.* Are all the doors fast?

*Jaq.* All barred, madam.

*Lou.* Put out all your lights too, and on your lives let no one ask or answer him any question: but be you still near to observe him. [*Exit* JAQUES. Ah! [DON LEWIS *drops down.*

*Don L.* Odso, my back!

*Lou.* Bless me, who's this? what are you?

*Don L.* Not above fifty, madam.

*Lou.* Whence come you? what's your business?

*Don L.* Finishing.

*Lou.* Who showed, who brought you hither?

*Don L.* Dumb, honest Dumb.

*Lou.* Will you be gone, sir? I have no time to fool away.

*Don L.* Yes, but you have! what, don't I know?

*Lou.* Pray, sir, who? What is't you take me for?

*Don L.* A delicate piece of work, truly, but not finished; you understand me.

*Lou.* You are mad, sir!

*Don L.* I say, don't you be so modest; for there are times, do you see, when even modesty is ignorance, (pray be seated, madam——nay, I'll have it so) ah!

[*Sits down and mimicks her Behaviour to* CARLOS.

*Lou.* Confusion! have I exposed myself to this wretch, too!——had witness to my folly——nay, I deserve it. [*Stands mute.*

*Don L.* So, so, I shall bring her to terms presently ——you have a world of pretty jewels here, madam——but where a woman loves, such gifts as these are trifles. [*Mimicks again.*

*Lou.* Insupportable! within there!

*Enter* BRAVOES *and* JAQUES.

*Don L.* Hey! [*Rising.*

*Jaq.* Did your ladyship call, madam?

*Don L.* I don't like her looks, 'faith. [*Aside.*

*Lou.* Here, take this fool, let him be gagged, tied neck and heels, and locked into a garret; away with him.

*Don L.* Dumb! Dumb! help, Dumb! Dumb! stand by me, Dumb! A pox of my finishing, aw! aw! [*They gag him, and carry him off.*

*Lou.* The insolence of this fool was more provoking than the other's scorn; but I shall yet find ways to measure my revenge. [*Exit* LOUISA.

*Enter* CARLOS *in the Dark.*

*Car.* What can this woman mean? The doors all barred; the lights put out; the servants mute. I would the worst would show itself. Ha, yonder's a light, I'll follow it, and provoke my fortune. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*Another Room.*

*Enter* ANGELINA, *with a Light.*

*Ang.* I cannot like this house; for now, as going to my rest, my ears were alarmedwith the cries of one that called for help; I've seen strange faces too, that carry guilt and terror in their looks; and yet the officer that placed me here, appeared of honest thought —What can this mean? No matter what, since nothing but the loss of him I love, can worse befal me! ——Hark, what noise? is the door fast? Ah!

[*Going to shut it.*

*Enter* CARLOS *and* JAQUES *listening.*

*Car.* Ha, another lady! and alone!

*Ang.* Ha, that voice! [*Amazed.*] My Carlos—— Oh!

*Car.* 'Tis she! my long lost love, my living Angelina! [*Embraces her.*

*Jaq.* Say you so, sir? this shall to my lady.

[*Exit* JAQUES.

*Ang.* Oh, let me hold you ever thus, lest fate again should part us.

*Car.* 'Twas death indeed to part, but from so hard a separation, thus again to meet, is life restored.

*Ang* Oh, I were happy, blessed above my sex, could but my plain simplicity of love deserve your kind endearments.

*Enter* JAQUES *and* LOUISA *at a Distance.*

*Jaq.* They are there.

*Lou.* Leave me. [*Exit* JAQUES, *and* LOUISA *listens.*

*Ang.* I cannot bear to see you thus: for my sake

don't despond: for while you seem in hope, I shall easily be cheerful.

*Car.* Oh, thou engaging softness! thy courage has revived me; no, we'll not despair; the guardian power that hitherto has saved us, may now, protect and fix us happy.

*Lou.* Ha! so near acquainted——— [*Behind.*

*Car.* And yet our safety bids us part this moment. How came you hither?

*Ang.* The officer, that made me captive, proved a worthy man, and placed me here, as a companion to the lady of this dwelling.

*Car.* Ha! to what end?

*Ang.* He said, to be the advocate of his successless love; for he confessed he woo'd her honourably.

*Car.* Is't possible? Oh, I could tell thee such a tale!

*Ang.* You amaze me; pray what is it?

*Car.* This is no time—Let it suffice the doors are barred against me; this moment I am a prisoner to her fury; if thou canst help me to any means of safety, or escape, ask me no questions, but be quick, and tell me.

*Ang.* Now you frighten me; but here, through my apartment, leads a passage to the garden, at the lower end you'll find a mount; if you dare drop from thence, I'll show you: but can't you say when I may hope again to see you?

*Car.* About an hour hence walking in the garden, ready for your escape; for if I live, I'll come provided with the means to make it sure.

*Ang.* You will not fail.

*Car.* If I survive, depend on me; till when, may Heav'n support thy innocence!

*Ang.* Follow me—— [*Exeunt hastily.*

*Lou.* Are you so nimble, sir? Who waits there?

*Enter* JAQUES.

Run, take help, and stop the stranger; he is now making his escape through the garden;—fly. [*Exit* JAQUES.] Revenge, like a viper, gnaws upon my quiet, and I must change its food, or leave my being; No, if I forego a second time that dear support, my pride, may I become as miserable as that wretch, that destined fool he dotes on. Ha, she is returned; yonder she passes; with what assured contentment in her looks!

*Enter* JAQUES.

Now, have you brought him?

*Jaq.* Madam, we made what haste we could, but the gentleman reached the mount before us, and escaped over the garden wall.

*Lou.* Escaped, villain! Durst thou tell me so?

*Jaq.* If your ladyship had called me a little sooner, we had taken him. Who the devil is this stranger? [*Aside.*

*Lou.* Fool that I am, I betray myself to my own servants!——Well, 'tis no matter, go. [*Exit* JAQUES.] He has not left me hopeless yet; an hour hence he promised to be here again; and if he keeps his word, he yet, at least in my revenge, shall prove me woman. [*Exit* LOUISA.

SCENE III.

*The Street.*

*Enter* DON DUART, *disguised, with a Servant.*

*Don D.* Where did you find him?

*Serv.* Hard by, sir, at an house of entertainment, *he's now coming* forth; that's he.

*Enter* CLODIO.

*Don D.* I scarce remember him, I would not lingly mistake——I'll observe him.

*Clo.* So! now if I can but pick up an honest low, to crack one bottle, I think I shall finish the d as smartly as the Grand Signior——Hold, let see, what has my hasty refreshment cost me her ——umb - —umb——umb [*Counts his Money.*] s ven pistoles, by Jupiter.

*Don D.* 'Tis the same;—leave me——[*Exit Ser vant.*] Your servant, sir.

*Clo.* ——Sir——Your humble servant.

*Don D.* Pardon a stranger's freedom, sir; but when you know my business——

*Clo.* Sir, if you'll take a bottle, I shall be proud of your acquaintance; and if I don't do your business before we part, I'll knock under the table.

*Don D.* Sir, I shall be glad to drink with you, but at present am incapable of sitting to it.

*Clo.* Why then, sir, you shall only drink as long as you can stand! we'll have a bottle here, sir——Hey, Madona! [*Calls at the Door.*

*Don D.* A very frank humoured gentleman; I'll know him farther——I presume, sir, you are not of Portugal?

*Clo.* No, sir——I am a kind of a——what dy'e call'um——a sort of a here——and——thereian; I am a stranger no where.

*Don D.* Have you travelled far, sir?

*Clo.* My tour of Europe, or so, sir;—I came this summer from Rome.

*Enter a* SERVANT *with Wine.*

So, so! here's the wine! Come, sir, to our better acquaintance——'Faith, I like you mightily——*Allons!*

*Don D.* I find, sir, you have taken a taste of all

the countries you have travelled through; but I presume your chief amusement has lain among the ladies. You fared well in France, I hope?

*Clo.* Yes, 'faith, as far as my pocket would go: but no money, no Mademoiselle; no ducat, no duchess; no pistole, no princess———By the way, let me tell you, sir, your Lisbonites are held up at a pretty smart rate too.

*Don D.* But, pray, sir, among all your adventures, has no particular lady's merit encouraged you to advance your own fortune by marriage?

*Clo.* Sir, I have been so near marriage, that my wedding-day has been come, but it was never over yet; split me!

*Don D.* How so, sir?

*Clo.* Why, the priest, the bride, and the dinner, were all ready dressed, 'faith; but before I could fall to, my elder brother, sir, comes me in, with a damned long stride, and a sharp stomach — says a short grace, and——whipped her up like an oyster.

*Don D.* You had ill fortune, sir.

*Clo.* Sir, fortune is not much in my debt, for you must know, sir, though I lost my wife, I have saved hanging here in Lisbon.

*Don D.* That I know you have, to my comfort, sir.

*Clo.* Hey! what the devil! have I been all this while treating an officer, that has a warrant upon me——Pray, sir, if it be no offence, may I ask the favour to know who you are?

*Don D.* Let it suffice, I own myself your debtor, I am your debtor, sir; you fought a gentleman they call Don Duart——I knew him well, he was a proud insulting fellow, and my cousin, you have killed him, and I thank you; nay, I love you for it fairly too; and for the action, I demand you all recommand my sword or fortune.

*Clo.* Pray, sir——is there no gaol in all this

*Don D.* Sir, you may trust to my sincerity; I ask for no return, but to be informed how I may do you service. [*Offers him a Purse.*

*Clo.* Sir, your health;—I take your word, though I decline your money.———I'll give you information presently. [*Drinks.*] Pray, sir, do you know the gentleman's sister that I fought with? That is, do you know what reputation, what fortune she has?

*Don D.* I know her fortune to be worth above twelve thousand pistoles; her reputation yet unsullied; but pray sir, why may you ask this?

*Clo.* Now, I'll tell you, sir———twelve thousand pistoles, you say?

*Don D.* I speak the least, sir.

*Clo.* Why, this very lady, after I had killed her brother, gave me the protection of her house; hid me in her closet, while the officers came to search for me; and, as soon as their backs were turned, poor soul! hurried me out at a private door, with tears in her eyes, 'faith! Now, sir, what think you? Is not this hint broad enough for a man to make love upon?

*Don D.* Confusion! [*Aside.*

*Clo.* Look you, sir, now, if you dare, give me a proof of your friendship; will you do me the favour to carry a letter to her?

*Don D.* Let me consider, sir——Death and fire! is all her height of sorrow but dissembled then?—but this requires my farther search [*Aside.*]——May I depend on this for truth, sir?

*Clo.* Why, sir, you don't suppose I banter a lady of her quality?

*Don D.* Damnation! [*Aside.*] Well, sir, I'll take your letter; but first let me be well acquainted with my errand.

*Clo.* Sir, I'll write this moment; if you please,

we'll step into this house here, and finish the business over another bottle.

*Don D.* With all my heart.

Clo. *Allons! Entrez.* [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT THE FIFTH.

### SCENE I.

LOUISA's *House.*

LOUISA *and* JAQUES.

*Lou.* Is the lady seized?

*Jaq.* Yes, madam, and half dead with the fright.

*Lou.* Let them be ready to produce her, as I directed. When the stranger's taken, bring me immediate notice: 'tis near his time, away! [*Exit* JAQUES.] Had he not loved another, methinks I could have borne this usage—Hark, what noise! they have him sure! How now!

*Enter* JAQUES.

*Jaq.* Madam, the gentleman is taken.

*Lou.* Bring him in———Revenge, I thank thee now.

*Enter* CARLOS.

So, sir, you are returned, it seems; you can love then! You have an heart, I find, though not for me! Perhaps you came to seek a worthier mistress here; 'twould

be uncharitable to disappoint your love——I'll help your search: if she be here, be sure she's safe—Open that door there.

[*Door opens, and discovers two* BRAVOES *with* ANGELINA, *an Handkerchief on her Neck, which they hold ready to strangle her.*

Now, sir, is this the lady?

*Car.* My Angelina!

*Lou.* If you approach, she dies.

*Ang.* Oh, miserable meeting!

*Lou.* Now let me see you smile, and rudely throw me from your arms; now scorn my love, my passion, and my fortune.

*Car.* Oh, cruelty of fate! that could betray such innocence.

*Lou.* What, not a word to soften yet thy obstinate aversion! thou wretched fool, thus to provoke thy ruin——End her. [*To the* BRAVOES.

*Car.* Oh, hold! for pity hold and hear me.

*Lou.* I've learned from you to use my pity——On one condition yet she lives an hour, but if refused——

*Car.* Name not a refusal, be it danger, death, or tortures, any thing that life can do to save her.

*Lou.* Presuming fool! were I inclined to save her life, (which, by my hopes of peace, I do not mean,) canst thou believe this insolent concern for her to my face would not provoke my vengeance?

*Car.* Yet hold! if revenge alone can sate your fury, at least misplace it not; mine was the offence, be mine the punishment.

*Lou.* How he disarms my anger! But must my rival triumph then?

*Ang.* Charge me not with such abhorred ingratitude: be witness, Heaven, I'll for ever serve you, court you, and confess you my preserver.

*Car.* For pity, yet resolve, and force your temper to a moment's pause. See at your feet my humbled scorn imploring, crushed, and prostrate, like a vile slave, that

falls below your last contempt, and trembling begs for mercy.

*Lou.* He buries my revenge in blushes. Release the lady——go. [*Exeunt* BRAVOES.] And now farewell my follies, and my mistaken love: Love long and happily; forgive my follies past, and you have overpaid me. [*Joins their Hands.*

*Car.* My Angelina, do I then live to hold thee thus? —But first let's kneel and pay our thanks to Heaven, and this our kind preserver.

*Lou.* Nay, now you give me a confusion. [*Raises them.*] But if you dare trust me with the story of your love's distress, as far as my fortune can, command it freely, to supply your present wants, or any future means proposed to give you lasting happiness.

*Car.* Eternal rounds of never-ending peace reward your wondrous bounty;—But I have been too busy in my joy, I almost had forgot my friendly uncle, the ancient gentleman that first came hither with me; how have you disposed of him?

*Lou.* I think he's here, and safe———who waits there?

*Enter* JAQUES.

Release the gentleman above, and tell him that his friends desire him. [*Exit* JAQUES.] You'll pardon, sir, the treatment I have shown him; he made a little too merry with my folly, which, I confess, at that time, something too far incensed me.

*Car.* He's old and cheerful, apt to be free; but he'll be sorry when his humour gives offence.

*Enter* DON LEWIS, JAQUES *bowing to him.*

*Don L.* Pr'ythee, honest Dumb, don't be so ceremonious! I tell thee it's very well as it is, (only my jaws ache a little:) but as long as we're all friends, it's no great matter——My dear Charles, I must buss thee.

'faith!——Madam, your humble servant———I beg your pardon, d'ye see——you understand me.

[*Exit* JAQUES.

*Lou.* I hope we are all friends, sir.

*Don L.* I hope we are, madam——I am an honest old fellow, 'faith; though now and then I am a little odd, too.

*Car.* Here's a stranger, uncle.

*Don L.* What, my little blossom! my gilliflower! my rose! my pink! my tulip! 'faith, I must smell thee. [*Salutes* ANGELINA.] Odd, she's a delicate nose-gay!—Well, 'faith, I am heartily joyed to see thee, child.

*Ang.* I thank you, sir; and wish I may deserve your love: our fortune, once again, is kind; but how it comes about———

*Don L.* Does not signify three-pence; when fortune pays me a visit, I seldom trouble myself to know which way she came——I tell you, I am glad to see you.

*Enter* JAQUES.

*Jaq.* Madam, here's the Lord Governor come to wait upon your ladyship.

*Lou.* At this late hour! What can his business be? Desire his lordship to walk in.

*Enter* GOVERNOR.

*Gov.* Pardon, madam, this unseasonable visit.

*Lou.* Your lordship does me honour.

*Gov.* At least, I hope, my business will excuse it. Some strangers, here below, upon their offered oaths, demanded my authority to search your house for a lost young lady, to whom the one of them affirms himself the father: but the respect I owe your ladyship, made me refuse their search, till I had spoken with you.

*Ang.* It must be they——Now, madam, your protection, or we yet are lost.

*Lou.* Be not concerned! would you avoid them?

*Car.* No, we must be found; let them have entrance: we have an honest cause, and would provoke it's trial.

*Lou.* Conduct the gentlemen without. [*Exit* JAQUES.] My lord, I'll answer for their honesty; and, as they are strangers, where the law's severe, must beg you'd favour and assist them.

*Gov.* You may command me, madam; though there's no great fear; for having heard the most that they could urge against them, I found in their complaints, more spleen and humour, than any just appearance of a real injury.

*Enter* CHARINO, ANTONIO, *and* CLODIO.

*Cha.* I'll have justice.

*Ant.* Don't be too hot, brother.

*Cha.* I demand justice.

*Gov.* That's the lady, sir, I told you of.

*Clo.* Ay, that's she, my lord, I am witness.

*Car.* My father! Sir, your pardon, and your blessing.

*Ant.* Why, truly, Charles, I begin to be a little reconciled to the matter; I wish you well, though I can't join you together; for my friend and brother here, is very obstinate, and will admit of no satisfaction; but however, Heaven will bless you in spite of his teeth.

*Cha.* This is all contrivance, roguery! I am abused! I say, deliver my daughter——she is an heiress, sir; and to detain her is a rape in law, sir, and I'll have you all hanged; therefore no more delays, sir; for I tell you beforehand, I am a wise man, and 'tis impossible to trick me.

*Ant.* I say, you are too positive, brother; and when you learn more wisdom, you'll have some.

*Cha.* I say, brother, this is mere malice, when you know, in your own conscience, I have ten times your understanding; for you see I am quite of another opinion; and so, once more, my lord, I demand justice against that ravisher.

*Gov.* Does your daughter, sir, complain of any violence?

*Cha.* Your lordship knows young girls never complain, when the violence is over; he has taught her better, I suppose.

*Ang.* [*To* CHARINO, *kneeling.*] Sir, you are my father, bred me, cherished me, gave me my affections, taught me to keep them hitherto within the bounds of honour and of virtue; let me conjure you, by the chaste love my mother bore you, when she preferred, to her mistaken parents choice, her being yours without a dower, not to bestow my person, where those affections ne'er can follow—I cannot love that gentleman more than a sister ought.

*Clo.* No! that's very odd.

*Ang.* But here my heart's subdued, even to the last compliance with my fortune: he, sir, has nobly wooed and won me; and I am only his, or miserable.

*Cha.* Get up again.

*Gov.* Come, sir; be persuaded; your daughter has made an honourable and happy choice; this severity will but expose yourself and her.

*Cha.* My lord, I don't want advice: I'll consider with myself, and resolve upon my own opinion.

*Enter* JAQUES.

*Jaq.* My lord, here's a stranger without, inquires for your lordship, and for a gentleman that calls himself Clodio.

*Clo.* Hey! *Ah, mon cher ami!*

*Enter* DON DUART, *disguised.*

Well, what news, my dear? Has she answered my letter?

*Don D.* There, sir,——This to your lordship.
[*Gives him a Letter, and whispers.*

*Gov.* Married to-night! and to this gentleman, sayest thou? I'm amazed.

*Don D.* Here is her choice, my lord.

*Clo.* [*Reading the Letter.*]—um—um—*charms—irresistible—excuse—so soon—passion—blushes—consent—provision—children—settlement—marriage*—If this is not plain, the devil's in't——Hold, here's more, 'faith— [*Reads to himself.*

*Gov.* 'Tis very sudden——but give my service, I'll wait upon her.

*Clo.* Ha! ha! ha! poor soul! I'll be with her presently; and 'faith, since I have made my own fortune, I'll e'en patch up my brother's too. Hark you, my dear dad, that should ha' been—This business is all at an end——for, look you, I find your daughter's engaged; and, to tell you the truth, so am I, 'faith. If my brother has a mind to marry her, let him; for I shall not, split me!——And now, gentlemen and ladies, if you will do me the honour to grace mine and the Lady Elvira's wedding, such homely entertainment as my poor house affords, you shall be all heartily welcome to.

*Don L.* Thy house! ha! ha! Well said, puppy.

*Clo.* Ha! old Testy!

*Cha.* What dost thou mean, man? [*To* CLODIO.

*Gov.* 'Tis even so, I can assure you, sir; I have, myself an invitation from the lady's own hand, that confirms it: I know her fortune well, and am surprised at it.

*Ang.* Blessed news! This seems a forward step to reconcile us all.

*Cha.* If this be true, my lord, I have been thinking to no purpose; my design is all broke to pieces.

*Ant.* Come, brother, we'll mend it as well as we can; and since that young rogue has rudely turned tail upon your daughter, I'll fill up the blank with Charles's name, and let the rest of the settlement stand as it was.

*Cha.* Hold, I'll first see this wedding, and then give you my final resolution.

*Clo.* Come, ladies, if you please, I will show you the way.

*Low.* Sir, we wait upon you.

*Cha.* This wedding's an odd thing.

*Don L.* Ha! ha! if it should be a lie, now!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

ELVIRA'S *Apartment.*

*Enter* ELVIRA *and* SERVANT.

*Elv.* Are the officers ready?

*Serv.* Yes, madam, and know your ladyship's orders.

*Elv.* Now, justice shall uncloud my fame, and see my daughter's death revenged.

*Enter* CHARLES, GOVERNOR, ANTONIO, ANGELINA, CAMILLA, CHARINO, *and* DON LEWIS.

*Cha.* Well, madam, you see I'm punctual——you've wicked your man, 'faith; I'm always critical——to a minute. You'll never stay for me. Ladies and gentlemen, I desire you'll do me the honour of being better acquainted here——my lord——

*Gov.* 'Give you joy, madam.

*Clo.* Nay, madam, I have brought you some near relations of my own, too——This Don Antonio, who will shortly have the honour to call you daughter.

*Ant.* The young rogue has made a pretty choice, 'faith.

*Clo.* This Don Charino, who was very near having the honour of calling me son. This my wife that should have been. This my elder brother——and this my noble uncle, Don Choleric Snapshorto de Testy.

*Don L.* Puppy.

*Clo.* Peevish.

*Don L.* Madam, I wish you joy with all my heart. but truly, I can't much advise you to marry this gentleman; because, in a day or two, you'll really find him extremely shocking: those that know him, generally give him the title of Don Dismallo Thickscullo de Halfwitto.

*Clo.* Well said, nuncle, ha! ha!

*Enter* SERVANT, *and* DON DUART *as a Priest.*

*Serv.* Madam, the priest is come.

*Elv.* Let him wait, we have no occasion yet.

*Gov.* You have surprised us, madam, by this sudden marriage.

*Elv.* I may yet surprise you more, my lord.

*Gov.* Sir, don't you think your bride looks melancholy?

*Clo.* Ay, poor fool, she's modest——but I have a cure for that——Well, my princess, why that demure look now?

*Elv.* I was thinking, sir—

*Clo.* I know what you think of—You don't think at all——You don't know what to think.——You neither see, hear, feel, smell, nor taste——You han't the right use of one of your senses—In short, you have it. Now, my princess, have not I nicked it?

*Elv.* I am sorry, sir, you know so little of y
or me. Within, there——seize him!
[*Several* OFFICERS *rush in, who seize* C
*and bind him.*
*Don D.* Ha!
*Gov.* What can this mean?
*Clo.* Gad me! what, is my deary in her froli
ready?
*Elv.* And now, my lord, your justice on that n
derer.
*Gov.* How, madam!
*Clo.* That bitch, my fortune!
*Don L.* Madam, upon my knees, I beg you do
carry the jest too far; but if there be any real hop
of his having a halter, let's know it in three words, tha
I may be sure at once for ever, that no earthly thin
but a reprieve can save him. [*Aside to* ELVIRA.
*Ant.* Pray, madam, who accuses him?
*Elv.* His own confession, sir.
*Cha.* Of murder say you, madam?
*Elv.* The murder of my brother.
*Don D.* She is innocent, and well has disappointed
my revenge.
*Don L.* So, now I am a little easy—the puppy will
be hanged. [*Aside.*
*Gov.* Give me leave, madam, to ask you yet some
farther questions.
*Clo.* Ay,——I shall be hanged, I believe.
*Cha.* Nay, then, 'tis time to take care of my daugh-
ter; for I am convinced that my friend Clody is dis-
posed of—and so, without compliment, do you see,
children, Heaven bless you together.
[*Joins* CARLOS' *and* ANGELINA'S *Hands.*
*Car.* This, sir, is a time unfit to thank you as we
ought.
*Ant.* Well, brother, I thank you, however; Charles
is an honest lad, and well deserves her; but poor
Clody's ill fortune I could never have suspected.

*Don L.* Why, you would be positive, though you know, brother, I always told you, Dismal would be hanged; I must plague him a little, because the dog has been pert with me——Clody, how dost thou do? Ha! why you are tied!

*Clo.* I hate this old fellow, split me!

*Don L.* Thou hast really made a damned blunder here, child: to invite so many people to a marriage-knot, and instead of that it's like to be one under the left ear.

*Clo.* I'd fain have him die.

*Don L.* Well, my dear, I'll provide for thy going off, however; let me see, you'll only have occasion for a nosegay, a pair of white gloves, and a coffin: look you, take you no care about the surgeons, you shall not be anatomized—I'll get the body off with a wet finger—Though, methinks I'd fain see the inside of the puppy, too.

*Clo.* Oh, rot him! I can't bear this.

*Don L.* Well, I won't trouble you any more now, child; if I am not engaged, I don't know but I may come to the tree, and sing a stave or two with thee—Nay, I'll rise on purpose—though you will hardly suffer before twelve o'clock, neither—ay, just about twelve—about twelve you'll be turned off.

*Clo.* Oh, curse consume him!

*Gov.* I am convinced, madam, the fact appears too plain.

*Don L.* Yes, yes, he'll suffer.

*Gov.* What says the gentleman? Do you confess the fact, sir?

*Clo.* Will it do me any good, my lord?

*Gov.* Perhaps it may, if you can prove it was not done in malice.

*Clo.* Why, then, to confess the truth, my lord, I did pink him, and am sorry for't; but it was none of my fault, split me!

*Elv.* Now, my lord, your justice.

*Don D.* Hold, madam, that remains in me to give; for know, your brother lives, and happy in the proof of such a sister's virtue. [*Discovers himself.*

*Elv.* My brother! Oh, let my wonder speak my joy!

*Clo.* Hey! [CLODIO *and his Friends seem surprised.*

*Gov.* Don Duart! living and well! How came this strange recovery?

*Don D.* My body's health the surgeon has restored; but here's the true physician of my mind; the hot distempered blood, which lately rendered me offensive to mankind, his just resenting sword let forth, which gave me leisure to reflect upon my follies past; and, by reflection, to reform.

*Elv.* This is indeed a happy change!

*Gov.* Release the gentleman.

*Clo.* Here, Testy, pr'ythee do so much as untie this a little.

*Don L.* Why, so I will, sirrah; I find thou hast done a mettled thing; and I don't know whether it's worth my while to be shocked at thee any longer.

*Elv.* I ask your pardon for the wrong I have done you, sir; and blush to think how much I owe you, for a brother thus restored.

*Clo.* Madam, your very humble servant, it's mighty well as it is.

*Don D.* We are, indeed, his debtors both; and, sister, there's but one way now of being grateful. For my sake, give him such returns of love, as he may yet think fit to ask, or you with modesty can answer.

*Clo.* Sir, I thank you; and when you don't think it impudence in me to wish myself well with your sister, I shall beg leave to make use of your friendship.

*Don D.* This modesty commends you, sir.

*Ant.* Sir, you have proposed, like a man of honour; and if the lady can but like of it, she shall find those among us, that will make up a fortune to deserve her.

*Car.* I wish my brother well; and as I once offered him to divide my birth-right, I'm ready still to put my words into performance.

*Don L.* Nay, then, since I find the rogue's no longer like to be an enemy to Carlos, as far as a few acres go, I'll be his friend too.

*Don D.* Sister!

*Elv.* This is no trifle, brother; allow me a convenient time to think, and if the gentleman continues to deserve your friendship, he shall not much complain I am his enemy.

*Don L.* So, now it will be a wedding again, 'faith!

*Car.* Come, my Angelina,
Our bark, at length, has found a quiet harbour,
And the distressful voyage of our loves,
Ends not alone in safety, but reward.
Now we unlade our freight of happiness,
Of which, from thee alone, my share's deriv'd;
For all my former search in deep philosophy,
Not knowing thee, was a mere dream of life:
But love, in one soft moment, taught me more
Than all the volumes of the learn'd could reach;
Gave me the proof, when nature's birth began,
To what great end th' ETERNAL form'd a man.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

# SHE WOULD AND SHE WOULD NOT

DON MANUEL.—SIR, THIS BLANCHE JADE HAS A MIND TO DESTINY ME AND AT ONCE.

ACT. III. SCENE 2.

PAINTED BY KINGSBURY. PUBLISHED BY BOYDELL & CO. ENGRAVED BY HEATH.

# SHE WOU'D AND SHE WOU'D NOT;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
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LONDON.

# REMARKS.

This comedy has neither wit nor sentiment—but it has, instead, swearing, lying, and imposture.—These vices are, however, mingled so dexterously with interesting plot, excellent occurrence, and some bold characters, that the whole composition is entertaining on the stage; though it must infallibly create animadversion, both there, and in the closet.

As soon as an English writer finds himself on Spanish ground, as in this play, there is no event, however impossible, that he does not treat as a probability; and an audience, on such occasions, no sooner find their imagination led somewhat too far into the regions of fancy, then, calling to mind that the scene is placed in a foreign country, they begin to account every circumstance natural, however contrary to the rules of reason—as if reason presided alone over the island of Great Britain.

The reader of "She would and she would not," will have occasion, very often, to recollect, that he is as far removed from Old England as the metropolis of Madrid, before he will be able to reconcile himself to all the wonders contained in the book. Here, two women pass through the whole play, without e

citing the least suspicion of their sex, for two men—and, along with other as extraordinary incidents, a brother does not know his own sister, nor a lover his most beloved mistress, in familiar conference, because they are dressed in men's attire.

But the trivial occurrence, from whence the following five acts are wholly produced, is the loss of a portmanteau; and it is most curious to watch the ingenuity of the author through all those intricate contrivances, and plausible explanations, by which, upon this slight incident, he continually baffles the wise plans of one party of his characters, by the crafty schemes of the other.

Humorous suspense, and more humorous surprise, are the reward of strict attention to the scenes of this drama—and, from the rising of the curtain till its falling, one comic event, will be found, artfully to create another; whilst the importance of each is augmented as each successively takes place; till the catastrophe, the most important of all, completes a work most whimsically conceived, and most skilfully conducted to its very close.

Those characters which have any peculiar mark of distinction, beyond what the happy occurrence of the moment produces, are Don Manuel, Trappanti, and Hypolita—one a father, the other a servant man, and the last a young lady in love. But these three personages, though all extremely pleasant on the stage, are, in their individual capacities, such as no child would revere, no master would trust, and no *prudent man* would take for a wife.

Considering all the failings of this play, in point of moral use,—or, more justly, its bias to immoral purpose—the attempt to draw a moral at its conclusion, is nearly as comic as any thing in the whole production. Hypolita, the chief cause and propagator of every deception practised, and every falsehood uttered, now, towards the end of the play, delivers an ostentatious sentiment upon the just punishment which has fallen on Don Manuel,—for his having formerly swerved from the paths of truth and honour, by a breach of promise.

To sum up the merits of this comedy—no auditor or reader will be the wiser, or the better for it. Yet, he may possibly, after either seeing or reading it, be in a much better temper—For the bad man may rejoice that he here finds persons as bad as himself—and the good man will certainly rejoice, that he does not resemble any of them.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|---|---|
| DON MANUEL | *Mr. Munden.* |
| DON PHILIP | *Mr. C. Kemble.* |
| DON OCTAVIO | *Mr. Brunton.* |
| DON LEWIS | *Mr. Claremont.* |
| CORREGIDOR | *Mr. Creswell.* |
| ALGUAZILS | *Mr. Jefferies.* / *Mr. Powers.* |
| DIEGO | *Mr. Davenport.* |
| TRAPPANTI | *Mr. Fawcett.* |
| SOTO | *Mr. Blanchard.* |
| JASPER | *Mr. Field.* |
| SANCHO | *Mr. W. Murray.* |
| LORENZO | *Mr. Sarjant.* |
| PEDRO | *Mr. L. Bologna.* |
| COOK | *Mr. Platt.* |
| POSTBOY | *Mr. T. Blanchard.* |
| | |
| HYPOLITA | *Miss Smith.* |
| FLORA | *Miss Searle.* |
| ROSARA | *Miss Brunton.* |
| VILETTA | *Mrs. Mattocks.* |

*SCENE—Madrid.*

# SHE WOU'D AND SHE WOU'D NOT.

## ACT THE FIRST.

### SCENE I.

*An Inn in Madrid.*

*Enter* TRAPPANTI *alone, talking to himself.*

*Trap.* Indeed, my friend Trappanti, thou'rt in a very thin condition; thou hast neither master, meat, nor money; not but, couldst thou part with that unappeaseable itch of eating too, thou hast all the ragged virtues that were requisite to set up an ancient philosopher: contempt and poverty, kicks, thumps, and thinking, thou hast endured with the best of them; but—when fortune turns thee up to hard fasting, that is to say, positively not eating at all, I perceive thou art a downright dunce, with the same stomach, and no more philosophy, than a hound upon horse-flesh—Fasting's the devil!——Let me see—this, I take it, is the most frequented inn about Madrid, and if a keen guest or two should drop in now—Hark!

*Host.* [*Within.*] Take care of the gentlemen's horses, there; see them well rubbed and littered.

*Trap.* Just alighted! if they do but stay to eat, now! Impudence assist me. Ha! a couple of pretty young sparks, 'faith!

*Enter* HYPOLITA *and* FLORA, *in Men's Habits; a* SERVANT, *with a Portmanteau.*

Welcome to Madrid, sir; welcome, sir.

*Flora.* Sir, your servant.

*Serv.* Have the horses pleased your honour?

*Hyp.* Very well indeed, friend. Pr'ythee, set down the portmanteau, and see that the poor creatures want nothing: they have performed well, and deserve our care.

*Trap.* I'll take care of that, sir. Here, Ostler!

[*Exeunt* TRAPPANTI *and* POSTBOY.

*Flora.* And pray, madam, what do I deserve, that have lost the use of limbs, to keep pace with you? 'Sheart! you whipped and spurred like a foxhunter: it's a sign you had a lover in view: I'm sure my shoulders ache as if I had carried my horse on them.

*Hyp.* Poor Flora! thou art fatigued indeed; but I shall find a way to thank thee for't.

*Flora.* And now, madam, pray what do you propose will be the end of our journey?

*Hyp.* Why, now, I hope the end of my wishes.—I'll tell thee, Flora: you know Don Philip wants no charms that can recommend him as a lover; in birth and quality, I confess him my superior; and it is the thought of that has been a constant thorn upon my wishes. I never saw him in the humblest posture, but still I fancied he secretly presumed his rank and fortune might deserve me: this always stung my pride, and made me overact it: nay, sometimes when his sufferings have almost drawn tears into my eyes, I have turned the subject with some trivial talk, or hummed a spiteful tune, though I believe his heart was breaking.

*Flora.* But, love be praised, your proud stomach's come down for it.

*Hyp.* Indeed, 'tis not altogether so high as it was. In a word, his last letter set me at my wit's end; and, when I came to myself, you may remember you thought me bewitched; for I immediately called for my boots and breeches, a-straddle we got, and so rode after him.

*Flora.* Why, truly, madam, as to your wits, I have not much altered my opinion of them, for I can't see what you propose by it.

*Hyp.* My whole design, Flora, lies in this portmanteau, and these breeches.

*Flora.* A notable design, no doubt; but, pray, let's hear it.

*Hyp.* Why, I do propose to be twice married between them.

*Flora.* How! twice?

*Hyp.* By the help of my portmanteau, I intend to marry myself to Don Philip's new mistress, and then —I'll put off my breeches, and marry him.

*Flora.* Now I begin to take ye: but pray, what's in the portmanteau, and how came you by it?

*Hyp.* I hired one to steal it from his servant, at the last inn we lay at in Toledo. In it are jewels of value, presents to my bride, good gold store, settlements, and credential letters, to certify that the bearer (which I intend to be myself) is Don Philip, only son and heir of Don Fernando de las Torres, now residing at Seville, whence we came.

*Flora.* A very smart undertaking, by my troth! And pray, madam, what part am I to act?

*Hyp.* My woman still; when I can't lie for myself, you are to do it for me, in the person of a cousin-german.

*Flora.* And my name is to be——

*Hyp.* Don Guzman, Diego, Mendez, or what you please: be your own godfather.

*Flora.* 'Egad, I begin to like it mightily! this may prove a very pleasant adventure, if we can but come off without fighting; which, by the way, I don't easily perceive we shall; for, to be sure, Don Philip will make the devil to do with us, when he finds himself here before he comes hither.

*Hyp.* Oh, let me alone to give him satisfaction.

*Flora.* I'm afraid it must be alone, if you do give him satisfaction; for my part, I can push no more than I can swim.

*Hyp.* But can you bully upon occasion?

*Flora.* I can scold, when my blood's up.

*Hyp.* That's the same thing: bullying would be scolding in petticoats.

*Flora.* Say ye so? Why, then, don, look to yourself; if I don't give you as good as you bring, I'll be content to wear breeches as long as I live. Well, madam, now you have opened the plot, pray when is the play to begin?

*Hyp.* I hope to have it all over in less than four hours: we'll just refresh ourselves with what the house affords, comb out our wigs, and wait upon my father-in-law——

*Enter* TRAPPANTI.

How now! what would this fellow have?—

*Trap.* Servant, gentlemen; I have taken nice care of your nags; good cattle they are, by my troth! right and sound, I warrant them; they deserve care, and they have had it, and shall have it, if they stay in this house.—I always stand by, sir, see them rubbed down with my own eyes——Catch me trusting an ostler, I'll give you leave to fill for me, and drink for me too.

*Flora.* I have seen this fellow somewhere.

*Trap.* Heyday! what, no cloth laid! was ever *such attendance!* Hey, house! tapster! landlord!

hey! [*Knocks.*] What was it you bespoke, gentlemen?

*Hyp.* Really, sir, I ask your pardon, I have almost forgot you,

*Trap.* Psha! dear sir, never talk of it? I live here hard by—I have a lodging—I can't call it a lodging, neither—that is, I have a——Sometimes I am here, and sometimes I am there; and so, here and there one makes shift, you know.—Hey! will these people never come?

*Hyp.* You give a very good account of yourself, sir.

*Trap.* Oh, nothing at all, sir. Lord, sir—was it fish or flesh, sir?

*Flora.* Really, sir, we have bespoke nothing yet.

*Trap.* Nothing! for shame! it's a sign you are young travellers. You don't know this house, sir; why, they'll let you starve, if you don't stir and call, and that like thunder too—Hey!

*Hyp.* Ha! you eat here sometimes, I presume, sir?

*Trap.* Umph!—Ay, sir, that's as it happens——I seldom eat at home, indeed—Hey! [*Knocks.*

*Enter* HOST.

*Host.* Did you call, gentlemen?

*Trap.* Yes, and bawl too, sir. Here the gentlemen are almost famished, and nobody comes near them. What have you in the house now, that will be ready presently?

*Host.* You may have what you please, sir.

*Hyp.* Can you get us a partridge?

*Host.* Sir, we have no partridges; but we'll get you what you please in a moment. We have a very good neck of mutton, sir; if you please it shall be clapped down in a moment.

*Hyp.* Have you no pigeons or chickens?

*Host.* Truly, sir, we have no fowl in the house at present; if you please, you may have any thing else in a moment.

*Hyp.* Then, pr'ythee, get us some young rabbits.

*Host.* Upon my word, sir, rabbits are so scarce, they are not to be had for money; but, if you please, you may have any thing else in a moment.

*Trap.* Plague on thee! hast thou nothing but any thing else in the house?

*Host.* Very good mutton, sir.

*Hyp.* Pr'ythee get us a breast, then.

*Host.* Breast! don't you love the neck, sir?

*Hyp.* Have ye nothing in the house but the neck?

*Host.* Really, sir, we don't use to be so unprovided; but at present we have nothing else left.

*Trap.* 'Egad, it's neck or nothing here! Well, I don't know but a nothing else may be very good meat, when any thing else is not to be had.

*Hyp.* Then, pr'ythee, friend, let's have thy neck of mutton, before that is gone too.

*Trap.* Sir, he shall lay it down this minute; I'll see it done, gentlemen; I'll wait upon ye presently; for a minute I must beg your pardon, and leave to lay the cloth myself.

*Hyp.* By no means, sir.

*Trap.* No ceremony, dear sir! Indeed I'll do it.

[*Exeunt* HOST *and* TRAPPANTI.

*Hyp.* What can this familiar puppy be?

*Flora.* With much ado I have recollected his face. Don't you remember, madam, about two or three years ago, Don Philip had a trusty servant, called Trappanti, that used now and then to slip a note into your hand, as you came from church?

*Hyp.* Is this he that Philip turned away, for saying I was as proud as a beauty, and homely enough to be good humoured?

*Flora.* The very same, I assure ye; only, as you see, starving has altered his air a little.

*Hyp.* I have a great mind to take him into my service; his assurance may be useful, as my case stands.

*Flora.* You would not tell him who you are?

*Hyp.* There's no occasion for it——I'll talk with him.

*Enter* TRAPPANTI.

*Trap.* Your dinner's upon the spit, gentlemen, and the cloth is laid in the best room——Are you not for a whet, sir? What wine? what wine? hey!

*Flora.* We give you trouble, sir.

*Trap.* Not in the least, sir——Hey! [*Knocks.*

*Enter* HOST.

*Host.* D'ye call, gentlemen?

*Hyp.* Ay; what wine have ye?

*Host.* What sort you please, sir.

*Flora.* Sir, will you please to name it?

[*To* TRAPPANTI.

*Trap.* Nay, pray, sir.

*Hyp.* No ceremony, dear sir! upon my word you shall.

*Trap.* Upon my soul, you'll make me leave ye, gentlemen.

*Hyp.* Come, come, no words. Pr'ythee, you shall.

*Trap.* Psha! but why this among friends, now? Here—have ye any right Galicia?.

*Host.* The best in Spain, I warrant it.

*Trap.* Let's taste it; if it be good, set us out half a dozen bottles, for dinner.

*Host.* Yes, sir. [*Exit* HOST.

*Hyp.* Pray, sir, (for I find we are like to be better acquainted, therefore I hope you won't take my question ill)——

*Trap.* Oh, dear sir!

*Hyp.* What profession may you be of?

*Enter* HOST.

*Trap.* Profession, sir—I—I—'Ods me? here's the wine.—Come, fill out—hold—let me taste it first—Ye blockhead! would ye have the gentleman drink before he knows whether it be good or not? [*Drinks.*]—Yes, 'twill do—give me the bottle; I'll fill myself.—Now, sir, is not that a glass of right wine?

*Hyp.* Extremely good, indeed——But, sir, as to my question.

*Trap.* I'm afraid, sir, that mutton won't be enough for us all.

*Hyp.* Oh, pray, sir, bespeak what you please.

*Trap.* Sir, your most humble servant——Here, master! pr'ythee get us a—ha! ay, get us a dozen of poached eggs, a dozen, d'ye hear—just to—pop down a little.

*Host.* Yes, sir. [*Going.*

*Trap.* Friend—let there be a little slice of bacon to every one of them.

*Host.* A little thin slice, sir? [*Going.*

*Trap.* No, not too thin, you dog!

*Hyp.* But, sir——

*Trap.* 'Odso! I had like to have forgot—here, a—Sancho—Sancho!—Ay, is not your name Sancho?

*Host.* Diego, sir.

*Trap.* Oh, ay, Diego; that's true, indeed, Diego. Umph!

*Hyp.* must e'en let him alone; there's no putting in a word till his mouth's full.

*Trap.* Come, here's to thee, Diego.—[*Drinks, and fills again.*] That I should forget thy name, though.

*Host.* No great harm, sir.

*Trap.* Diego! ha! a very pretty name, 'faith!—I think you are married—are you not, Diego?

*Host.* Ay, ay, sir.

*Trap.* Ha! how many children?

*Host.* Nine girls, and a boy, sir!

*Trap.* Ha! nine girls!—Come, here's to thee, again, Diego——Nine girls! a stirring woman, I dare say; a good housewife, ha, Diego?

*Host.* Pretty well, sir.

*Trap.* Makes all her pickles herself, I warrant ye——Does she do olives well?

*Host.* Will you be pleased to taste them, sir?

*Trap.* Taste them! hum! pr'ythee let's have a plate, Diego.

*Host.* Yes, sir.

*Hyp.* And our dinner as soon as you please, sir: when it's ready, call us.

*Host.* Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

*Hyp.* But, sir, I was asking you of your profession.

*Trap.* Profession! really, sir, I don't use to profess much: I am a plain dealing sort of a man: if I say I'll serve a gentleman, he may depend upon me.

*Flora.* Have you ever served, sir?

*Trap.* Not these two last campaigns.

*Hyp.* How so?

*Trap.* Some words with my superior officer; I was a little too free in speaking my mind to him.

*Hyp.* Don't you think of serving again, sir?

*Trap.* If a good post fall in my way.

*Hyp.* I believe I could help you.—Pray, sir, when you served last, did you take pay or wages?

*Trap.* Pay, sir!—Yes, sir, I was paid, cleared, subsistence, and arrears, to a farthing.

*Hyp.* And your late commander's name was——

*Trap.* Don Philip de las Torres.

*Hyp.* Of Seville?

*Trap.* Of Seville.

*Hyp.* Sir, your most humble servant.—You need not be curious, for I am sure you don't know me; though I do you, and your condition; which I dare promise you I'll mend, upon our better acquaintance: and your first step to deserve it, is to answer

me honestly to a few questions. Keep your assurance still; it may do me service; I shall like you better for it. Come, here's to encourage you.

[*Gives him Money.*

*Trap.* Sir, my humble service to you.

*Hyp.* Well said!

*Trap.* I never heard a gentleman talk better in my life. I have seen such sort of a face before; but where——I don't know, nor I don't care. It's your glass, sir.

*Hyp.* Come, now, what made Don Philip turn you out of his service? why did you leave him?

*Trap.* 'Twas time, I think; his wits had left him—the man was mad.

*Hyp.* Mad!

*Trap.* Ay, stark mad—in love.

*Hyp.* In love! how, pray?

*Trap.* Very deep—up to the ears—over head——drowned by this time—he would in——I would have had him stopped, when he was up to the middle.

*Hyp.* What was she, he was in love with?

*Trap.* The devil.

*Hyp.* So, now for a very ugly likeness of my own face! [*Aside.*] What sort of a devil?

*Trap.* The damning sort—a woman.

*Hyp.* Had she no name?

*Trap.* Her Christian name was Donna Hypolita; but her proper name was Shittlecock.

*Flora.* How d'ye like that? [*Aside to* HYPOLITA.

*Hyp.* Pretty well. [*Aside to* FLORA.] Was she handsome?

*Trap.* Umph!—so, so.

*Flora.* How d'ye like that? [*To* HYPOLITA.

*Hyp.* Umph!—so, so. [*To* FLORA.] Had she wit?

*Trap.* Sometimes.

*Hyp.* Good humour?

*Trap.* Very seldom.

*Hyp.* Proud?

*Trap.* Ever.

*Hyp.* Was she honest?

*Trap.* Very proud.

*Hyp.* What, had she no good qualities?

*Trap.* 'Faith, I don't remember them.

*Hyp.* Ha! d'ye think she loved him?

*Trap.* If she did, 'twas as the cobler loved his wife.

*Hyp.* How's that?

*Trap.* Why, he beat her thrice a day, and told his neighbours he loved her ne'er the worse; but he was resolved she should never know it.

*Hyp.* Did she use him so very ill?

*Trap.* Like a jade.

*Flora.* How d'ye do, now? [*To* HYPOLITA.

*Hyp.* I don't know—methinks, I—But, sure—what, was she not handsome, say ye?

*Trap.* A devilish tongue.

*Hyp.* What was she? how did she look?

*Trap.* Look! why, 'faith, the woman looked very well, when she had a blush in her face.

*Hyp.* Did she often blush?

*Trap.* I never saw her.

*Flora.* How d'ye like the picture, madam [*Aside.*

*Hyp.* Oh, oh, extremely well! the rogue has put me into a cold sweat. I am as humble as an offending lover.

*Enter* HOST.

*Host.* Gentlemen, your dinner's upon the table. [*Exit* HOST.

*Hyp.* That's well. Come, sir; at dinner I'll give you further instructions, how you may serve yourself and me.

*Trap.* Come, sir. [*To* FLORA.

*Flora.* Nay, dear sir! no ceremony.

*Trap.* Sir, your very humble servant.

[*As they are going,* HYPOLITA *stops them.*

*Hyp.* Back, back; here's one I don't care should see me.

*Trap.* Sir, the dinner will be cold.

*Hyp.* Do you eat it hot, then; we are not hungry.

*Trap.* Sir, your humble servant again.

[*Exit* TRAP.

*Flora.* You seem concerned; who is it?

*Hyp.* My brother, Octavio, as I live!—Come this way. [*They retire.*

*Enter* OCTAVIO *and* JASPER.

*Oct.* Jasper, run immediately to Rosara's woman; tell her I am just come to town; slip that note into her hand, and stay for an answer. [*Exit* JASPER.

*Flora.* 'Tis he!

*Host.* [*Within.*] Here, sir, please to walk this way.

*Flora.* And Don Philip, by Jupiter!

*Enter* DON PHILIP.

*Phil.* When my servant comes, send him to me immediately.

*Host.* [*Within.*] Yes, sir.

*Hyp.* Nay, then, it is time for us to make ready—*Allons!* [*Exeunt* HYPOLITA *and* FLORA.

*Oct.* Don Philip!

*Phil.* Dear Octavio!

*Oct.* What lucky point of the compass could blow us to one another so?

*Phil.* 'Faith! a wind very contrary to my inclination; but the worst, I see, blows some good. I am overjoyed to see you.—But what makes you so far from the army?

*Oct.* Who thought to have found you so far from Seville?

*Phil.* What do you at Madrid?

*Oct.* Oh, friend, such an unfortunate occasion, and

yet such a lucky discovery! such a mixture of joy and torment, no poor dog upon earth was ever plagued with.

*Phil.* Unriddle, pray.

*Oct.* Don't you remember, about six months ago, I wrote you word of a dear, delicious, sprightly creature, that I had bombarded for a whole summer?

*Phil.* I remember.

*Oct.* You must know, her perfidious father, contrary to his treaty with me, and her inclination, is going to——

*Phil.* Marry her to another——

*Oct.* Of a better estate than mine, it seems. She tells me, here, he is within a day's march of her, and begs me to come upon the spur to her relief.—There's her express; read it.

HYPOLITA, FLORA, *and* TRAPPANTI, *appear in the Balcony.*

*Flora.* Trappanti, there's your old master.

*Trap.* Ay, I know him again; but I may chance to tell him, he did not know a good servant when he had him.

*Phil.* [Reads.] *My father has concluded a match for me with one I never saw, and intends, in two days, to perfect it: the gentleman is expected every hour. In the mean time, if you know any friend, that has a better title to me, advise him forthwith to put in his claim. I am almost out of my senses, which you will easily believe, when I tell you, if such a one should make haste, I shan't have time to refuse him any thing.*

*Phil.* No name?

*Oct.* She never would trust it in a letter.

*Flora.* If this should be Don Philip's mistress!

*Trap.* Sir, you may take my word it is: I know the lady, and what the neighbours say of her.

*Phil.* What will you do in this case?

*Oct.* That I don't yet know; I am half distrac

I have just sent my servant to tell her I am come to town, and beg an opportunity to speak with her; I long to see her; I warrant the poor fool will be so soft, and so humble, now she's in a fright!

*Phil.* What will you propose at your meeting her?

*Oct.* I don't know; may be, another meeting; at least, it will come to a kind look, a kiss, good b'ye, and a sigh.—Ah! if I can but persuade her to run away with me!

*Phil.* Consider——

*Oct.* Ah! so I do.—What pleasure 'twould be, to have her steal out of her bed in a sweet moonshiny night; to hear her come pat, pat, pat, along in her slippers; with nothing but a thin silk nightgown loose about her; and, in this tempting dress, to have her jump into my arms, breathless with fear.

*Phil.* Octavio, I envy thee! thou art the happiest man in thy temper——

*Oct.* And thou art the most altered I ever knew.—Pr'ythee, what makes thee so much upon the humdrum? Well, are my sister and you come to a right understanding yet? When do you marry?

*Hyp.* So, now I shall have my picture by another hand!

*Phil.* My condition, Octavio, is very much like your mistress's;—she is going to marry the man she never saw, and I the woman.

*Oct.* 'Sdeath! you make me tremble! I hope, 'tis not my mistress!

*Phil.* Thy mistress! that were an idle fear.—Madrid's a wide place;—or, if it were, (she loving you) my friendship and my honour would oblige me to desist.

*Oct.* That's generous, indeed: but still you amaze me! Are you quite broke off with my sister? I hope she has given you no reason to forget her.

*Hyp.* Now I tremble.

*Phil.* The most severe that ever beauty printed in the heart of man; a coldness unaccountable to sense.

*Oct.* Psha! dissembled.

*Phil.* I can't think it; lovers are soon flattered into hope; but she appeared to me indifferent, to so nice a point, that she has ruined me without the trouble of resolving it.

*Oct.* For all her usage of you, I'll be racked if she did not love you.

*Phil.* I rather think she hated me: however, now 'tis past, and I must endeavour to think no more of her.

*Oct.* Then you are determined to marry this other lady?

*Phil.* That's my business to Madrid.

*Trap.* Which shall be done to your hand.

*Phil.* Besides, I am now obliged by contract.

*Oct.* Then, though she be my sister, may some jealous, old, illnatured dog, revenge your quarrel to her!

*Hyp.* Thank you, sir!

*Phil.* Come, forget it.

*Hyp.* Come, we have seen enough of the enemy's motions, to know 'tis time for us to decamp.

[*Exeunt* HYPOLITA, FLORA, *and* TRAPPANTI.

*Oct.* With all my heart; let's go in, and drink your new mistress's health. When do you visit her?

*Phil.* I intended it immediately; but an unlucky accident has hindered me: one of my servants fell sick upon the road, so that I am forced to make shift with one, and he is the most negligent, sottish rogue in nature; has left my portmanteau, where all my writings and letters of concern are, behind him, at the last town we lay at; so, that I cannot properly visit the lady, or her father, till I am able to assure them who I am.

*Oct.* Why don't you go back yourself, to see for them?

*Phil.* I have sent my servant, for I am really tired: I was loath to appear so much concerned for them, lest the rascal should think it worth his while to run away with them.

*Enter* JASPER.

*Oct.* How now?

*Jasp.* Here's an answer, sir.

[*Gives a Letter, and exit.*

*Oct.* [*To* DON PHILIP.] My dear friend, I beg a thousand pardons; I must leave you this minute; the kind creature has sent for me. I am a soldier, you know, and orders must be obeyed; when I come off duty, I'll immediately wait upon you.

*Phil.* You'll find me here, or hear of me. Adieu! Here, house! [*Exit* OCTAVIO.

*Enter* HOST.

Pr'ythee, see if my servant be come yet.

*Host.* I believe he is, sir; is he not in blue?

*Phil.* Ay—where is the sot?

*Host.* Just refreshing himself with a glass, at the gate.

*Phil.* Pray, tell the gentleman I'd speak with him. [*Exit* HOST.] In all the necessaries of life, there is not a greater plague than servants.—Hey, Soto! Soto!—

*Enter* SOTO, *drunk.*

*Soto.* Did you please to—to—call, sir?

*Phil.* What's the reason, blockhead, I must always wait upon you, thus?

*Soto.* Sir, I did not know any thing of it. I—I—came as soon as you se—se—se—sent for me.

*Phil.* And why not without sending, sir? Did you think I expected no answer to the business I sent you *about?*

*Soto.* Yes, sir—I did think you would be willing—that is—to have an account—so I staid to take a glass at the door, because I would not be out of the way—huh!

*Phil.* You are drunk, rascal!—Where's the portmanteau?

*Soto.* Sir, I am here—if you please, I'll give you the whole account how the matter is—huh!

*Phil.* Speak, villain! [*Strikes him.*

*Soto.* I will, sir, as soon as I can put my words into an intelligible order: I ar'n't running away, sir.

*Phil.* To the point, sirrah!

*Soto.* Not of your sword, dear sir!

*Phil.* Sirrah, be brief, or I'll murder you; where's the portmanteau?

*Soto.* Sir, as I hope to breathe, I made all the strictest search in the world, and drank at every house upon the road, going and coming, and asked about it; and so, at last, as I was coming within a mile of the town here, I found then—

*Phil.* What?

*Soto.* That it must certainly be lost!

*Phil.* Dog! d'ye think this must satisfy me? [*Beats him.*

*Soto.* Lord, sir, you won't hear reason——Are you sure you ha'n't it about you?—If I know any thing of it, I wish I may be burnt!

*Phil.* Villain! your life can't make me satisfaction!

*Soto.* No, sir; that's hard—a man's life can't—for my part—I—I—

*Phil.* Why do I vent my rage against a sot, a clod of earth?—I should accuse myself, for trusting him.

*Soto.* Sir—I had rather—bought a portmanteau, out of my own pocket, than have had such a life about it.

*Phil.* Be dumb!

*Soto.* Ahuh! Yes.

*Phil.* If this rascal had stole it, sure he would

have ventured to come back again!—I am confounded! Neither Don Manuel, nor his daughter, know me, nor any of his family. If I should not visit him till I can receive fresh letters from my father, he'll, in the mean time, think himself affronted by my neglect. What shall I do!—Suppose I go and tell him my misfortune, and beg his patience till we can hear again from Seville.—I must think.—Hey, sot!—

[*Exit.*

*Soto.* I had rather have bought a portmanteau, out of my own pocket, than had such a life about it.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* HYPOLITA, FLORA, *and* TRAPPANTI.

*Trap.* Hold, sir; let me touch up your foretop a little.

*Hyp.* Well, Trappanti, you know your business; and if I marry the lady, you know my promise too.

*Trap.* Sir, I shall remember them both—'Odso! I had like to have forgot——Here, house! a bason and washball—I've a razor about me.—Hey!—

[*Knocks.*

*Hyp.* What's the matter?

*Trap.* Sir, you are not shaved.

*Hyp.* Psha! pr'ythee, don't stand fooling—we're in haste.

*Flora.* Ay, ay, shave another time.

*Trap.* Nay, what you please, sir; your beard is not much—you may wear it to-day.

[*Taking her by the Chin.*

*Flora.* Ay, and to-morrow too: pray, sir, will you see the coach ready, and put in the things.

*Trap.* Sir, I'll see the coach ready, and put in the things. [*Exit* TRAPPANTI.

*Flora.* Come, madam, courage!—Now, let's do something for the honour of our sex—give a proof of our parts—and tell mankind we can contrive, fa-

tigue, bustle, and bring about, as well as the best of them.

*Hyp.* Well said, Flora: for the honour of our sex be it then; and let the grave dons think themselves as wise as they please: but Nature knows there goes more wit to the management of some amours, than the hardest point in politics:

Therefore, to men th' affair of state's confin'd;
Wisely, to us the state of love's assign'd,
As love's the weightier bus'ness of mankind.

[*Exeunt.*

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## ACT THE SECOND.

### SCENE I.

DON MANUEL'S *House.*

*Enter* ROSARA *and* VILETTA.

*Vil.* Hear reason.

*Ros.* Talk of Octavio then.

*Vil.* How do you know but the gentleman, your father designs you for, may prove as pretty a fellow as he?

*Ros.* Do you expect Octavio should thank you for this?

*Vil.* The gentleman is no fool.

*Ros.* He'll hate any one that is not a friend to his love.

*Vil.* Hang them, say I: but can't one quench the thirst without jumping into the river? Is there no difference between cooling and drowning? If Octavio must be the man, I say let Don Philip be the husband.

*Ros.* I tell you, fool, I'll have no man but an husband, and no husband but Octavio: when you find I am weary of him, I'll give you leave to talk to me of somebody else.

*Vil.* In vain, I see——I have done, madam—one must have time to be wise: but, in the mean while, what do ye resolve? positively not to marry Don Philip?

*Ros.* I don't know what I shall do till I see Octavio. When did he say he would be here?

*Vil.* Oh! I dare not tell you, madam.

*Ros.* Why?

*Vil.* I am bribed to the contrary.

*Ros.* By whom?

*Vil.* Octavio; he just now sent me this lovely piece of gold, not to tell you what time he would be here.

*Ros.* Nay then, Viletta, here are two pieces that are twice as lovely; tell me, when shall I see him?

*Vil.* Umph! these are lovely pieces indeed! [*Smiling.*

*Ros.* When, Viletta?

*Vil.* Have you no more of them, madam?

*Ros.* Psha! there, take purse and all; will that content thee?

*Vil.* Oh, dear madam! I should be unconscionable to desire more; but really, I was willing to have them all first. [*Courtesying.*

*Ros.* When will he come?

*Vil.* Why, the poor gentleman has been hankering about the house this quarter of an hour: but I did not observe, madam, you were willing to see him, till you had convinced me by so plain a proof.

*Ros.* Where's my father?

*Vil.* Fast asleep, in the great chair.

*Ros.* Fetch him in then, before he wakes.

*Vil.* Let him wake, his habit will protect him.

*Ros.* His habit!

*Vil.* Ay, madam; he's turned friar, to come at you: if your father surprises us, I have a lie ready to back him.——Hist, Octavio! you may enter.

*Enter* OCTAVIO, *in a Friar's Habit.*

*Oct.* After a thousand frights and fears, do I live to see my dear Rosara once again, and kind?

*Ros.* What shall we do, Octavio?

[*Looking kindly on him.*

*Oct.* Kind creature! Do! why, as lovers should do; what nobody can undo; let's run away this minute, tie ourselves fast in the church knot, and defy fathers and mothers.

*Ros.* And fortunes too?

*Oct.* Psha! we shall have it one day: they must leave their money behind them.

*Ros.* Suppose you first try my father's good nature? You know, he once encouraged your addresses.

*Oct.* First, let's be fast married: perhaps he may be goodnatured, when he can't help it. Come, come, stand to your arms; whip a suit of night clothes into your pocket, and let's march off in a body together.

*Don Manuel.* [*Without.*] Viletta! Viletta!

*Ros.* Ah! my father!

*Oct.* Dead!

*Vil.* To your function.

*Enter* DON MANUEL.

*Man.* Viletta!

*Vil.* Sir!

*Man.* Where's my daughter?

*Vil.* Hist! don't disturb her.

*Man.* Disturb her! Why, what's the matter?

*Vil.* She's at confession, sir.

*Man.* Confession! I don't like that; a young woman ought to have no sins at all.

*Vil.* Ah! dear sir, there's no living without them.

*Man.* She's now at years of discretion.

*Vil.* There's the danger, sir; she's just of the tasting age: one has really no relish of a sin till fifteen.

*Man.* Ah! then the jades have swinging stomachs. I find, her aversion to the marriage I have proposed her, has put her upon disobedient thoughts: there can be no confession without guilt.

*Vil.* Nor no pardon, sir, without confession.

*Man.* Fiddle faddle! I won't have her seem wicked.—Hussy, you shall confess for her; I'll have her send her sins by you; you know them, I'm sure; but I'll know what the friar has got out of her——'Save you, father!

*Oct.* Bless you, son.

*Man.* How now! What's become of Father Benedict? Why is not he here?

*Vil.* Sir, he is not well; and so desired this gentleman, his brother here, to officiate for him.

*Man.* He seems very young, for a confessor.

*Vil.* Ay, sir; he has not been long at it.

*Oct.* Nor don't desire to be long in it. [*Aside.*

*Man.* Well, sir, how do you find the pulse of iniquity beat there? What sort of sin has she most stomach to?

*Oct.* Why truly, sir, we have all frailties, and your daughter has had most powerful temptations.

*Man.* Nay, the devil has been very busy with her these two days.

*Oct.* She has told me a most lamentable story.

*Man.* Ten to one but this lamentable story proves a most damnable lie!

*Oct.* Indeed, son, I find by her confession, that you

are much to blame for your tyrannical government of her.

*Man.* Heyday! what, has the jade been inventing sins for me, and confessing them instead of her own? Let me come—she shall be locked up till she repents them too. But pray, if you please, let's come to the point: what are these terrible cruelties that this tender lady accuses me of?

*Oct.* Why, she confessed her first maiden, innocent affection had long been settled upon a young gentleman, whose love to her you once encouraged, and after their most solemn vows of mutual faith, you have most barbarously broke in upon her hopes; and to the utter ruin of her peace, contracted her to a man she never saw.

*Man.* Very good! I see no harm in all this.

*Oct.* Methinks the welfare of a daughter, sir, might be of weight enough to make you serious.

*Man.* Serious! so I am, sir. What a devil! must I needs be melancholy, because I have got her a good husband?

*Oct.* Her melancholy may tell you, sir, she can't think him a good one.

*Man.* Sir, I understand thinking better than she; and I'll make her take my word.

*Oct.* What have you to object against the man she likes?

*Man.* The man I like.

*Oct.* Suppose the unhappy youth she loves should throw himself at your feet, and try to melt you into pity?

*Man.* Ay! that if he can.

*Oct.* Were you one moment to reflect upon the pangs which separated lovers feel; were nature dead in you, that thought might wake her.

*Man.* Sir, when I am asked to do a thing I have not a mind to do, my nature sleeps like a top.

*Oct.* Then I must tell you, sir, this obstir

obliges me, as a churchman, to put you in mind of y
duty, and to let you know too, you ought to pay m
reverence to our order.

*Man.* Sir, I am not afraid of the sin of marryi
my daughter to the best advantage; and so, if y
please, father, you may walk home again——wh
any thing lies upon my conscience, I'll send for yo

*Oct.* Nay, then 'tis time to claim a lover's righ
and to tell you, sir, the man that dares to ask Rosar
from me is a villain. [*Throws off his Disguise.*

*Vil.* So! here will be fine work! [*Aside.*

*Man.* Octavio! the devil!

*Oct.* You'll find me one, unless you do me speedy
justice: since not the bonds of honour, nature, nor
submissive reason can oblige you, I am reduced to
take a surer, shorter way, and force you to be just. I
advise you, sir, to think on't. [*Walks about angrily.*

*Man.* Ah! here's a confessor! ah! that jade of mine!
—and that other jade of my jade's!——Here has been
rare doings!—Well! it shan't hold long; madam shall
be noosed to-morrow morning——Ha! Sir's in a great
passion here, but it won't do—those long strides, don,
will never bring you the sooner to your mistress.——
Rosara! step into that closet, and fetch my spectacles
off the table there.

*Vil.* I don't like the gentleman's looks. [*Sings.*

*Ros.* This obstinacy of yours, my dear father, you [*Aside.*
shall find runs in the family.

[*Exit* ROSARA, *and* DON MANUEL *locks her in.*

*Man.* Tum! dum! dum! [*Sings.*

*Oct.* Sir, I would advise you, as your nearest friend,
to defer this marriage for three days.

*Man.* Tum! dum! dum!

*Vil.* Sir, you have locked my mistress in. [*Pertly*

*Man.* Tum! dum! dum!

*Vil.* If you please to lend me the key, sir, I'll let
her out.

*Man.* Tum! dum! dum!

*Oct.* You might afford me at least, as I am a gentleman, a civil answer, sir.

*Man.* Why, then, in one word, sir, you shall not marry my daughter; and, as you are a gentleman, I'm sure you won't think it good manners to stay in my house, when I submissively beg of you to walk out.

*Oct.* You are the father of my mistress, and something, sir, too old to answer as you ought this wrong; therefore I'll look for reputation where I can with honour take it; this, sir, be sure of, the man, that offers at Rosara's love, shall have one virtue, courage, at least; I'll be his proof of that, and ere he steps before me, force him to deserve her. [*Exit* OCTAVIO.

*Man.* Ah! poor fellow! he's mad now, and does not know what he would be at.——But, however, 'twill be no harm to provide against him——Who waits there?

*Enter a* SERVANT.

Run you for an alguazil, and bid your fellows arm themselves; I expect mischief at my door immediately: if Octavio offers any disturbance, knock him down, and bring him before me. [*Exit* SERVANT.

*Vil.* Hist! don't I hear my mistress's voice?

*Ros.* [*Within.*] Viletta!

*Vil.* Here, here, madam—Bless me! what's this?

[VILETTA *listens at the Closet Door, and* ROSARA *thrusts a Billet to her through the Key-hole.*

Ha! a billet——to Octavio—a—hem.

[*Puts it into her Bosom.*

*Man.* How now, hussy? What are you fumbling about that door for?

*Vil.* Nothing, sir; I was only peeping to see if my mistress had done prayers yet.

*Man.* Oh! she had as good let them alone; for she shall never come out till she has stomach enough to fall to upon the man I have provided for her. Do

you, Mrs. Modesty, was it you pray, that let in that able comforter for my babe of grace there?

*Vil.* Yes, sir, I let him in. [*Pertly.*

*Man.* Did you so?—Ha! then if you please, madam,—I'll let you go out—go—go—get a sheet of brown paper, pack up your things, and let me never see that damn'd ugly face of thine as long as I live.

*Vil.* Bless me, sir! you are in a strange humour, that you won't know when a servant does as she should do!

*Man.* Thou art strangely impudent!

*Vil.* Only the farthest from it in the world, sir.

*Man.* Then I am strangely mistaken; didst not thou own just now thou lett'st him in?

*Vil.* Yes—but 'twas in disguise—for I did not design you should see him, because I know you did not care my mistress should see him.

*Man.* Ha!

*Vil.* And I knew, at the same time, she had a mind to see him.

*Man.* Ha!

*Vil.* And you know, sir, that the sin of loving him had laid upon her conscience a great while; so I thought it high time she should come to a thorough confession.

*Man.* Ha!

*Vil.* So upon this, sir, as you see—I—I—I let him in, that's all.

*Man.* Nay, if it be so as thou sayest, he was a proper confessor indeed!

*Vil.* Ay, sir; for you know this was not a spiritual father's business.

*Man.* No, no, this matter was utterly carnal.

*Vil.* Well, sir, and judge you now if my mistress is not beholden to me?

*Man.* Oh! extremely; but you'll go to hell, my dear, for all this; though, perhaps, you'll chuse that place: I think you never much cared for your hus-

band's company; and if I don't mistake, you sent him to heaven, in the old road. Hark! what noise is that? [*Noise without.*

*Vil.* So, Octavio's pushing his fortune—he'll have a wife or a halter, that's positive—I'll go see.

[*Exit* VILETTA.

*Enter* SANCHO, *hastily.*

*Man.* How, now?

*San.* O, sir, Octavio has set upon a couple of gentlemen, just as they were alighting out of a coach, at the door; one of them, I believe, is he that is to marry my young mistress.

*Man.* Run into the hall, take down my back, breast, and head-piece; call an officer; raise the neighbours; [*Exit* SANCHO.] give me my great gun; I'll shoot him out of the garret window. [*Exit* DON MANUEL.

*Enter* HYPOLITA *and* FLORA, *putting up their Swords;* OCTAVIO *in the* ALGUAZIL'S *Hands, and* TRAPPANTI.

*Hyp.* Bring him along—This is such an insolence! damn it! at this rate no gentleman can walk the streets.

*Flora.* I suppose, sir, your business was more with our pockets than our persons. Are our things safe?

*Trap.* Ay, sir, I secured them, as soon as ever I saw his sword out; I guessed his design, and scoured off with the portmanteau.

*Hyp.* I'll know now who set you on, sir.

*Oct.* Pr'ythee, young man, don't be troublesome, but thank the rascal, that knocked me down, for your escape.

*Hyp.* Sir, I'd have you know if you had not been knocked down, I should have owed my escape to the same arm you would have owed the reward for your insolence. Pray, sir, what are you? who knows

*Oct.* I'm glad, at least, to find it is not Don Philip that's my rival. [*Aside.*

*San.* Sir, my master knows the gentleman very well; he belongs to the army.

*Hyp.* Then, sir, if you'd have me use you like a gentleman, I desire your meaning of those familiar questions, you asked me at the coach side.

*Oct.* 'Faith, young gentleman, I'll be very short: I love the lady you are to marry, and if you don't quit your pretences in two hours, it will entail perpetual danger upon you and your family.

*Hyp.* Sir, if you please, the danger's equal—for rot me, if I am not as fond of cutting your throat, as you can be of mine.

*Oct.* If I were out of these gentlemen's hands, on my word, sir, you should not want an opportunity.

*Hyp.* O, sir! these gentlemen shall protect neither of us; my friend and I'll be your bail from them.

*Flora.* Ay, sir, we'll bail you; and if you please, sir, bring your friend, I'm his. Damme! what, d'ye think you have boys to deal with?

*Oct.* Sir, I ask your pardon, and shall desire to kiss your hands about an hour hence at—— [*Whispers.*

*Flora.* Very well, sir, we'll meet you.

*Hyp.* Release the gentleman.

*San.* Sir, we dare not, without my master's order. Here he is, sir.

*Enter* DON MANUEL.

*Man.* How now, bully confessor? What? in limbo?

*Hyp.* Sir, Don Ferdinando de las Torres, whom I am proud to call my father, commanded me to deliver this into the hands of his dear and worthy friend, Don Manuel Grimaldi, and at the same time gave me assurances of a kind reception.

*Man.* Sir, you are thrice welcome; let me embrace you. I'm overjoyed to see you—Your friend, sir?

*Hyp.* Don Pedro Velada, my near relation, who has done me the honour of his company from Seville, sir, to assist at the solemnity of his friend's happiness.

*Man.* Sir, you are welcome; I shall be proud to know you.

*Flora.* You do me honour, sir.

*Man.* I hope you are not hurt, gentlemen.

*Hyp.* Not at all, sir; thanks to a little skill in the sword.

*Man.* I am glad of it; however, give me leave to interrupt our business for a moment, till I have done you justice on the person, that offered you this insolence at my gate.

*Hyp.* Your pardon, sir; I understand he is a gentleman, and beg you would not let my honour suffer, by receiving a lame reparation from the law.

*Man.* A pretty mettled fellow, 'faith—I must not let him fight though. [*Aside.*] But, sir, you don't know, perhaps, how deeply this man is your enemy?

*Hyp.* Sir, I know more of his spleen and folly than you imagine, which, if you please to discharge him, I'll acquaint you with.

*Man.* Discharge him! Pray consider, sir——

[*They seem to talk.*

*Enter* VILETTA, *and slips a Note into* OCTAVIO'S *Hand.*

*Vil.* Send your answer to me. [*Exit* VILETTA.

*Oct.* [*Aside.*] Now for a beam of hope in a tempest. [Reads.] *I charge you, don't hazard my ruin and your own, by the madness of a quarrel; the closet window, where I am, is but a step to the ground: be at the back door of the garden, exactly at the close of the evening, where you will certainly find one, that may put you in the best way of getting rid of a rival.* Dear, kind creature! Now if my little Don's fit of honour does but hold out to bail me, I am the happiest dog *in the universe.*

*Man.* Well, sir, since I find your honour is so deep in the matter,—here—release the gent
*Flora.* So, sir, you have your freedom; you depend upon us.
*Hyp.* You will find us punctual.——Sir, you vant. [*Exit* SERV.
*Oct.* So, now I have a very handsome occasio put off the tilt too. Gentlemen, I ask your pard I begin to be a little sensible of the rashness I c mitted; and I confess your manner of treating has been so very much like men of honour, that think myself obliged, from the same principle, to a sure ye, that though I love Rosara equal to my lif yet no consideration shall persuade me to be a rud enemy, even to my rival. I thank you for my free dom, and am your humble servant. [*Exit.*
*Hyp.* Your servant, sir——I think we released my brother very handsomely; but I ha'n't done with him.
*Man.* What can this sudden turn of civility mean? [*Aside to* FLORA.
I'm afraid 'tis but a cloak to some new roguery he has in his head.
*Hyp.* I don't know how old it may be, but my ser- vant here has discovered a piece of villany of his, that exceeds any other he can be capable of.
*Man.* Is it possible? Why would you let him go then?
*Hyp.* Because I'm sure it can do me no harm, sir.
*Man.* Pray be plain, sir; what is it?
*Hyp.* This fellow can inform you—for to say truth, he's much better at a lie.
*Man.* Come hither, friend; 'pray, what is this bu- siness? [*Aside.*
*Hyp.* Ay, what was that you overheard between Octavio and another gentleman, at the inn where we alighted?
*Trap.* Why, sir, as I was unbuckling my portman- teau, in the yard there, I observed Octavio and an-

other spark very familiar with your [illegible]; upon which, sir, I pricked up the ears of my curiosity, and took in all their discourse.

*Man.* Pray, who was that other spark, friend?

*Trap.* A brother rake, sir: a damned sly-looked fellow.

*Man.* So.

*Flora.* How familiarly the rogue treats his old master! [*Aside.*

*Hyp.* Poor Don Philip! [*Aside.*

*Trap.* Says one of them, says he, No, damn him, the old rogue (meaning you, sir,) will never let you have her by fair means; however, says Octavio, I'll try soft words; but if those won't do, bully him, says t'other.

*Man.* Ah, poor dog! but that would not do either, sir; he has tried them both to-day to no purpose.

*Trap.* Say you so, sir? then you'll find what I say is all of a piece. Well, and if neither of these will do, says he, you must e'en tilt the young prig, your rival; meaning you then, sir. [*To* HYPOLITA.

*Man.* Ha! ha! that, I perceive, my spark did not greatly care for.

*Trap.* No, sir; that he found was catching a Tartar. 'Sbud! my master fought like a lion, sir.

*Hyp.* Truly I did not spare him.

*Flora.* No, 'faith—after he was knocked down. [*Aside.*

*Trap.* But now, sir, comes the cream of the roguery.

*Hyp.* Pray observe, sir.

*Trap.* Well, says Slylooks, and if all these fail, I have a rare trick in my head, that will certainly defer the marriage for three or four days at least, and in that time, the devil's in't if you don't find an opportunity to run away with her.

*Man.* Would you so, Mr. Dog? but he'll be hanged. Pray what was this trick to be, friend?

*Trap.* Why, sir, to alarm you, that my master was an impostor, and that Slylooks was the true Don Philip, sent by his father from Seville, to marry your daughter; upon which, (says he) the old put (meaning ing you again, sir,) will be so bamboozled, that——

*Man.* But pray, sir, how did young Mr. Coxcomb conclude, that the old put was to believe all this?—Had they no sham proofs, that they proposed to bamboozle me with, as you call it?

*Trap.* You shall hear, sir,—the plot was pretty well laid too—I'll pretend, says he, that the rascal, your rival, (meaning you then, sir,) has robbed me of my portmanteau, where I had put up all my jewels, money, and letters of recommendation from my father: we are neither of us known in Madrid, says he, so that a little impudence, and a grave face, will certainly set those two dogs a snarling, while you run away with the bone. That's all, sir.

*Man.* Impudent rogue!

*Hyp.* What think ye, sir? Was not this business pretty handsomely laid?

*Flora.* 'Faith, it might have wrought a very ridiculous consequence.

*Man.* Why, truly, if we had not been forearmed by this discovery, for aught I know, Mr. Dog might have run away with the bone indeed; but, if you please, sir, since these ingenious gentlemen are so pert upon the matter, we'll e'en let them see, that you and I have wit enough to do our business, and e'en clap up the wedding to-morrow morning.

*Hyp.* Sir, you are too obliging—But will your daughter, think ye, be prevailed with?—You'll excuse me, gentlemen.

*Man.* Sir, I'll prepare her this minute—I'll return immediately, and then, if you please, we'll run over

some old stories of my good friend, Fernando—Your servant. [*Exit* DON MANUEL.

*Hyp.* Sir, your most humble servant—Trappanti, thou art a rare fellow! thou hast an admirable brazen face, and when thou diest, I'll have thy whole statue cast all in the same metal.

*Flora.* 'Twere pity the rogue was not brought up to the law.

*Trap.* So 'tis, indeed, sir—A man should not praise himself; but if I had been bred to the gown, I dare venture to say, I become a lie, as well as any man that wears it.

*Hyp.* Nay, now thou art modest—But, sirrah, we have more work for ye—you must get in with the servants, attack the lady's woman; there, there's ammunition, rogue! [*Gives him Money.*]—Now, try if you can make a breach into the secrets of the family.

*Trap.* Ah, sir, I warrant you—I could never yet meet with a woman that was this sort of pistol-proof—I have known a handful of these do more than a barrel of gunpowder.

*Flora.* Well, what must we do next?

*Hyp.* Why, now for the lady—I'll be a little brisk upon her, and then——

*Flora.* Victoria!

# ACT THE THIRD.

## SCENE I.

*A Room in* DON MANUEL'S *House.*

*Enter* VILETTA, *hastily*, DON MANUEL *and* TRAPPANTI *behind, observing her.*

*Vil.* So, with much ado, I have given the old don the slip; he has dangled with me through every room in the house, high and low, up stairs and down, as close to my tail, as a great boy hankering after one of his mother's maids. Well—now we will see what Monsieur Octavio says.

[*Takes a Letter from her Bosom.*

*Trap.* Hist! there she is, and alone. When the devil has any thing to do with a woman, sir, that's his time to take her.—Stand close.

*Man.* Ah, he's at work already—There's a letter.

*Trap.* Leave her to me, sir, I'll read it.

*Vil.* Hah, two pistoles!—Well, I'll say that for him, the man knows his business—his letters always come post-paid. [*While she is reading,* TRAPPANTI *steals behind, and looks over her Shoulder.*] *Dear Viletta, convey the enclosed immediately to your mistress, and as you prize my life, use all possible means to keep the old gentleman from the closet, till you are sure she is safe out of the window. Your real friend,*

Trap. *Octavio.* [Reading.

*Vil.* Ah! [*Shrieking.*

*Trap.* Madam, your ladyship's most humble servant!

*Vil.* You're very impertinent, methinks, to look over other people's letters.

*Trap.* Why, I never read a letter in my life without looking it over.

*Vil.* I don't know any business you had to look upon this.

*Trap.* There's the thing—your not knowing that, has put you into this passion.

*Vil.* You may chance to have your bones broke, Mr. Coxcomb.

*Trap.* Sweet Honeycomb! don't be so waspish; or if I keep your counsel, d'ye see, I don't know why my bones mayn't keep their places; but if I peach, whose bones will pay for it then?

*Vil.* Ha! the fool says true—I had better wheedle him. [*Aside.*

*Trap.* Don't you love money above any thing in the world—except one.

*Vil.* I except nothing.

*Trap.* Very good—and pray, how many letters do you expect to be paid for, when Octavio has married your mistress, and has no occasion to write to her? while they are lovers, they will always have occasion for a confidant, and a go-between; but when they marry—serviteur—good night, vails—our harvest is over. What d'ye think of me now?

*Vil.* Why, I like what you say very well; but I don't know, my friend, to me—that same face of yours looks like the title-page to a whole volume of roguery—What is it you drive at?

*Trap.* Money, money, money. Don't you like your mistress marry Octavio; I'll do my best to make my master. Let you and I lay our heads together to keep them asunder, and so make a penny of them three.

*Vil.* Look you, signor, I'll trust you no further than I see you; to confess to you, I had made a rough draught of the project myself: but say I should agree with you,

go on upon't, what security can you give me for performance of articles?

*Trap.* More than bond or judgment—my person in custody.

*Vil.* Ah, that won't do.

*Trap* No, my love! why, there's many a sweet bit in't—taste it. [*Offering to kiss her, she puts him away.*

*Vil.* No.

*Trap.* 'Faith, you must give me one.

*Vil.* Indeed, my friend, you are too ugly for me; though I am not handsome myself, I love to play with those that are.

*Trap.* And yet, methinks, an honest fellow of my size and complexion, in a careless posture, playing the fool thus with his money——

[*Tosses a Purse, she catches it, he kisses her.*

*Vil.* Psha! Well, if I must, come then—to see how a woman may be deceived at first sight of a man.

*Trap.* Nay, then, take a second thought of me, child. [*Again.*

*Man.* Hah!—this is laying their heads together indeed. [*Behind.*

*Vil.* Well, now get you gone—I have a letter to give to my mistress.—Slip into the garden—I'll come t'ye presently.

*Trap.* Is't from Octavio?

*Vil.* Psha! begone, I say. [*Snatches the Letter.*

*Trap.* Hist!

[TRAPPANTI *beckons* DON MANUEL, *who goes softly behind.*

*Vil.* Madam! madam! ah!

*Man.* Now, strumpet, give me the other letter, or I'll murder you. [*Draws.*

*Vil.* Ah lud! oh lud!—there! [*Squeaking.*

*Man.* Now we shall see what my gentleman would be at—[*Reads.*]—*My dear angel!*—Ha! soft and impudent!—*Depend upon me at the garden door by seven*

*this evening: pity my impatience, and believe you can never come too soon to the arms of your*

OCTAVIO.

Ah! now would this rampant rogue make no more of debauching my gentlewoman, than the gentlewoman would of him, if he were to debauch her.—Hold—let's see—what does he say here—um—um!

[*Reads to himself.*

*Vil.* What a sot was I to believe this old fool durst do me any harm! but a fright's the devil!

*Man.* [*Reading.*] Um—um! sure she is safe out of the window! Oh, there the mine is to be sprung then!—Now, were I to act like a true Spaniard, I ought to rip up this jade, for more intelligence;—but I'll be wise; a bribe and a lie will do my business a great deal better.—Now, gentlewoman, what do ye think in your conscience I ought to do to ye?

*Vil.* What I think in my conscience you'll not do to me—make a friend of me—You see, sir, I dare be an enemy.

*Man.* Nay, thou dost not want courage, I'll say that for thee: but is it possible any thing can make thee honest?

*Vil.* What do you suppose would make me otherwise?

*Man.* Money.

*Vil.* You have nicked it.

*Man.* And would the same sum make thee surely one as t'other?

*Vil.* That I can't say, neither; one must be heavier than t'other, or else the scale can't turn.

*Man.* Say it be so, would that turn thee into my interest?

*Vil.* The very minute you turn into mine, sir: judge yourself—here stands Octavio, with a letter, and two pieces to give it to my mistress—there stand you with a hem! and four pieces—where would the letter go, d'ye think?

*Man.* There needs no more—I'm convinced, and will trust thee—there's to encourage thee beforehand, and when thou bringest me a letter of Octavio's, I'll double the sum.

*Vil.* Sir, I'll do it—and will take care he shall write presently. [*Aside.*

*Man.* Now, as you expect I should believe you, begone, and take no notice of what I have discovered.

*Vil.* I am dumb, sir—dumb. [*Exit.*

*Man.* So, this was done like a wise general: and now I have taken the counterscarp, there may be some hopes of making the town capitulate.—Rosara!

[*Unlocks the Closet.*

*Enter* ROSARA.

*Ros.* Did you call me, sir?

*Man.* Ay, child.—Come, be cheerful; what I have to say to you I'm sure ought to make you so. In one word, set your heart at rest, for you shall marry Don Philip this very evening.

*Ros.* That's but short warning, for the gentleman, as well as myself, for I don't know that we ever saw one another. How are you sure he will like me?

*Man.* Oh, as for that matter, he shall see you presently; and I have made it his interest to like you—but if you are still positively resolved upon Octavio, I'll make but few words—pull off your clothes, and go to him.

*Ros.* My clothes, sir!

*Man.* Ay, for the gentleman shan't have a rag with you.

*Ros.* When do you expect Don Philip, sir?

*Man.* Expect him, sir! he has been here this hour—I only staid to get you out of the sullens.—He's none of your humdrums—all life and mettle!—'Od-zooks, he has the courage of a cock! a duel's but a

dance to him: he has been at sa! sa! sa! for you already.

*Ros.* Well, sir, I shan't be afraid of his courage, since I see you are resolved he shall be the man.—He shall find me a woman, sir, let him win me and wear me, as soon as you please.

*Man.* Ah, now thou art my own girl! hold but in this humour one quarter of an hour, and I'll toss the t'other bushel of doubloons into thy portion.—Here, bid a—Come, I'll fetch him myself—She's in a rare cue, 'faith! ah, if he does but nick her now! [*Exit.*

*Ros.* Now I have but one card to play——if that don't hit, my hopes are crushed indeed: if this young spark be not a downright coxcomb, I may have a trick to turn all yet. Dear Fortune! give him but common sense, I'll make it impossible for him to like me —Here they come. [*Walks carelessly, and sings.*

*I'll rove and I'll range———*

*Enter* DON MANUEL *and* HYPOLITA.

*Hyp.* Madam, I kiss your ladyship's hands. I find by your gaiety, you are no stranger to my business. Perhaps you expected I should have come in with a grave bow and a long speech, but my affairs are in a little more haste; therefore, if you please, madam, we'll cut the work short; be thoroughly intimate at the first sight, and see one another's humours in a quarter of an hour, as well as if we had been weary of them this twelvemonth.

*Man.* Ah!

*Ros.* Troth, sir, I think you are very much in the right: the sooner I see you, the sooner I shall know whether I like you or not.

*Hyp.* Psha! as for that matter, you'll find me a very fashionable husband; I shan't expect my wife to be over fond of me.

*Ros.* But I love to be in the fashion too, sir, in taking the man I have a mind to.

*Hyp.* Say you so? why, then, take me as soon as you please.

*Ros.* I only stay for my mind, sir; as soon as ever that comes to me, upon my word I'm ready to wait upon you.

*Hyp.* Well, madam, a quarter of an hour shall break no squares.—Sir, if you'll find an occasion to leave us alone, I see we shall come to a right understanding presently.

*Man.* I'll do it—Sir, I must beg your pardon for a moment; but, if you please, in the mean time, I'll leave you my daughter, and so pray make your best of her. [*Exit.*

*Hyp.* I thank ye, sir. [HYPOLITA *stands some time mute, looks carelessly at* ROSARA, *and she smiles as in contempt of him.*] Why, now, methinks, madam, you had as good put on a real smile, for I am doomed to be the happy man, you see.

*Ros.* So my father says, sir.

*Hyp.* I'll take his word.

*Ros.* A bold man—but he'll break it.

*Hyp.* He won't.

*Ros.* He must.

*Hyp.* Whether he will or no?

*Ros.* He can't help it now.

*Hyp.* How so, pray?

*Ros.* Because he has promised you, you shall marry me; and he has always promised me, I should marry the man I could love.

*Hyp.* Ay—that is, he would oblige you to love the man you should marry.

*Ros.* The man that I marry, will be sure of my love; but, for the man that marries me—mercy on him!

*Hyp.* No matter for that, I'll marry you.

*Ros.* Come, I don't believe you are so illnatured.

*Hyp.* Why, dost thou not like me, child?
*Ros.* Um—No.
*Hyp.* What's the matter?
*Ros.* The old fault.
*Hyp.* What?
*Ros.* I don't like you.
*Hyp.* Is that all?
*Ros.* No.
*Hyp.* That's hard—the rest?
*Ros.* That you won't like.
*Hyp.* I'll stand it—try me.
*Ros.* Why, then, in short, I like another:—another man, sir, has got into my head, and has made such work there, you'll never be able to set me to rights as long as you live.—What d'ye think of me, now, sir? Won't this serve for a reason why you should not marry me?
*Hyp.* Um—the reason is a pretty smart sort of a reason, truly, but it won't do—To be short with ye, madam, I have reason to believe I shall be disinherited if I don't marry you.
*Ros.* And what have you reason to believe you shall be, if you do marry me?
*Hyp.* In the Spanish fashion, I suppose, jealous to a degree.
*Ros.* You may be in the English fashion, and something else to a degree.
*Hyp.* Oh, if I have not courage enough to prevent that, madam, let the world think me in the English city fashion—content to a degree. Now, here in Spain, child, we have such things as back rooms, barred windows, hard fare, poison, daggers, bolts, chains, and so forth.
*Ros.* Ay, sir, and there are such things as bribes, plots, shams, letters, lies, walls, ladders, keys, confidants, and so forth.
*Hyp.* Hey! a very complete regiment indeed what a world of service might these do in a que

of an hour, with a woman's courage at the head of them! Really, madam, your dress and humour have the prettiest, loose, French air, something so quality, that, let me die, madam, I believe in a month I should be apt to poison ye.

*Ros.* So, it takes! [*Aside.*] And let me die, sir, I believe, I should be apt to deserve it of ye.

*Hyp.* I shall certainly do it.

*Ros.* It must be in my breakfast then—for I should certainly run away before the wedding dinner came up.

*Hyp.* That's over acted, but I'll startle her; [*Aside.*] Then I must tell you, madam, a Spanish husband may be provoked as well as a wife.

*Ros.* My life on't, his revenge is not half so sweet! and if she's provoked, 'tis a thousand to one but she licks her lips before she's nailed in her coffin.

*Hyp.* You are very gay, madam.

*Ros.* I see nothing to fright me, sir, for I cannot believe you'll marry me now—I have told you my humour; if you like it you have a good stomach.

*Hyp.* Why, truly, you may probably lie a little heavy upon it, but I can better digest you than poverty: as for your inclination, I'll keep your body honest, however—that shall be locked up; and if you don't love me then—I'll stab you.

*Ros.* With what?—your words? it must be those you say after the priest then: You'll be able to do very little that will reach my heart, I assure ye.

*Hyp.* Come, come, this humour is as much affected as my own—I could no more bear the qualities you say you have, than I know you are guilty of them: your pretty arts, in striving to avoid, have charmed me. At my first view I wooed you only to secure a sordid fortune, which, now I overjoyed could part with, nay, with my life—with any thing, to purchase your unrivalled heart.

*Ros.* Now I am plunged indeed! [*Aside.*] Well, sir,

I own, you have discovered me; and I now, from my sincerity, protest my heart's already given, from whence no power, or interest, shall recall it. If what I have said seems cold, or too neglectful of your merit, call it not ingratitude or scorn, but faith unmoved, and justice to the man I love.

*Hyp.* Well, madam, to let you see I'm a friend to love, (though love's an enemy to me,) give me but a seeming proof, that Octavio's the undisputed master of your heart, and I'll forego the power your father's obligations give me, and throw my hopes into his arms with you.

*Ros.* Sir, you confound me with this goodness,—A proof! Command me to what proof you please; or if you'll trust to my sincerity, let these tears of joy convince you.—Here, on my knees, by all my hopes of peace, I swear——

*Hyp.* Hold! swear never to make any other man your husband, but Octavio.

*Ros.* I swear, and Heaven befriend me, as I keep this vow inviolate!

*Hyp.* Rise, madam, and now receive a secret, which I need not charge you to be careful of, since, as well your quiet as my own, depends upon it. A little common prudence between us, in all probability, before night, may make us happy in our separate wishes.

*Ros.* What mean you, sir? sure you are some angel, sent to my deliverance.

*Hyp.* Truly, madam, I have been often told so; but like most angels of my kind, there is a mortal man in the world, who I have a great mind should know that I am—but woman.

*Ros.* A woman! are not you Don Pedro?

*Hyp.* His shadow, madam, my servant; I just run before him—nay, and after him too. Octavio, madam, your lover, is my brother—my name Hyppolito, my story you shall know at leisure.

*Ros.* Hypolita! nay, then, from what you've said, and what I have heard Octavio say of you, I guess your story: but this was so extravagant a thought!

*Hyp.* That's true, madam, it—it—it was a little round about, indeed—I might have found a nearer way to Don Philip; but these men are such testy things, they can never stay one's time—always in haste, just as they please—now we are to look kind, then grave—now soft, then sincere—and so you see, there is such a plague that—I don't know—one does not care to be rid of them neither.

*Ros.* A very generous confession!

*Hyp.* Well, madam, now you know me thoroughly, I hope you'll think me as fit for a husband as another woman.—Here comes your father—Come, put on a dumb, consenting air, and leave the rest to me.

*Enter* DON MANUEL.

*Man.* So, son, how does the battle go now? Have you cannonaded stoutly? Does she cry quarter?

*Hyp.* My dear father! let me embrace your knees; my life's too poor to make you a return—you have given me an empire, sir; I would not change to be Grand Signior.

*Man.* Ah, rogue! he has done it, he has done it; he has her! ha! is't not so, my little champion?

*Hyp.* Victoria, sir! the town's my own.

*Man.* Ah, give me the great chair—I can't bear my joy——Ah, my cares are over!

*Hyp.* Oh, I told you, sir,—hearts and towns are never too strong for a surprise.

*Man.* Pr'ythee, be quiet, I hate the sight of ye—Rosara! come hither, you wicked thing, come hither, I say.

*Ros.* I am glad to see you so well pleased, sir!

*Man.* Oh, I cannot live—I can't live it; it pours upon me like a torrent; I am full as a bumper—it

runs over at my eyes; I shall choke——Answer me two questions, and kill me outright.

*Ros.* Any thing that will make you more pleased, sir.

*Man.* Are you positively resolved to marry this gentleman?

*Ros.* Sir, I am convinced 'tis the first match that can make me happy.

*Man.* I am the miserablest dog alive——and I warrant you are willing to marry him to-morrow morning if I should ask you?

*Ros.* Sooner sir, if you think it necessary.

*Man.* Oh, this malicious jade has a mind to destroy me at once—Ye cursed toad! how did you do to get in with her so? [*To* HYPOLITA.

*Ros.* Come, sir, take heart, your joy won't be always so troublesome.

*Man.* You lie, hussy, I shall be plagued with it as long as I live.

*Hyp.* You must not live above two hours then. [*Aside.*

*Man.* I warrant this raking rogue will get her with child too—I shall have a young squab Spaniard upon my lap, that will so grandpapa me!—Well, what want you, gloomy face?

*Enter* SANCHO.

*San.* Sir, here's a gentleman desires to speak with you; he says he comes from Seville.

*Man.* From Seville! Ha! pr'ythee, let him go thither again—tell him, I am a little busy about being overjoyed. [*Exit* SANCHO.

*Hyp.* My life on't, sir, this must be the fellow that my servant told you of, employed by Octavio.

*Man.* Very likely.

*Enter* TRAPPANTI.

*Trap.* Sir, sir—News, news!

*Man.* Ay, this fellow has a good merry face.

—I like him. Well, what dost thou say, lad?—— But hold, sirrah! has any body told thee how it is with me?

*Trap.* Sir.

*Man.* Do you know, puppy, that I am ready to cry?

*Trap.* Cry, sir! for what?

*Man.* Joy! joy! you whelp; my cares are over; madam's to marry your master, sirrah, and I am as wet with joy as if I had been thrown into a sea full of good-luck.——Why don't you cry, dog?

*Trap.* Uh! Well, sir, I do——But now, if you please, let me tell you my business.

*Man.* Well, what's the matter, sirrah?

*Trap.* Nay, no great matter, sir, only——Slylooks is come, that's all.

*Man.* Slylooks! what, the bamboozler! ha! ha!

*Trap.* He, sir, he.

*Man.* I'm glad of it, 'faith—now I shall have a little diversion, to moderate my joy—I'll wait on the gentleman myself——Don't you be out of the way, son; I'll be with ye presently——Oh my jaws! this fit will carry me off. Ye dear toad! good-by'e.

[*Exit.*

*Hyp.* Ha! ha! ha! the old gentleman's as merry as a fiddle; how he'll start when a string snaps in the middle of his tune!

*Ros.* At least, we shall make him change it, I believe.

*Hyp.* That we shall: and here comes one that's to play upon him.

*Enter* FLORA, *hastily.*

*Flora.* Don Philip, where are you? I must needs speak with ye. Begging your ladyship's pardon madam. [*Whispers* HYPOLITA.] Stand to your arms; the enemy's at the gate, 'faith:

*Ros.* Who can this youth be she is so familiar with?

*Hyp.* [*Fo* FLORA.] I like your advice so well, that, to tell you the truth, I have made bold to take it before you gave it me. Come, I'll introduce ye.

*Flora.* Then the business is done.

*Hyp.* Madam, if your ladyship pleases.

[*To* ROSARA.

*Ros.* Is this gentleman your friend, sir?

*Hyp.* This friend, madam, is my gentlewoman, at your service.

*Ros.* Gentlewoman! What, are we all going into breeches then?

*Flora.* That used to be my post, madam, when I wore a needle; but now I have got a sword by my side, I shall be proud to be your ladyship's humble servant.

*Ros.* Troth, I think it's a pity you should either of you ever part with your swords: I never saw a prettier couple of adroit cavaliers in my life. Come, ladies—Gentlemen, I beg your pardon. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT THE FOURTH.

### SCENE I.

DON MANUEL'S *House.*

*Enter* DON MANUEL *and* DON PHILIP.

*Man.* Well, sir; and so you were robbed of your portmanteau, you say, at Toledo, in which were all your letters and writings relating to your marriage with my daughter, and that's the reason you are come without them.

*Phil.* I was not robbed of the regard I owe

ther's friend; that, sir, I have brought with me, and 'twould have been ill manners not to have paid it at my first arrival.

*Man.* Ah, how smooth the spark is! [*Aside.*]—Well, sir, I am pretty considerably glad to see you; but I hope you'll excuse me if, in a matter of this consequence, I seem a little cautious?

*Phil.* Sir, I shan't propose any immediate progress in my affair, till you receive fresh advice from my father; in the mean time, I shall think myself obliged by the bare freedom of your house, and such entertainment as you'd at least afford a common stranger.

*Man.* Impudent rogue! the freedom of my house! yes, that he may be always at hand to secure the main chance for my friend Octavio—But now I'll have a touch of a bamboozle with him. [*Aside.*]—Lookye, sir, while I see nothing to contradict what you say you are, d'ye see, you shall find me a gentleman.

*Phil.* So my father told me, sir.

*Man.* But then, on the other hand, d'ye see, a man's honesty is not always written in his face; and (begging your pardon) if you should prove a damn'd rogue now, d'ye see.

*Phil.* Sir, I can't in reason take any thing ill, that proceeds only from your caution.

*Man.* Civil rascal! [*Aside.*] No, no, as you say, I hope you won't take it ill, neither; for how do I know, you know, but what you tell me (begging your pardon again, sir) may be all a lie!

*Phil.* Another man, indeed, might say the same to you; but I shall take it kindly, sir, if you suppose me a villain no oftener than you have occasion to suspect me.

*Man.* Sir, you speak like a man of honour, it is confessed; but, with your honour's leave, sir, is there nobody here at Madrid that knows you?

*Phil.* Sir, I never saw Madrid till within these two *hours*; though there is a gentleman in town that knew

me intimately at Seville; I met him by accident, at the inn where I alighted; he's known here, if it will give you any present satisfaction, I believe I could easily produce him to vouch for me.

*Man.* At the inn, say ye, did you meet this gentleman? What's his name, pray?

*Phil.* Octavio Cruzado.

*Man.* Ha, my bully confessor! this agrees word for word with honest Trappanti's intelligence—[*Aside.*]—Well, sir, and pray what does he give you for this job?

*Phil.* Job, sir!

*Man.* Ay, that is, do you undertake it out of good fellowship, or are you to have a sort of fellow-feeling in the matter?

*Phil.* Sir, if you believe me to be the son of Don Fernando, I must tell ye, your manner of receiving me is what you ought not to suppose can please him, or I can thank you for; if you think me an impostor, I'll ease you of the trouble of suspecting me, and leave your house, till I can bring better proofs who I am.

*Man.* Do so, friend; and, in the mean time, d'ye see, pray give my humble service to the politician, and tell him, that, to your certain knowledge, the old fellow, the old rogue, and the old put, d'ye see, knows how to bamboozle as well as himself.

*Phil.* Politician! and bamboozle! Pray, sir, let me understand you, that I may know how to answer you.

*Man.* Come, come, don't be discouraged, friend—sometimes, you know, the strongest wits must fail. You have an admirable head, it is confessed, with as able a face to it as ever was stuck upon two shoulders; but who the devil can help ill luck? for it happens at this time, d'ye see, that it won't do.

*Phil.* Won't do, sir?

*Man.* Nay, if you won't understand me now, be

comes an honest fellow, that will speak you point blank to the matter.

*Enter* TRAPPANTI.

Come hither, friend; dost thou know this gentleman?

*Trap.* Bless me, sir! is it you? Sir, this is my old master I lived with at Seville.

*Phil.* I remember thee; thy name's Trappanti; thou wert my servant when I first went to travel.

*Trap.* Ay, sir, and about twenty months after you came home too.

*Phil.* You see, sir, this fellow knows me.

*Man.* Oh, I never questioned it in the least, sir! Pr'ythee, what's this worthy gentleman's name, friend?

*Trap.* Sir, your honour has heard me talk of him a thousand times; his name, sir! his name is Guzman: his father, sir, old Don Guzman, is the most eminent lawyer in Seville, was the very person that drew up the settlement and articles of my master's marriage with your honour's daughter: this gentleman knows all the particulars as well as if he had drawn them up himself: but, sir, I hope there's no mistake in them, that may defer the marriage.

*Phil.* Confusion!

*Man.* Now, sir, what sort of answer d'ye think fit to make me?

*Phil.* Now, sir, that I'm obliged in honour not to leave your house, till I at least have seen the villain, that calls himself Don Philip, that has robbed me of my portmanteau, and would you, sir, of your honour and your daughter—As for this rascal——

*Trap.* Sir, I demand protection.

[*Runs behind* DON MANUEL.

*Man.* Hold, sir; since you are so brisk, and in my own house too, call your master, friend: you'll find we have swords within can match you.

*Trap.* Ay, sir, I may chance to send you one will take down your courage. [*Exit* TRAPPANTI.

*Phil.* I ask your pardon, sir; I must confess the villany I saw designed against my father's friend had transported me beyond good manners; but be assured, sir, use me henceforward as you please, I will detect it, though I lose my life. Nothing shall affront me now till I have proved myself your friend indeed, and Don Fernando's son.

*Man.* Nay, lookye, sir, I will be very civil too—I won't say a word—you shall e'en squabble it out by yourselves; not but, at the same time, thou art to me the merriest fellow that ever I saw in my life.

*Enter* HYPOLITA, FLORA, *and* TRAPPANTI.

*Hyp.* Who's this, that dares usurp my name, and calls himself Don Philip de las Torres?

*Phil.* Ha! this is a young competitor indeed! [*Aside.*

*Flora.* Is this the gentleman, sir?

*Man.* Yes, yes, that's he: ha! ha!

*Phil.* Yes, sir, I'm the man who, but this morning, lost that name upon the road; I'm informed an impudent young rascal has picked it out of some writings in the portmanteau he robbed me of, and has brought it hither before me. D'ye know any such, sir?

*Flora.* The fellow really does it very well, sir!

*Man.* Oh, to a miracle! [*Aside.*

*Hyp.* Pr'ythee, friend, how long dost thou expect thy impudence will keep thee out of gaol? Could not the coxcomb that put thee upon this inform thee too, that this gentleman was a magistrate?

*Man.* Well said, my little champion!

*Phil.* Now, in my opinion, child, that might as well put thee in mind of thy own condition; for suppose thy wit and impudence should so far succeed, as to let thee ruin this gentleman's family, by really r

rying his daughter, thou canst not but know 'tis impossible thou shouldst enjoy her long; a very few days must unavoidably discover thee: in the meantime, if thou wilt spare me the trouble of exposing thee, and generously confess thy roguery, thus far I'll forgive thee; but if thou still proceedest upon his credulity to a marriage with the lady, don't flatter thyself that all her fortune shall buy off my evidence, for I'm bound in honour, as well as law, to hang thee for the robbery.

*Hyp.* Sir, you are extremely kind.

*Flora.* Very civil, 'egad.

*Hyp.* But may not I presume, my dear friend, this wheedle was offered as a trial of this gentleman's credulity? Ha! ha! ha!

*Man.* Indeed, my friend, 'tis a very shallow one. Canst thou think I'm such a sot as to believe, that, if he knew 'twere in thy power to hang him, he would not have run away at the first sight of thee?

*Trap.* Ay, sir, he must be a dull rogue, indeed, that would not run away from a halter. Ha! ha! ha!

[*All laugh.*

*Phil.* Sir, I ask your pardon; I begin now to be a little sensible of my folly—I perceive this gentleman has done his business with you effectually: however, sir, the duty I owe my father obliges me not to leave your cause, though I'll leave your house immediately: when you see me next, you'll know Don Philip from a rascal.

*Man.* Ah, 'twill be the same thing if I know a rascal from Don Philip! So, when you see your friend, the politician, you must tell him you had cursed luck; that's all. Ha! ha! ha!

*Phil.* Very well, sir; I may have better when I see you next.

*Hyp.* Lookye, sir, since your undertaking (though you designed it otherwise) has promoted my happiness, thus far I pass it by; though I question if a man

that stoops to do such base injuries dares defend them with his sword: however, now at least you're warned; but be assured, your next attempt——

*Phil.* Will startle you, my spark. I'm afraid you'll be a little humbler, when you are handcuffed. Though you won't take my word against him, sir, perhaps another magistrate may my oath, which, because I see his marriage is in haste, I am obliged to make immediately. If he can outface the law too, I shall be content to be the coxcomb then you think me. [*Exit.*

*Man.* Ah, poor fellow! he's resolved to carry it off with a good face, however. Ha! ha!

*Trap.* Ay, sir, that's all he has for't, indeed.

*Hyp.* Trappanti, follow him, and do as I directed. [*Aside to* TRAPPANTI.

*Trap.* I warrant ye, sir. [*Exit.*

*Man.* Ha! my little champion, let me kiss thee; thou hast carried the day like a hero. Man nor woman, nothing can stand before thee. I'll make thee monarch of my daughter immediately.

*Hyp.* That's the Indies, sir. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* DON OCTAVIO, *with a Letter.*

*Oct.* Rosara false! distraction! Sure this letter must be but artifice, a humour to try how far my love can bear——and yet, methinks, she can't but know the impudence of my young rival, and her father's importunity, are too pressing to allow her any time to fool away: and, if she were really false, she could not take a pride in confessing it. Death! I know not what to think; the sex is all a riddle, and we are the fools, that crack our brains to expound them.

*Enter* VILETTA.

Now, dear Viletta!

*Vil.* My lady begs your pardon; they have just sent for the priest; but they will be glad to see you about an hour hence, as soon as the wedding's over.

*Oct.* Viletta?

*Vil.* Sir, she says, in short, she can't possibly speak with you now, for she is just going to be married.

*Oct.* Death! daggers! blood! confusion! and ten thousand furies!

*Vil.* Heyday! what's all this for?

*Oct.* My brains are turned, Viletta.

*Vil.* Ay, by my troth, so one would think, if one could but think you had any at all: if you have but three grains, I'm sure you can't but know her compliance with this match must give her a little liberty; and can you suppose she'd desire to see you an hour hence, if she did not design to make use of it?

*Oct.* Use of it! death! when the wedding's over?

*Vil.* Dear sir, but the bedding won't be over, and, I presume, that's the ceremony you have a mind to be master of.

*Oct.* Don't flatter me, Viletta.

*Vil.* 'Faith, sir, I'll be very plain: you are to me the dullest person I ever saw in my life; but, if you have a mind, I'll tell her you won't come.

*Oct.* No, don't say so, Viletta.

*Vil.* Then, pray, sir, do as she bids you; don't stay here to spoil your own sport; you'll have the old gentleman come thundering down upon ye by and by, and then we shall have ye at your ten thousand furies again.—Hist! here's company; good b'ye to ye. [*Exit.*

*Enter* DON PHILIP, *his Sword drawn, and* TRAPPANTI.

*Phil.* Come, sir, there's no retreating now; this you must justify.

*Trap.* Sir, I will, and a great deal more; but, pray, sir, give me leave to recover my courage—I protest the keen looks of that instrument have quite frighted it away. Pray, put it up, sir.

*Phil.* Nay, to let thee see I had rather be thy friend than enemy, I'll bribe thee to be honest. Discharge thy conscience, like a man, and I'll engage to make these five ten pieces.

*Enter* SANCHO.

*Trap.* Sir, your business will be done effectually.

*Phil.* Here, friend, will ye tell your master I desire to speak with him? [*Exit* SANCHO.

*Oct.* Don Philip!

*Phil.* Octavio! this is fortunate indeed;—the only place in the world I would have wished to have found you in.

*Oct.* What's the matter?

*Phil.* You'll see presently.—But, pr'ythee, how stands your affair with your mistress?

*Oct.* The devil take me if I can tell ye—I don't know what to make of her; about an hour ago she was for scaling walls to come at me; and this minute —whip, she's going to marry the stranger I told you of; nay, confesses too it is with her own consent; and yet begs, by all means, to see me as soon as her wedding's over.—Is not it very pretty?

*Enter* SANCHO.

*Phil.* Something gay indeed.

*San.* Sir, my master will wait on you presently. [*Exit.*

*Oct.* But the plague on't is, my love cannot bear this jesting.—Well, now, how stands your affair? have you seen your mistress yet?

*Phil.* No, I can't get admittance to her.

*Oct.* How so?

*Phil.* When I came to pay my duty here to the old gentleman——

*Oct.* Here!

*Phil.* Ay, I found an impudent young rascal here before me, that had taken my name upon him, robbed me of my portmanteau, and by virtue of some papers there, knew all my concerns to a tittle: he has told a plausible tale to her father, faced him down that I'm an impostor, and if I don't this minute prevent him, is going to marry the lady!

*Oct.* Confusion! my friend at last my rival too— Yet hold—my rival is my friend; he owns he has not seen her yet—— [*Aside.*

*Phil.* You seem concerned.

*Oct.* Undone for ever, unless dear Philip's still my friend.

*Phil.* What's the matter?

*Oct.* Forgive my fears, and since 'tis impossible you can feel the pain of loving her you are engaged to marry, not having (as your own) yet ever seen her, let me conjure you, by all the ties of honour, friendship, and pity, never to attempt her more.

*Phil.* You amaze me!

*Oct.* 'Tis the same dear creature I so passionately dote on.

*Phil.* Is it possible? Nay, then, be easy in thy thoughts, Octavio; and now I dare confess the folly of my own: I'm not sorry thou art my rival here. In spite of all my weak philosophy, I must own the secret wishes of my soul are still Hypolita's.

*Oct.* Dear Philip.—But how shall we manage the rascal of an impostor? Suppose you run immediately and swear the robbery against him?

*Phil.* I was just going about it, but accidentally meeting with this fellow, has luckily prevented me, who, you must know, has been chief engineer in the contrivance against me, but between threats, bribes,

and promises, has confessed the whole roguery, and is now ready to swear it against him: so because I understand the spark is very near his marriage, I thought this would be the best and soonest way to detect him.

*Oct.* That's right; the least delay might have lost all: besides, I am here to strengthen his evidence, for I can swear that you are the true Don Philip.

*Phil.* Right.

*Trap.* Sir, with humble submission, that will be quite wrong.

*Oct.* Why so?

*Trap.* Because, sir, the old gentleman is substantially convinced, that 'tis you who have put Don Philip upon laying this pretended claim to his daughter, purely to defer the marriage, that in the mean time you might get an opportunity to run away with her; for which reason, sir, you'll find your evidence will but fly in your face, and hasten the match with your rival.

*Phil.* Ha! There's reason in that.

*Oct.* What would you have me do?

*Trap.* Don't appear at the trial, sir.

*Phil.* By no means; rather wait a little in the street: be within call, and leave the management to me.

*Oct.* I won't stir from the door.

*Phil.* You'll soon hear of me: away.

[*Exit* OCTAVIO.

*Trap.* So, now I have divided the enemy, there can be no great danger if it should come to a battle—Basta! here comes our party.

*Phil.* Stand aside, till I call for you.

[TRAPPANTI *retires.*

*Enter* DON MANUEL.

*Man.* Well, sir, what service have you to command me now, pray?

*Phil.* Now, sir, I hope my credit will stand a little fairer with you: all I beg is but your patient hear

*Man.* Well, sir, you shall have it.——Here he comes; bring him to trial as soon as you please.

*Enter* FLORA *and* HYPOLITA.

*Flora.* So! Trappanti has succeeded; he's come without the officers. [*To* HYPOLITA.

*Hyp.* Hearing, sir, you were below, I did not care to disturb the family, by putting the officers to the trouble of a needless search: let me see your warrant; I'm ready to obey it.

*Man.* Ay, where's your officer?

*Flora.* I thought to have seen him march in state, with an alguazil before him.

*Phil.* I was afraid, sir, upon second thoughts, your business would not stay for a warrant, though 'tis possible I may provide for you, for I think this gentleman's a magistrate: in the mean time——Oh! here, I have prevailed with an alguazil to wait upon ye.

*Enetr* ALGUAZIL.

*Alg.* Did you send for me, sir!

*Phil.* Ay, secure that gentleman.

*Man.* Hold, hold, sir; all things in order; this gentleman is yet my guest; let me be first acquainted with his crime, and then I shall better know how he deserves to be treated; and that we may have no hard words upon one another, if you please, sir, let me first talk with you in private. [*They whisper.*

*Hyp.* Undone! that fool Trappanti, or that villain, I know not which, has at least mistaken or betrayed me! Ruined past redemption!

*Flora.* Death! what d'ye mean? that hanging look were enough to confirm a suspicion: bear up, for shame!

*Hyp.* Impossible! I am dashed, confounded: if thou hast any courage left, show it quickly. Go, speak, before my fears betray me. [*Aside.*

*Man.* If you can make this appear by any witness, sir, I confess, 'twill surprise me indeed.

*Flora.* Ay, sir, if you have any witnesses, we desire you'd produce them.

*Phil.* Sir, I have a witness at your service, and a substantial one.——Hey! Trappanti!

*Enter* TRAPPANTI.

Now, sir, what think ye?

*Hyp.* Ha! the rogue winks——then there's life again. [*Aside.*] Is this your witness, sir?

*Phil.* Yes, sir; this poor fellow at last, it seems, happens to be honest enough to confess himself a rogue, and your accomplice.

*Hyp.* Ha! ha!

*Phil.* Ha! ha! you are very merry, sir.

*Man.* Nay, there's a jest between ye, that's certain —But come, friend, what say you to the business? have ye any proof to offer upon oath that this gentleman is the true Don Philip, and consequently this other an impostor?

*Phil.* Speak boldly.

*Trap.* Ay, sir; but shall I come to no harm if I do speak?

*Man.* Let it be the truth, and I'll protect thee.

*Trap.* Well, sir, since I must speak, then, in the first place, I desire your honour would be pleased to command the officer to secure that gentleman.

*Man.* How, friend!

*Phil.* Secure me, rascal!

*Trap.* Sir, if I can't be protected, I shall never be able to speak.

*Man.* I warrant thee—What is it you say, friend?

*Trap.* Sir, as I was just now crossing the street, this gentleman, with a sneer in his face, takes me by the hands, claps five pistoles in my palm, (here they are) shuts my fist close upon them; My dear friend, says

he, you must do me a piece of service; upon which, sir, I bows me him to the ground, and desired him to open his case.

*Phil.* What means the rascal?

*Man.* Sir, I am as much amazed as you; but pray let's hear him, that we may know his meaning.

*Trap.* So, sir, upon this he runs me over a long story of a sham and a flam he had just contrived, he said, to defer my master's marriage only for two days.

*Phil.* Confusion!

*Flora.* Nay, pray, sir, let's hear the evidence.

*Trap.* Upon the close of the matter, sir, I found at last, by his eloquence, that the whole business depended upon my bearing a little false witness against my master.

*Hyp.* Oh, ho!

*Trap.* Upon this, sir, I began to demur: Sir, says I, this business will never hold water; don't let me undertake it; I must beg your pardon; gave him the negative shrug, and was for sneaking off with the fees in my pocket.

*Man.* Very well!

*Phil.* Villain!

*Flora and Hyp.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Trap.* Upon this, sir, he catches me fast hold by the collar, whips out his poker, claps it within half an inch of my guts; now, dog! says he, you shall do it, or within two hours stink upon the dunghill you came from.

*Phil.* Sir, if there be any faith in mortal man—

*Man.* Nay, nay, nay, one at a time; you shall be heard presently. Go on, friend.

*Trap.* Having me at this advantage, sir, I began to think my wit would do me more service than my courage, so prudently pretended, out of fear, to comply with his threats, and swallow the perjury; but now, sir, being under protection, and at liberty of consci-

ence, I have honesty enough, you see, to tell you the whole truth of the matter.

*Man.* Ay this is evidence indeed!

*Omnes.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Phil.* Dog! villain! did not you confess to me that this gentleman picked you up not three hours ago at the same inn where I alighted? that he had owned his stealing my portmanteau at Toledo? that if he succeeded to marry the lady, you were to have a considerable sum for your pains, and these two were to share the rest of her fortune between them?

*Trap.* O lud! O lud! Sir, as I hope to die in my bed, these are the very words; he threatened to stab me if I would not swear against my master——I told him at first, sir, I was not fit for his business; I was never good at a lie in my life.

*Alg.* Nay, sir, I saw this gentleman's sword at his breast out of my window.

*Trap.* Lookye there, sir!

*Phil.* Damnation!

*Omnes.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Man.* Really, my friend, thou art almost turned fool in this business: if thou hadst prevailed upon this wretch to perjure himself, couldst thou think I should not have detected him? You may go, friend.

[*Exit* ALGUAZIL.

*Flora.* Ha! ha!

*Phil.* Sir, you are imposed upon. Defer your marriage but an hour. Perdition seize me, if I have any hope or thought but that of serving you.

*Man.* Nay, now thou art a downright distracted man—Dost thou expect I should take thy bare word, when here were two honest fellows that have just proved thee in a lie to thy face?

*Enter* SANCHO.

*San.* Sir, the priest is come. [*Exit.*

*Man.* Is he so? then, sir, if you please, since you

see you can do me no farther service, I believe it may be time for you to go.——Come, son, now let's wait upon the bride, and put an end to this gentleman's trouble altogether. [*Exit* DON MANUEL.

*Hyp.* Sir, I'll wait on ye.

*Phil.* Confusion! I've undone my friend.

[*Walks about.*

*Flora.* [*Aside.*] Trappanti! rogue, this was a masterpiece!

*Trap.* [*Aside.*] Sir, I believe it won't be mended in haste. [*Exeunt* FLORA *and* TRAPPANTI.

*Hyp.* Sir!

*Phil.* Ha! alone! If I were not prevented now—Well, sir!

*Hyp.* I suppose, you don't think the favours you have designed me, are to be put up without satisfaction? therefore, I shall expect to see you early to-morrow near the Prado, with your sword in your hand: in the mean time, sir, I'm a little more in haste to be the lady's humble servant, than yours.

[*Going.*

*Phil.* Hold, sir!—you and I can't part upon such easy terms.

*Hyp.* Sir!

*Phil.* You are not so near the lady, sir, perhaps, as you imagine. [DON PHILIP *locks the Door.*

*Hyp.* What d'ye mean?

*Phil.* Speak softly.

*Hyp.* Ha!

*Phil.* Come, sir, draw—my time's but short.

*Hyp.* And mine's too precious to be lost on any thing but love; besides, this is no proper place.—To-morrow, sir, I shall find a better.

*Phil.* Draw, villain! or expect such usage as I'm sure Don Philip would not bear.

*Hyp.* A lover, sir, may bear any thing, to make sure of his mistress.—You know it is not fear that—

*Phil.* No evasions, sir; either this moment con-

fess your villany, your name, and fortune, or expect no mercy.

*Hyp.* Nay, then—within there!

*Phil.* Move but a step, or dare to raise thy voice beyond a whisper, this minute is thy last.

[*Seizes her, and holds his Sword to her Breast.*

*Hyp.* Sir! [*Trembling.*

*Phil.* Villain! be quick, confess, or——

*Hyp.* Hold, sir—I own I dare not fight with you.

*Phil.* No, I see thou art too poor a villain!—therefore, be speedy, as thou hop'st I'll spare thy life.

*Hyp.* Nay, then, sir—mercy! mercy! [*Throws herself at his Feet.*] And, since I must confess, have pity on my youth, have pity on my love!

*Phil.* Thy love! what art thou, spark?

*Hyp.* Unless your generous compassion spares me, sure the most wretched youth that ever felt the pangs and torments of a successless passion!

*Phil.* Nay, then, I must forgive thee. [*Raising her.*] For I have known too well the misery, not to pity—any thing in love.—Yet, hold—nor flatter thy fond hopes too far; you must defer your marriage with this lady.

*Hyp.* Sir, on my knees——

*Phil.* Expect no more from me; either comply this moment, or my sword shall force thee.

*Hyp.* Consider, sir——

*Phil.* Nay, then, discover quick—tell me thy name and family.

*Hyp.* Hold, sir!

*Phil.* Speak, or thou diest. [*A Noise at the Door.*

*Hyp.* Sir, I will—Ha! they are entering—O! for a moment's courage! Come on, sir!

[*She breaks from him, and draws, retiring, till* DON MANUEL, FLORA, *and* TRAPPANTI, *with* SERVANTS, *rush in, and part them.*

*Man.* Knock him down!—Force him out of the

room there; call an officer; in the mean time secure him in the cellar.

*Phil.* Hear me but one word, sir.

*Man.* Stop his mouth——Out with him. [*They hurry him off.*]—Come, dear son, be pacified.

*Hyp.* A villain! [*Walking in a heat.*

*Flora.* Why should he be concerned, now he's secure? such a rascal would but contaminate the sword of a man of honour.

*Hyp.* I am sorry, sir, such a fellow should have it in his power to disturb me—But——

*Enter* ROSARA.

*Man.* Look; here's my daughter in a fright to see for you.

*Hyp.* Then I'm composed again—

[*Runs to* ROSARA.

*Ros.* I heard fighting here; I hope you are not wounded, sir?

*Hyp.* I have no wound, but what the priest can heal.

*Man.* Ay! well said, my little champion! [*Exit.*

*Hyp.* Oh, madam, I have such a terrible escape to tell you.

*Ros.* Truly, I began to be afraid I should lose my little husband.

*Hyp.* Husband, quotha! Get me but once safe out of these breeches, if ever I wear them again——

[*Exeunt.*

# ACT THE FIFTH.

## SCENE I.

### DON MANUEL'S *House.*

*Enter* TRAPPANTI.

*Trap.* What in the name of roguery can this new master of mine be? he's either a fool, or bewitched, that's positive.—First, he gives me fifty pieces for helping him to marry the lady; and, as soon as the wedding is over, claps me twenty more into the other hand, to help him to get rid of her—Nay, not only that, but gives me a strict charge to observe his directions, in being evidence against him as an impostor, to refund all the lies I have told in his service; to sweep him clear out of my conscience, and now to swear the robbery against him. What the bottom of this can be, I must confess, does a little puzzle my wit.——There's but one way in the world I can solve it—he must certainly have some reason to hang himself, that he's ashamed to own; and so was resolved first to be married, that his friends might not wonder at the occasion. But here he comes, with his noose in his hand.

*Enter* HYPOLITA *and* ROSARA.

*Hyp.* Trappanti, go to Don Pedro; he has business with you.

*Trap.* Yes, sir. [*Exit* TRAPPANTI.

*Ros.* Who's Don Pedro, pray?

*Hyp.* Flora, madam; he knows her yet by no other name.—Where's your father, madam?

*Ros.* I saw him go towards his closet; I believe he's gone to fetch you part of my fortune.—Here he comes.

*Enter* DON MANUEL.

*Man.* Ah, my little conqueror! let me embrace thee!—That ever I should live to see this day!—This most triumphant day! this day of all days in my life!

*Hyp.* Ay, and of my life too, sir. [*Embracing him.*

*Man.* Ay, my cares are over—now, I have nothing to do but to think of the other world, for I've done all my business in this; look you here, children, I have brought you some baubles, that will make you merry as long as you live; twelve thousand pistoles are the least value of them: the rest of your fortune shall be paid in the best Barbary gold to-morrow morning.

*Hyp.* Ay, sir, this is speaking like a father! this is encouragement, indeed!

*Man.* Much good may do thy heart and soul with them—and Heaven bless you together!—I have had a great deal of care and trouble to bring it about, children, but, thank my stars, 'tis over—'tis over now! now I may sleep with my doors open, and never have my slumbers broken with the fear of rogues and rivals.

*Ros.* Don't interrupt him, and see how far his humour will carry him. [*To* HYPOLITA.

*Man.* But there is no joy lasting in this world; we must all die, when we have done our best, sooner or later; old or young, prince or peasant, high or low, kings, lords, and commoners, must die! nothing certain; we are forced to buy one comfort with the loss of another. Now I have married my child, I have

lost my companion—I have parted with my girl—her heart's gone another way now—she'll forget her old father—I shall never have her wake me more, like a cheerful lark, with her pretty songs in a morning—I shall have nobody to chat at dinner with me now, or take up a godly book, and read me to sleep, in an afternoon. Ah! these comforts are all gone now! [*Weeps.*

*Hyp.* How very near the extreme of one passion is to another! Now he is tired with joy, till he is downright melancholy!

*Ros.* What's the matter, sir?

*Man.* Ay, my child! now it comes to the test, methinks I don't know how to part with thee.

*Ros.* Oh, sir! we shall be better friends than ever.

*Man.* Uh, uh! shall we? wilt thou come and see the old man now and then? Well, Heaven bless thee! give me a kiss—I must kiss thee at parting: be a good girl, use thy husband well, make an obedient wife, and I shall die contented.

*Hyp.* Die, sir! Come, come, you have a great while to live—Hang these melancholy thoughts! they are the worst company in the world at a wedding—Consider, sir, we are young; if you would oblige us, let us have a little life and mirth—a jubilee to-day, at least: stir your servants; call in your neighbours; let me see your whole family mad for joy, sir.

*Man.* Ha! shall we! shall we be merry then?

*Hyp.* Merry, sir! ay, as beggars at a feast. What! shall a dull Spanish custom tell me, when I am the happiest man in the kingdom, I shan't be as mad as I have a mind to? Let me see the face of nothing today but revels, friends, feasts, and music, sir.

*Man.* Ah! thou shalt have thy humour—thou shalt have thy humour! Hey, within there! rogues! dogs! slaves! where are my rascals? Ah, my joflows again——I can't bear it!

*Enter* SANCHO *and Two* SERVANTS.

*Sancho.* Did you call, sir?

*Man.* Call, sir! ay, sir. What's the reason yo are not all out of your wits, sir? don't you know, tha your young mistress is married, scoundrels?

*Sancho.* Yes, sir; and we are all ready to be mad as soon as your honour will please to give any dis tracted orders.

*Hyp.* You see, sir, they only want a little encou ragement.

*Man.* Ah, there shall be nothing wanting this day if I were sure to beg for it all my life after—— Here sirrah, Cook! look into the Roman history—see what Mark Antony had for supper, when Cleopatra first treated him.—Go. And, d'ye hear? one of you step to Monsieur, the king's butler, for the same wine that his majesty reserves for his own drinking; tell him he shall have his price for it.

*Sancho.* How much will you please to have, sir?

*Man.* Too much, sir; I'll have every thing on the outside of enough to-day. Go you, sirrah! run to the theatre, and detach me a regiment of fiddlers, and singers, and dancers; and you, sir, to my nephew, Don Louis, give my service, and bring all his family along with him. Ah, we'll make all the hair in the world stand an end at our joy!

*Hyp.* Ay, sir, this is as it should be; now it begins to look like a wedding. Here comes Flora—Now, madam, observe your cue.

*Enter* FLORA.

*Flora.* Your servant, gentlemen—I need not wish you joy—you have it, I see—Don Philip, I must needs speak with you.

*Hyp.* Psha! Pr'ythee don't plague me with business at such a time as this.

*Flora.* My business won't be deferred, sir.

*Hyp.* Sir!

*Flora.* I suppose you guess it, sir; and I must tell you, I take it ill it was not done before.

*Hyp.* What d'ye mean?

*Flora.* Your ear, sir. [*They whisper.*

*Man.* What's the matter now, trow?

*Ros.* The gentleman seems very free, methinks.

*Man.* Troth, I don't like it.

*Ros.* Don't disturb them, sir—We shall know all presently.

*Hyp.* But what have you done with Don Philip?

*Flora.* I drew the servants out of the way, while he made his escape: what we do, we must do quickly.—Come, come, put on your fighting face, and I'll be with them presently. [*Aside.*

*Hyp.* [*Aloud.*] Sir, I have offered you very fair; if you don't think so, I have married the lady, and take your course.

*Flora.* Sir, our contract was a full third; a third part's my right, and I'll have it, sir.

*Man.* Hey!

*Hyp.* Then I must tell you, sir, since you are pleased to call it your right, you shall not have it.

*Flora.* Not, sir!

*Hyp.* No, sir!—Lookye, don't put on your pert airs to me—'gad, I shall use you very scurvily.

*Flora.* Use me!—You little son of a whore, draw.

*Hyp.* Oh, sir, I am for you.

[*They fight, and* DON MANUEL *interposes.*

*Ros.* Ah, help! murder! [*Runs out.*

*Man.* Within there! help! murder!—Why, gentlemen, are ye mad? pray, put up.

*Hyp.* A rascal!

*Man.* Friends, and quarrel? for shame!

*Flora.* Friends! I scorn his friendship; and since he does not know how to use a gentleman, I'll do a public piece of justice, and use him like a villain.

*Hyp.* Let me go.

*Man.* Better words, sir! [*To* FLORA.

*Flora.* Why, sir, do ye take this fellow for Don Philip?

*Man.* What do ye mean, sir?

*Flora.* That he has cheated me, as well as you—but I'll have my revenge immediately. [*Exit* FLORA.

[HYPOLITA *walks about, and* DON MANUEL *stares.*

*Man.* Hey! what's all this?—what is it?—my heart misgives me.

*Hyp.* Hey! who waits there?

*Enter* SANCHO.

Here, you! bid my servant run, and hire me a coach and four horses immediately.

*Sancho.* Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

*Man.* A coach!

*Enter* VILETTA.

*Vil.* Sir, sir! bless me! what's the matter, sir? are you not well?

*Man.* Yes, yes—I am—that is—ha!

*Vil.* I have brought you a letter, sir.

*Man.* What business can he have for a coach?

*Vil.* I have brought you a letter, sir, from Octavio.

*Man.* To me?

*Vil.* No, sir, to my mistress—he charged me to deliver it immediately, for he said it concerned her life and fortune.

*Man.* How! let's see it—there's what I promised thee—begone. What can this be now! [*Reads.*

*The person, whom your father ignorantly designs you to marry, is a known cheat, and an impostor; the true Don Philip, who is my intimate friend, will immediately appear with the Corrigidore, and fresh evidence against him. I thought this advice, though from one you hate, would be well received, if it came time enough to prevent your ruin.* OCTAVIO.

Oh, my heart! this letter was not designed to fall into my hands—I am affrighted—I dare not think on't.

*Enter* SANCHO.

*Sancho.* Sir, your man is not within.

*Hyp.* Careless rascal, to be out of the way, when my life's at stake!—Pr'ythee, do you go and see if thou canst get me any post horses. [*Exit* SANCHO.

*Man.* Post horses!

*Enter* ROSARA.

*Ros.* Oh, dear sir, what was the matter?

*Man.* Hey!

*Ros.* What made them quarrel, sir?

*Man.* Child!——

*Ros.* What was it about, sir?—You look concerned.

*Man.* Concerned!

*Ros.* I hope you are not hurt, sir. [*To* HYPOLITA, *who minds her not.*]—What's the matter with him, sir? he won't speak to me. [*To* DON MANUEL.

*Man.* A—speak!—a—go to him again—try what fair words will do, and see if you can pick out the meaning of all this.

*Ros.* Dear sir, what's the matter? [*To* HYPOLITA.

*Man.* Ay, sir, pray what's the matter?

*Hyp.* I'm a little vexed at my servant's being out of the way, and the insolence of this other rascal.

*Man.* But what occasion have you for post horses, sir?

*Hyp.* Something happens a little cross, sir.

*Man.* Pray, what is it?

*Hyp.* I'll tell you another time, sir.

*Man.* Another time, sir!—pray, satisfy me now.

*Hyp.* Lord, sir! when you see a man out of humour.

*Man.* Sir, it may be I'm as much out of humour as you; and I must tell ye, I don't like your behaviour, and I'm resolved to be satisfied.

*Hyp.* Sir, what is it you'd have? [*Peevishly.*

*Man.* Lookye, sir——in short—I—I have received a letter.

*Hyp.* Well, sir!

*Man.* I wish it may be well, sir.

*Hyp.* Bless me, sir! what's the matter with you?

*Man.* Matter, sir!—in troth, I'm almost afraid and ashamed to tell ye—but if you must needs know—there's the matter, sir. [*Gives the Letter.*

*Enter* DON LOUIS.

*Louis.* Uncle, I am your humble servant.

*Man.* I am glad to see you, nephew.

*Louis.* I received your invitation, and am come to pay my duty: but here I met with the most surprising news.

*Man.* Pray, what is it?

*Louis.* Why, first your servant told me my young cousin was to be married to-day, to Don Philip de las Torres; and just as I was entering your doors, who should I meet but Don Philip, with the Corrigidore, and several witnesses, to prove, it seems, that the person, whom you were just going to marry my cousin to, has usurped his name, betrayed you, robbed him, and is, in short, a rank impostor?

*Man.* Dear nephew! don't torture me. Are you sure you know Don Philip when you see him?

*Louis.* Know him, sir! were we not schoolfellows, fellow collegians, and fellow travellers?

*Man.* But are you sure you may not have forgot him?

*Louis.* You might as well ask me if I had not forgot you, sir.

*Man.* But one question more, and I am dumb for ever—is that he?

*Louis.* That, sir! no, nor in the least like him.

*Man.* Oh! oh! oh! oh! my poor child!

*Ros.* Oh! [*Seems to faint.*

*Man.* Ah! look to my child.

*Louis.* Is this the villain, then, that has imposed on you?

*Hyp.* Sir, I'm this lady's husband, and while I'm sure that name can't be taken from me, I shall be contented with laughing at any other you or your party dare give me.

*Man.* Oh!

*Louis.* Nay then, within there!—such a villain ought to be made an example.

*Enter* CORRIGIDORE *and Two* ALGUAZILS, *with* DON PHILIP, OCTAVIO, FLORA, TRAPPANTI, *and* VILETTA.

Oh, gentlemen, we're undone! all comes too late!—my poor cousin's married the impostor!

*Phil.* How!

*Oct.* Confusion!

*Man.* Oh, oh!

*Phil.* That's the person, sir, and I demand your justice.

*Oct.* And I.

*Flora.* And all of us.

*Man.* Will my cares never be over?

*Cor.* Well, gentlemen, let me rightly understand what 'tis you charge him with, and I'll commit him immediately—First, sir, you say these gentlemen all know you to be the true Don Philip?

*Louis.* That, sir, I presume, my oath will prove.

*Oct.* Or mine.

*Flora.* And mine.

*Trap.* Ay, and mine too, sir.

*Man.* Where shall I hide this shameful head?

*Flora.* And for the robbery, that I can prove upon him; he confessed to me at Toledo, he stole this gen-

tleman's portmanteau there, to carry on his design upon this lady, and agreed to give me a third part of her fortune, for my assistance, which, he refusing to pay as soon as the marriage was over, I thought myself obliged, in honour, to discover him.

*Hyp.* Well, gentlemen, you may insult me if you please; but I presume you'll hardly be able to prove that I'm not married to the lady, or have not the best part of her fortune in my pocket; so do your worst; I own my ingenuity, and am proud on't.

*Man.* Ingenuity, abandoned villain!—But, sir, before you send him to gaol, I desire he may return the jewels I gave him, as part of my daughter's portion.

*Cor.* That can't be, sir; since he has married the lady, her fortune's lawfully his. All we can do, is to prosecute him for robbing this gentleman.

*Man.* Oh that ever I was born!

*Hyp.* Return the jewels, sir! If you don't pay me the rest of her fortune to-morrow morning, you may chance to go to gaol before me.

*Man.* Oh that I were buried! will my cares never be over?

*Hyp.* They are pretty near it, sir; you can't have much more to trouble you.

*Cor.* Come, sir, if you please, I must desire to take your deposition in writing.

[*Goes to the Table, with* FLORA.

*Phil.* Now, sir, you see what your own rashness has brought you to!

*Man.* Pray forbear, sir.

*Hyp.* Keep it up, madam. [*Aside to* ROSARA.

*Ros.* Oh, sir, how wretched have you made me! Is this the care you have taken of me for my blind obedience to your commands?—this my reward for filial duty?

*Man.* Ah, my poor child!

*Ros.* But I deserve it all, for ever listening to your barbarous proposal, when my conscience might have

told me my vows and person, in justice and honour, were the wronged Octavio's.

*Man.* Oh, oh!

*Oct.* Can she repent her falsehood then at last?—Is't possible?—then I am wounded too! Oh, my poor, undone, Rosara! [*Goes to her.*] Ungrateful! cruel! perjured man!

*Man.* Oh, don't insult me! I deserve the worst you can say—I'm a miserable wretch, and I repent me.

*Vil.* So! here's the lady in tears, the lover in rage, the old gentleman out of his senses, most of the company distracted, and the bridegroom in a fair way to be hanged—the merriest wedding that ever I saw in my life! [*To* HYPOLITA.

*Cor.* Well, sir, have you any thing to say before I make your warrant?

*Hyp.* A word or two, and I obey ye, sir.—Gentlemen, I have reflected on the folly of my action, and foresee the disquiets I am like to undergo in being this lady's husband; therefore, as I own myself the author of all this seeming ruin and confusion, so I am willing (desiring first the officers may withdraw) to offer something to the general quiet.

*Oct.* What can this mean?

*Phil.* Psha! some new contrivance—Let's begone.

*Louis.* Stay a moment; it can be no harm to hear him—Sir, will you oblige us?

*Cor.* Wait without. [*Exeunt* ALGUAZILS.

*Vil.* What's to be done now, trow?

*Trap.* Some smart thing, I warrant ye:—the little gentleman had a notable head, 'faith!

*Flora.* Nay, gentlemen, thus much I know of him, that, if you can but persuade him to be honest, 'tis still in his power to make you all amends, and, in my opinion, 'tis high time he should propose it.

*Man.* Ay, 'tis time he were hanged, indeed, for I know no other amends he can make us.

*Hyp.* Then I must tell you, sir, I owe you no re-

paration; the injuries, which you complain of, your sordid avarice and breach of promise here have justly brought upon you. Therefore, sir, if you are injured, you may thank yourself for it.

*Man.* Nay, dear sir, I do confess my blindness.

*Hyp.* Well, sir, however little you have deserved it, yet, for your daughter's sake, if you'll oblige yourself by signing this paper, to keep your first promise, and give her with her full fortune to this gentleman, I'm still content, on that condition, to disannul my own pretences, and resign her.

*Man.* Sir, I don't know how to answer you; for I can never believe you'll have good nature enough to hang yourself out of the way, to make room for him.

*Hyp.* Then, sir, to let you see I have not only an honest meaning, but an immediate power to make good my word, I first renounce all title to her fortune; these jewels, which I received from you, I give him free possession of; and now, sir, the rest of her fortune you owe him with her person.

*Man.* This is unaccountable, I must confess—— But still, sir, if you disannul your pretences, how you'll persuade that gentleman to part with his——

*Phil.* That, sir, shall be no let; I am too well acquainted with the virtue of my friend's title, to entertain a thought that can disturb it.

*Hyp.* Now, sir, it only stops at you.

*Man.* Well, sir, I see the paper is only conditional, and since the general welfare is concerned, I won't refuse to lend you my helping hand to it; but if you should not make your words good, sir, I hope you won't take it ill if a man should poison you?

*Phil.* And, sir, let me too warn you how you execute this promise; your flattery and dissembled penitence has deceived me once already, which makes me, I confess, a little slow in my belief; therefore, take heed, expect no second mercy; for, be assured of this, I never can forgive a villain.

*Hyp.* If I am proved one, spare me not—I ask but this—Use me as you find me.

*Phil.* That you may depend on.

*Man.* There, sir.

[*Gives* HYPOLITA *the Writing signed.*

*Ros.* Now I tremble for her. [*Aside.*

*Hyp.* And now, Don Philip, I confess you are the only injured person here.

*Phil.* I know not that—do my friend right, and I shall easily forgive thee.

*Hyp.* His pardon, with his thanks, I am sure I shall deserve; but how shall I forgive myself? Is there in nature left a means that can repair the shameful slights, the insults, and the long disquiets you have known from love?

*Phil.* Let me understand thee.

*Hyp.* Examine well your heart; and if the fierce resentment of its wrongs has not extinguished quite the usual soft compassion there, revive at least one spark, in pity of my woman's weakness.

*Phil.* Whither wouldst thou carry me?

*Hyp.* The extravagant attempt I have this day run through, to meet you thus justly, may subject me to your contempt and scorn; unless the same forgiving goodness, that used to overlook the failings of Hypolita prove still my friend, and soften all with the excuse of love. [*All seem amazed.*

*Phil.* Speak on, and awake me to the joy, while I have sense to hear you.

*Hyp.* Oh, Philip! Hypolita is—yours for ever!

[*They advance slowly, and at last rush into one another's arms.*

*Phil.* Hypolita! I know her by the busy pulses at my heart, which only love like mine can feel, and she alone can give. [*Eagerly embracing her.*

*Man.* What the devil, have I then been pleased, and plagued, and frighted out of my wits by a woman all *this while? Odsbud!* she is a notable contriver! Stand

clear, ho! for if I have not a fair brush at her lips, nay, if she does not give me the hearty smack too, odswinds and thunder! she is not the goodhumoured girl I took her for.

*Hyp.* Come, sir, I won't baulk your good humour. [*He kisses her.*] And now I have a favour to beg of you: you remember your promise; only your blessing here, sir. [OCTAVIO *and* ROSARA *kneel.*

*Man.* Ah, I can deny thee nothing; and since I find thou art not fit for my girl's business thyself, Odzooks! it shall never be done out of the family—and so, children, Heaven bless you together!—And now my cares are over again.

*Oct.* We'll study to deserve your love, sir.

*Phil.* My friend successful too! then my joys are double!—But how this generous attempt was started first; how it has been pursued, and carried with this kind surprise at last, gives me wonder equal to my joy.

*Hyp.* Here is one, that at more leisure shall inform you all: she was ever a friend to your love, has had a hearty share in the fatigue, and now I am bound in honour to give her part of the garland too.

*Phil.* How! she!

*Flora.* Trusty Flora, sir, at your service. I have had many a battle with my lady, upon your account; but I always told her we should do her business at last.

*Man.* Another metamorphosis! Brave girls, 'faith! 'Odzooks! we shall have them make campaigns shortly!

*Phil.* In Seville I'll provide for thee.

*Hyp.* Nay, here's another accomplice too, confederate I can't say, for honest Trappanti did not know that I was as great a rogue as himself.

*Trap.* It's a folly to lie; I did not indeed, madam —But the world cannot say I have been a rogue to

your ladyship—and if you had not parted with your money——

*Hyp.* Thou hadst not parted with thy honesty?

*Trap.* Right, madam; but how should a poor naked fellow resist when he had so many pistoles held against him. [*Shows money.*

*Man.* Ay, ay, well said, lad.

*Vil.* La! a tempting bait indeed! Let him offer to marry me again, if he dares! [*Aside.*

*Phil.* Well, Trappanti, thou hast been serviceable however, and I'll think of thee.

*Oct.* Nay, I am his debtor too.

*Trap.* Ah, there's a very easy way, gentlemen, to reward me; and since you partly owe your happiness to my roguery, I should be very proud to owe mine only to your generosity.

*Oct.* As how, pray?

*Trap.* Why, sir, I find by my constitution that it is as natural to be in love as an hungry, and that I han't a jot less stomach than the best of my betters; and though I have often thought a wife but dining every day upon the same dish, yet methinks it's better than no dinner at all: and, for my part, I had rather have no stomach to my meat, than no meat to my stomach: upon which consideration, gentlemen and ladies, I desire you'll use your interest with Madona here——to let me dine at her ordinary.

*Man.* A pleasant rogue, 'faith! Odzooks! the jade shall have him. Come, hussy, he's an ingenious person.

*Vil.* Sir, I don't understand his stuff; when he speaks plain, I know what to say to him.

*Trap.* Why then, in plain terms, let me a lease of your tenement—marry me.

*Vil.* Ay, now you say something——I was afraid, by what you said in the garden, you had only a mind to be a wicked tenant at will.

*Trap.* No, no, child, I have no mind to be t
out at a quarter's warning.

*Vil.* Well, there's my hand—and now meet r
soon as you will with a canonical lawyer, and I'll
you possession of the rest of the premises.

*Man.* 'Odzooks! and well thought of; I'll send
one presently. Hear you, sirrah, run to Father
nedict again, tell him his work don't hold here,
last marriage is dropped to pieces, but now we ha
got better tackle, he must come and stitch two or thr
fresh couple together, as fast as he can. Now all m
cares are over.

*Phil.* Now, my Hypolita,
Let our example teach mankind to love,
From thine the fair their favours may improve;
To the quick pains you give, our joys we owe,
Till those we feel, these we can never know.
But warn'd with honest hope from my success,
Ev'n in the height of all its miseries,
Oh, never let a virtuous mind despair,
For constant hearts are Love's peculiar care.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

THE END.

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THE

# CARELESS HUSBAND;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

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# REMARKS.

This play will ever be a memorial of the injustice of Pope.

It was Colley Cibber, the author of this excellent, this moral, comedy, whom Pope made the hero of his "Dunciad."

Pope, it is said, was an unsuccessful dramatist, and ever after hated both plays and players. This hatred was the genuine product of a disappointed artist, for he hated only the skilful ones. A man of less talent than Cibber, and less favoured by the town, had been too mean for the great poet's vengeance—the man, who was already ridiculous, it had been loss of time to ridicule—Pope chose the very person, on whom his shafts could make the deepest wound: One, who like Cibber, wrote so much, that he sometimes failed of writing well; and yet who, at times, wrote so excellently, that reputation was dear to him. As a proof that it was, he did not even affect to disguise the impression which this wanton attack made upon him; and in a letter to the author of "The Dunciad," complaining on the subject, he asserts, that his enemy can give no proof, but that the object of his satire had ever been

ardent admirer. Then, alluding to the miserable excuse given by Pope for this outrage—"The dulness of him he assailed"—Cibber thus reasonably and feelingly proceeds.

"Dulness can be no vice or crime; or is, at worst, but a misfortune, and you ought no more to censure or revile a man for it, than for his being blind or lame. But, if you please, I will wave this part of my argument, and, for once, take no advantage of it, but will suppose dulness to be actually criminal, and then will leave it to your own conscience to declare, whether you really think I am so guilty of it as to deserve the name of the dull fellow you make me? Now, if I am called upon to speak from my own conscience on the question, I do, from my heart, solemnly declare, that I don't believe you do think so of me. This, I grant, may be vanity in me to say; but, if what I believe is true, what a slovenly conscience do you show your face with!"

It is for the reader of "The Careless Husband" to decide at once, whether its author was, or was not, a dunce. In a production, where less weight of argument would be given on the side of the author, it might be deemed impertinent to anticipate the reader's pleasure of judging for himself; but the high character of this play, joined to that which it will instantly say in its own defence, banishes all doubt upon the subject. The author must be acquitted by the reader of his accuser's charge—and the accuser must be condemned.

"The Careless Husband" is, as originally written,

very long—it contains more pages than most plays—but, containing more matter too, it seems short in the perusal.

The dialogue is so brilliant, at the same time, so very natural, that its force will admit of no augmentation, even from the delivery of the best actors: nor is this admirable work, according to the present demand for perpetual incident, so well calculated to please on the stage, as in the closet.

The occurrences, which take place in this drama, are of that delicate, as well as probable kind, that their effect is not sufficiently powerful in the representation —whereas, in reading, they come to the heart with infinitely more force, for want of that extravagance, which public exhibition requires. The smaller avenues to the mind and bosom are often the surest passages to convey sensations of pain or delight; and the connoisseur in all the little touches of refined nature, may here indulge his taste, whilst, as an auditor, he might possibly be deprived of his enjoyment, by the vain endeavour of performers, to display, by imitation, that, which only real life can show, or imagination pourtray.

Here are no violent passions, such as are usually depicted on a stage; but merely such as commonly govern mankind.

Sir Charles's tenderness for his wife is so unforced, and his contempt for his mistresses so undesignedly cool, that an actor must possess the most consummate talents, in the minutiæ of his art, before he can affect an audience by the one, or edify them by the other—

yet, the first is extremely moving, and the last, highly instructive.

Nor is there an actress who could utter the common-place reproaches of Lady Graveairs, most pleasantly unconnected with sense, half so well as the reader's fancy can hear them.

Characteristic traits, such as these, too diminutive indeed for the tongue to reveal, or the ear to catch, in a theatre, abound throughout this whole comedy; and seem to have been produced by a judgment somewhat too nice, considering they were meant for dramatic action.

It is not the fault of Cibber, if the virtues of Lady Easy appear old to the reader—the plagiarism of subsequent authors, can alone take from the just appearance of their originalty.

Although every character of this drama (now a hundred years old) is a person of fashion—and fashion changes perpetually,—still every one, here described, is, at this very time, perfectly fashionable. They talk, they think, they act, they love, and hate, like people of rank to this very day. Change but their dinner hour, from four to seven, and blot out the line, where a lady says, "she is going to church," and every article, in the whole composition, will be perfectly modern.

Cibber's grand foe, even Pope, was compelled to own the merit of this play; but, then he alleged, it must be written by mere accident. Pope's party went farther, and said, that Cibber claimed that which was *not his*, but was assuredly written by another.

Cibber's person was insignificant, and his mind addicted to vanity—misfortunes which mostly combine. He was, nevertheless, goodnatured and forgiving—but he was honoured with the patronage and friendship of the great; and this, in his occupation of a player, was an unpardonable failing in the eye of his enemy.

That admirable poet should have considered, that, of all artists, the actor is most an object of curiosity and incitement to personal acquaintance. The purchaser of a picture, or a book, makes the genius of the painter, or the author, who have produced these works, as it were, of his household, and he requires no farther intimacy—But the actor must come himself to his admirer, as the only means of yielding, to his domestic pleasures, even the shadow of his art.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|---|---|
| Lord Foppington | *Mr. Lewis.* |
| Lord Morelove | *Mr. Pope.* |
| Sir Charles Easy | *Mr. Farren.* |
| Servant | *Mr. Evatt.* |
| Lady Easy | *Mrs. Pope.* |
| Lady Graveairs | *Mrs. Fawcett.* |
| Lady Betty Modish | *Mrs. Esten.* |
| Edging | *Mrs. Mattocks.* |

*SCENE,—Windsor.*

THE

# CARELESS HUSBAND.

## ACT THE FIRST.

### SCENE I.

SIR CHARLES EASY'S *Lodgings.*

*Enter* LADY EASY.

*Lady E.* Was ever woman's spirit, by an injurious husband, broke like mine? A vile licentious man! must he bring home his follies too? Wrong me with my very servant! O how tedious a relief is patience! and yet, in my condition, 'tis the only remedy; for, to reproach him with my wrongs, is taking on myself the means of a redress, bidding defiance to his falsehood, and naturally but provokes him to undo me. The uneasy thought of my continual jealousy may tease him to a fixed aversion; and hitherto, though he neglects, I cannot think he hates me.—It must be so: since I want power to please him, he never shall upbraid me with an attempt of making him uneasy—My eyes and tongue shall yet be blind and silent to my wrongs; nor would I have him think my virtue could suspect him, till by some gross, apparent, proof *of his misdoing,* he forces me to see—and to forgive it.

*Enter* EDGING.

*Edg.* O madam!

*Lady E.* What's the matter?

*Edg.* I have the strangest thing to show your ladyship——such a discovery——

*Lady E.* You are resolved to make it without much ceremony, I find. What's the business, pray?

*Edg.* The business, madam! I have not patience to tell you; I am out of breath at the very thoughts on't; I shall not be able to speak this half hour.

*Lady E.* Not to the purpose, I believe! but methinks you talk impertinently with a great deal of ease.

*Edg.* Nay, madam, perhaps not so impertinently as your ladyship thinks; there is that will speak to the purpose, I am sure—A base man—

[*Gives a Letter.*

*Lady E.* What is this! An open letter! Whence comes it?

*Edg.* Nay, read it, madam, you will soon guess—If these are the tricks of husbands, keep me a maid still, say I.

*Lady E.* [Looking on the Superscription.] *To Sir Charles Easy'!* Ha! Too well I know this hateful hand.—O my heart: but I must veil my jealousy, which 'tis not fit this creature should suppose I am acquainted with. [*Aside.*] This direction is to your master, how came you by it?

*Edg.* Why, madam, as my master was lying down, after he came in from hunting, he sent me into his dressing-room to fetch his snuff box out of his waistcoat-pocket, and so as I was searching for the box, madam, there I found this wicked letter from a mistress; which I had no sooner read, but, I declare it, my very blood rose at him again; methought I could have torn him and her to pieces.

*Lady E.* Intolerable! This odious thing's jealous of him herself, and wants me to join with her in a revenge upon him—Sure I am fallen, indeed! But 'twere to make me lower yet, to let her think I understand her. [*Aside.*

*Edg.* Nay, pray, madam, read it, you will be out of patience at it.

*Lady E.* You are bold, mistress; has my indulgence, or your master's good humour, flattered you into the assurance of reading his letters? a liberty I never gave myself—Here—lay it where you had it immediately—should he know of your sauciness, 'twould not be my favour could protect you.

[*Exit* LADY EASY.

*Edg.* Your favour! marry come up! sure I don't depend upon your favour!——It's not come to that, I hope.—Poor creature—don't you think I am my master's mistress for nothing—You shall find, madam, I won't be snapped up as I have been—Not but it vexes me to think she should not be as uneasy as I. I am sure he is a base man to me, and I could cry my eyes out, that she should not think him as bad to her every jot. If I am wronged, sure she may very well expect it, that is but his wife—A conceited thing—she need not be so easy, neither—I am as handsome as she, I hope—Here's my master—I'll try whether I am to be huff'd by her or no. [*Walks behind.*

*Enter* SIR CHARLES EASY.

*Sir Char.* So! The day is come again!—Life but rises to another stage, and the same dull journey is before us.—How like children do we judge of happiness! When I was stinted in my fortune, almost every thing was a pleasure to me, because most things then being out of my reach, I had always the pleasure of hoping for them; now fortune's in my hand, she is as insipid as an old acquaintance—It is mig

silly, faith.—Just the same thing by my wife, too; I am told she is extremely handsome—nay, and have heard a great many people say, she is certainly the best woman in the world—Why, I don't know but she may, yet I could never find, that her person or good qualities gave me any concern—In my eye, the woman has no more charms than my mother.

*Edg.* Hum!—he takes no notice of me yet—— I'll let him see I can take as little notice of him. [*She walks by him gravely; he turns her about, and holds her; she struggles.*] Pray, sir!

*Sir Char.* A pretty pert air, that—I'll humour it—What's the matter, child? Are not you well? Kiss me, hussy.

*Edg.* No, the deuce fetch me if I do.

*Sir Char.* Has any thing put thee out of humour, love?

*Edg.* No, sir, 'tis not worth my being out of humour at—though if ever you have any thing to say to me again, I'll be burned.

*Sir Char.* Somebody has belied me to thee—

*Edg.* No, sir, 'tis you have belied yourself to me. ——Did not I ask you, when you first made a fool of me, if you would be always constant to me; and did not you say, I might be sure you would? And here, instead of that, you are going on in your old intrigue with my Lady Gravecairs.

*Sir Char.* So——

*Edg.* Beside, don't you suffer my lady to huff me every day as if I were her dog, or had no more concern with you?—I declare I won't bear it, and she shan't think to huff me—for aught I know I am as agreeable as she: and though she dares not take any notice of your baseness to her, you shan't think to use me so—and so pray take your nasty letter [*Gives it.*] —I know the hand well enough—for my part I won't stay in the family, to be abused at this rate: I that have refused lords and dukes for your sake! I'd have

you to know, sir, I have had as many blue and green ribbons after me, for aught I know, as would have made me a falbala apron.

*Sir Char.* My Lady Graveairs! my nasty letter! and I won't stay in the family! Death!—I'm in a pretty condition!—What an unlimited privilege has this jade got from being a—

*Edg.* I suppose, sir, you think to use every body as you do your wife!

*Sir Char.* My wife, hah! Come hither, Mrs. Edging; hark you, drab. [*Seizing her by the Shoulder.*

*Edg.* Oh!

*Sir Char.* When you speak of my wife, you are to say your lady, and you are never to speak of your lady to me in any regard of her being my wife—for look you, child, you are not her strumpet, but mine; therefore I only give you leave to be saucy with me. —In the next place, you are never to suppose there is any such a person as my Lady Graveairs; and lastly, my pretty one, how came you by this letter?

*Edg.* It's no matter, perhaps.

*Sir Char.* Ay, but if you should not tell me quickly, how are you sure I won't take a great piece of flesh out of your shoulder, my dear? [*Shakes her.*

*Edg.* O lud! O lud! I will tell you, sir.

*Sir Char.* Quickly then——

*Edg.* Oh! I took it out of your pocket, sir.

*Sir Char.* When?

*Edg.* Oh! this morning, when you sent me for your snuff-box.

*Sir Char.* And your ladyship's pretty curiosity has looked it over, I presume—ha— [*Shakes her again.*

*Edg.* O lud! dear sir, don't be angry——indeed I'll never touch one again.

*Sir Char.* I don't believe you will, and I'll tell you how you shall be sure you never will.

*Edg.* Yes, sir.

*Sir Char.* By stedfastly believing, that the next

time you offer it, you will have your pretty white neck twisted behind you.

*Edg.* Yes, sir. [*Courtesying.*

*Sir Char.* And you will be sure to remember every thing I have said to you?

*Edg.* Yes, sir.

*Sir Char.* And now, child, I was not angry with your person, but your follies; which, since I find you are a little sensible of—don't be wholly discouraged—for I believe I—I shall have occasion for you again——

*Edg.* Yes, sir.

*Sir Char.* In the mean time, let me hear no more of your lady, child.

*Edg.* No, sir.

*Sir Char.* Here she comes: begone.

*Edg.* Yes, sir—Oh! I was never so frightened in my life. [*Exit.*

*Sir Char.* So! good discipline makes good soldiers.—It often puzzles me to think, from my own carelessness, and my wife's continual good humour, whether she really knows any thing of the strength of my forces—I'll sift her a little.

*Enter* LADY EASY.

My dear, how do you do? You are dressed very early to-day: are you going out?

*Lady E.* Only to church, my dear.

*Sir Char.* Is it so late then?

*Lady E.* The bell has just rung.

*Sir Char.* Well, child, how does Windsor air agree with you? Do you find yourself any better yet? or have you a mind to go to London again?

*Lady E.* No, indeed, my dear; the air is so very pleasant, that if it were a place of less company, I could be content to end my days here.

*Sir Char.* Pr'ythee, my dear, what sort of company would most please you?

*Lady E.* When business would permit it, yours; and in your absence a sincere friend, that were truly happy in an honest husband, to sit a cheerful hour, and talk in mutual praise of our condition.

*Sir Char.* Are you then really very happy, my dear?

*Lady E.* Why should you question it?

[*Smiling on him.*

*Sir Char.* Because I fancy I am not so good to you as I should be.

*Lady E.* Pshaw.

*Sir Char.* Nay, the deuce take me if I don't really confess myself so bad, that I have often wondered how any woman of your sense, rank, and person, could think it worth her while to have so many useless good qualities.

*Lady E.* Fie, my dear.

*Sir Char.* By my soul I am serious.

*Lady E.* I cannot boast of my good qualities; nor, if I could, do I believe you think them useless.

*Sir Char.* Nay, I submit to you—Don't you find them so? Do you perceive, that I am one tittle the better husband, for your being so good a wife?

*Lady E.* Pshaw! you jest with me.

*Sir Char.* Upon my life I don't—Tell me truly, was you never jealous of me?

*Lady E.* Did I ever give you any sign of it?

*Sir Char.* Um—that's true; but do you really think I never gave you occasion?

*Lady E.* That's an odd question—but suppose you had?

*Sir Char.* Why then, what good has your virtue done you; since all the good qualities of it could not keep me to yourself?

*Lady E.* What occasion have you given me to suppose I have not kept you to myself?

*Sir C.* I given you occasion—Fie! my dear—you may be sure—I—look you, that is not the thing but

still a—(Death! what a blunder have I made!)—a—still, I say, madam, you shan't make me believe you have never been jealous of me; not that you ever had any real cause, but I know women of your principles have more pride than those that have no principles at all; and where there is pride, there must be some jealousy—so that if you are jealous, my dear, you know you wrong me, and—

*Lady E.* Why then, upon my word, my dear, I don't know that ever I wronged you that way in my life.

*Sir Char.* But suppose I had given a real cause to be jealous, how would you do then?

*Lady E.* It must be a very substantial one that makes me jealous.

*Sir Char.* Say it were a substantial one; suppose now I were well with a woman of your own acquaintance, that, under pretence of frequent visits to you, should only come to carry on an affair with me—suppose now my Lady Gravecairs and I were great?

*Lady E.* Would I could not suppose it! [*Aside.*

*Sir Char.* If I come off here, I believe I am pretty safe. [*Aside.*]—Suppose, I say, my lady and I were so very familiar, that not only yourself, but half the town should see it?

*Lady E.* Then I should cry myself sick in some dark closet, and forget my tears, when you spoke kindly to me.

*Sir Char.* The most convenient piece of virtue sure that ever wife was mistress of! [*Aside.*

*Lady E.* But pray, my dear, did you ever think that I had any ill thoughts of my Lady Graveairs?

*Sir Char.* O fie, child! only you know she and I used to be a little free sometimes; so I had a mind to see if you thought there was any harm in it; but since I find you very easy, I think myself obliged to tell you, that upon my soul, my dear, I have so *little* regard to her person, that the deuce take me,

if I would not as soon have an affair with thy woman.

*Lady E.* Indeed, my dear, I should as soon suspect you with one as t'other.

*Sir Char.* Poor dear—should'st thou ?—give me a kiss.

*Lady E.* Pshaw ! you dont care to kiss me.

*Sir Char.* By my soul I do——I wish I may die, if I don't think you a very fine woman.

*Lady E.* I only wish you would think me a good wife. [*Kisses her.*] But pray, my dear, what has made you so strangely inquisitive?

*Sir Char.* Inquisitive—Why—a—I don't know ; one is always saying one foolish thing or another—Tol-le roll. [*Sings and talks.*] My dear, What ! are we never to have any ball here ? Toll le roll. I fancy I could recover my dancing again, if I would but practise. Toll loll loll !

*Lady E.* This excess of carelessness to me excuses half his vices. If I can make him once think seriously—Time yet may be my friend.

*Enter* SERVANT.

*Serv.* Sir, Lord Morelove gives his service——

*Sir Char.* Lord Morelove ? where is he ?

*Serv.* At the chocolate house; he called me to him, as I went by, and bid me tell your honour he'll wait upon you presently.

*Lady E.* I thought you had not expected him here again this season, my dear.

*Sir Char.* I thought so too, but you see there's no depending upon the resolution of a man that's in love.

*Lady E.* Is there a chair ?

*Serv.* Yes, madam. [*Exit* SERVANT.

*Lady E.* I suppose Lady Betty Modish has drawn him hither.

*Sir Char.* Ay, poor soul, for all his bravery, I am afraid so.

*Lady E.* Well, my dear, I ha'nt time to ask my lord how he does now; you'll excuse me to him, but I hope you'll make him dine with us.

*Sir Char.* I'll ask him. If you see Lady Betty at prayers, make her dine too; but don't take any notice of my lord's being in town.

*Lady E.* Very well! If I should not meet her there, I'll call at her lodgings.

*Sir Char.* Do so.

*Lady E.* My dear, your servant.

[*Exit* LADY EASY.

*Sir Char.* My dear, I'm yours.——Well! one way or other, this woman will certainly bring about her business with me at last; for though she cannot make me happy in her own person, she lets me be so intolerably easy with the women that can, that she has at least brought me into a fair way of being as weary of them too.

*Enter* SERVANT *and* LORD MORELOVE.

*Serv.* Sir, my lord's come. [*Exit* SERVANT.

*Lord M.* Dear Charles!

*Sir Char.* My dear lord! this is an happiness undreamt of; I little thought to have seen you at Windsor again this season! I concluded, of course, that books and solitude had secured you till winter.

*Lord M.* Nay, I did not think of coming myself, but I found myself not very well in London, so I thought—a—little hunting and this air——

*Sir Char.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Lord M.* What do you laugh at?

*Sir Char.* Only because you should not go on with your story: if you did but see how silly a man fumbles for an excuse, when he is a little ashamed of

being in love, you would not wonder what I laugh at; ha! ha! ha!

*Lord M.* Thou art a very happy fellow——nothing touches thee—always easy—Then you conclude I follow Lady Betty again.

*Sir Char.* Yes, faith do I: and, to make you easy, my lord, I cannot see why a man that can ride fifty miles after a poor stag, should be ashamed of running twenty in chase of a fine woman, that, in all probability, will show him so much the better sport too.

*Lord M.* Dear Charles, don't flatter my distemper; I own I still follow her: do you think her charms have power to excuse me to the world?

*Sir Char.* Ay, ay! a fine woman's an excuse for any thing, and the scandal of our being in jest, is a jest itself; we are all forced to be their fools, before we can be their favourites.

*Lord M.* You are willing to give me hope; but I can't believe she has the least degree of inclination for me.

*Sir Char.* I don't know that—I am sure her pride likes you, and that's generally your fine ladies' darling passion.

*Lord M.* Do you suppose, if I could grow indifferent, it would touch her?

*Sir Char.* Sting her to the heart——Will you take my advice?

*Lord M.* I have no relief but that. Had I not thee now and then to talk an hour, my life were insupportable.

*Sir Char.* I am sorry for that, my lord;—but mind what I say to you—but, hold, first let me know the particulars of your late quarrel with her.

*Lord M.* Why,—about three weeks ago, when I was last here at Windsor, she had for some days treated me with a little more reserve, and another with more freedom than I found myself easy at.

*Sir Char.* Who was that other?

*Lord M.* One of my Lord Foppington's gang—he that sings himself among the women—What do you call him—He won't speak to a commoner, when a lord is in company——Startup, that's his name.

*Sir Char.* O! I have met him in a visit——but pray go on.

*Lord M.* So, disputing with her about the conduct of women, I took the liberty to tell her how far I thought she erred in hers; she told me I was rude, and that she would never believe any man could love a woman, that thought her in the wrong in any thing she had a mind to, at least if he dared to tell her so—This provoked me into her whole character, with so much spirit and civil malice, as I have seen her bestow upon a woman of true beauty, when the men first toasted her; so in the middle of my wisdom, she told me, she desired to be alone; that I would take my odious proud heart along with me, and trouble her no more——I——bowed very low, and, as I left the room, vowed I never would, and that my proud heart should never be humbled by the outside of a fine woman—About an hour after, I whipped into my chaise for London, and have never seen her since.

*Sir Char.* Very well, and how did you find your proud heart by that time you got to Hounslow?

*Lord M.* I am almost ashamed to tell you—I found her so much in the right, that I cursed my pride for contradicting her at all, and began to think, according to her maxim, that no woman could be in the wrong to a man that she had in her power.

*Sir Char.* Ha! ha! Well, I'll tell you what you shall do. You can see her without trembling, I hope.

*Lord M.* Not if she receives me well.

*Sir Char.* If she receives you well, you will have no occasion for what I am going to say to you—first you shall dine with her.

*Lord M.* How! where! when!

*Sir Char.* Here! here! at five o'clock.

*Lord M.* Dear Charles!

*Sir Char.* My wife is gone to invite her; when you see her first, be neither too humble nor too stubborn; let her see, by the ease in your behaviour, you are still pleased in being near her, while she is upon reasonable terms with you. This will either open the door of an eclaircissement, or quite shut it against you—and if she is still resolved to keep you out—

*Lord M.* Nay, if she insults me, then, perhaps, I may recover pride enough to rally her by an over-acted submission.

*Sir Char.* Why, you improve, my lord: this is the very thing I was going to propose to you.

*Lord M.* Was it, faith! hark you, dare you stand by me?

*Sir Char.* Dare I! ay, to my last drop of assurance against all the insolent airs of the proudest beauty in christendom.

*Lord M.* Nay, then defiance to her—We two—Thou hast inspired me—I find myself as valiant as a flattered coward.

*Sir Char.* Courage, my lord—I'll warrant we beather.

*Lord M.* My blood stirs at the very thought on't: I long to be engaged.

*Sir Char.* She will certainly give ground, when she once sees you are thoroughly provoked.

*Lord M.* Dear Charles, thou art a friend indeed.

*Enter a* SERVANT.

*Serv.* Sir, my Lord Foppington gives his service, and if your honour's at leisure, he'll wait on you as soon as he is dressed.

*Lord M.* Lord Foppington! Is he in town?

*Sir Char.* Yes,—I heard last night he was come. Give my service to his lordship, and tell him, I should be glad he will do me the honour of his company here at dinner. [*Exit* SERVANT.] We may have occasion for him in our design upon Lady Betty.

*Lord M.* What use can we make of him?

*Sir Char.* We'll see, when he comes; at least there is no danger in him; but I suppose you know he is your rival.

*Lord M.* Pshaw! a coxcomb.

*Sir Char.* Nay, don't despise him neither—he is able to give you advice; for though he is in love with the same woman, yet to him she has not charms enough to give a minute's pain.

*Lord M.* Pr'ythee, what sense has he of love?

*Sir Char.* Faith very near as much as a man of sense ought to have; I grant you he knows not how to value a woman truly deserving, but he has a pretty just esteem for most ladies about town.

*Lord M.* That he follows, I grant you—for he seldom visits any of extraordinary reputation.

*Sir Char.* Have a care, I have seen him at Lady Betty Modish's.

*Lord M.* To be laughed at.

*Sir Char.* Don't be too confident of that; the women now begin to laugh with him, not at him: for he really sometimes rallies his own humour with so much ease and pleasantry, that a great many women begin to think he has no follies at all, and those he has, have been as much owing to his youth, and a great estate, as want of natural wit: 'tis true, he often is a bubble to his pleasures, but he has always been wisely vain enough to keep himself from being too much the ladies' humble servant in love.

*Lord M.* There, indeed, I almost envy him.

*Sir Char.* The easiness of his opinion upon the sex, will go near to pique you—We must have him.

*Lord M.* As you please—but what shall we do with ourselves till dinner?

*Sir Char.* What think you of a party at picquet?

*Lord M.* O! you are too hard for me.

*Sir Char.* Fie! fie! when you play with his Grace?

*Lord M.* Upon my honour, he gives me three points.

*Sir Char.* Does he? Why then you shall give me but two—Here, fellow, get cards. Allons. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT THE SECOND.

### SCENE I.

LADY BETTY MODISH'S *Lodgings.*

*Enter* LADY BETTY *and* LADY EASY, *meeting.*

*Lady B.* Oh, my dear! I am overjoyed to see you! I am strangely happy to-day; I have just received my new dress from London, and you are most critically come to give me your opinion of it.

*Lady E.* Oh, your servant, madam, I am a very indifferent judge, you know. What is it like.

*Lady B.* Oh, 'tis impossible to tell you what it is! ——'Tis all extravagance, both in mode and fancy, my dear. I believe there's six thousand yards of edging in it——Then such an enchanting slope from the elbow—something so new, so lively, so noble, so coquette and charming—but you shall see it, my dear—

*Lady E.* Indeed, I won't, my dear; I am resolved

to mortify you, for being so wrongfully fond of a trifle.

*Lady B.* Nay, now, my dear, you are illnatured.

*Lady E.* Why, truly, I'm half angry to see a woman of your sense, so warmly concerned in the care of her outside; for, when we have taken our best pains about it, 'tis the beauty of the mind alone that gives us lasting virtue.

*Lady B.* Ah, my dear! my dear! you have been a married woman to a fine purpose indeed, that know so little of the taste of mankind. Take my word, a new fashion upon a fine woman, is often a greater proof of her value, than you are aware of.

*Lady E.* That I can't comprehend; for you see among the men, nothing's more ridiculous than a new fashion. Those of the first sense are always the last that come into them.

*Lady B.* That is, because the only merit of a man is his sense; but doubtless the greatest value of a woman is her beauty; an homely woman at the head of a fashion would not be allowed in it by the men, and consequently not followed by the women: so that to be successful in one's fancy, is an evident sign of one's being admired, and I always take admiration for the best proof of beauty, and beauty certainly is the source of power, as power in all creatures is the height of happiness.

*Lady E.* At this rate you would rather be thought beautiful than good.

*Lady B.* As I had rather command than obey: the wisest homely woman can't make a man of sense of a fool, but the veriest fool of a beauty shall make an ass of a statesman; so that, in short, I can't see a woman of spirit has any business in this world but to dress—and make the men like her.

*Lady E.* Do you suppose this is a principle the men of sense will admire you for!

*Lady B.* I do suppose, that when I suffer any man to like my person, he shan't dare to find fault with my principle.

*Lady E.* But men of sense are not so easily humbled.

*Lady B.* The easiest of any; one has ten thousand times the trouble with a coxcomb.

*Lady E.* Nay, that may be; for I have seen you throw away more good humour, in hopes of *tendresse* from my Lord Foppington, who loves all women alike, than would have made my Lord Morelove perfectly happy, who loves only you.

*Lady B.* The men of sense, my dear, make the best fools in the world: their sincerity and good breeding throws them so entirely into one's power, and gives one such an agreeable thirst of using them ill, to show that power—'tis impossible not to quench it.

*Lady E.* But, methinks, my Lord Morelove's manner to you might move any woman to a kinder sense of his merit.

*Lady B.* Ay, but would it not be hard, my dear, for a poor weak woman to have a man of his quality, and reputation in her power, and not to let the world see him there? would any creature sit new dressed all day in her closet? Could you bear to have a sweet fancied suit, and never show it at the play, or the drawing room?

*Lady E.* But one would not ride in't methinks, or harras it out, when there's no occasion.

*Lady B.* Pooh! my Lord Morelove's a mere Indian damask, one can't wear him out! o'my conscience I must give him to my woman at last.

*Lady E.* Now 'tis to me amazing, how a man of his spirit can bear to be used like a dog for four or five years together—but nothing's a wonder in love. Yet pray when you found you could not like him at *first, why did you* ever encourage him?

*Lady B.* Why, what would you have one do? for my part, I could no more chuse a man by my eye, than a shoe: one must draw them on a little, to see if they are right to one's foot.

*Lady E.* But I'd no more fool on with a man I could not like, than I'd wear a shoe that pinched me.

*Lady B.* Ay, but then a poor wretch tells one, he'll widen 'em, or do any thing, and is so civil and silly, that one does not know how to turn such a trifle as a pair of shoes, or an heart, upon a fellow's hands again.

*Lady E.* Well; I confess you are very happily distinguished among most women of fortune, to have a man of my Lord Morelove's sense and quality so long and honourably in love with you; for now-a-days one hardly ever hears of such a thing as a man of quality in love with the woman he would marry. To be in love now, is only to have a design upon a woman, a modish way of declaring war against her virtue, which they generally attack first, by toasting up her vanity.

*Lady B.* Ay, but the world knows, that is not the case between my lord and me.

*Lady E.* Therefore I think you happy.

*Lady B.* Now I don't see it; I'll swear I'm better pleased to know there are a great many foolish fellows of quality that take occasion to toast me frequently.

*Lady E.* I vow I should not thank any gentlemen for toasting me, and have often wondered how a woman of your spirit could bear a great many other freedoms I have seen some men take with you.

*Lady B.* As how, my dear! Come, pr'ythee, be free with me, for, you must know, I love dearly to hear my faults—Who is't you have observed to be too free with me?

*Lady E.* Why, there's my Lord Foppington; could *any* woman but you bear to see him with a respectful

fleer stare full in her face, draw up his breath, and cry—Gad, you're handsome?

*Lady B.* My dear, fine fruit will have flies about it; but, poor things, they do it no harm: for, if you observe, people are generally most apt to chuse that, the flies have been busy with, ha! ha! ha!

*Lady E.* But I should not think my reputation safe; my Lord Foppington's a man that talks often of his amours, but seldom speaks of favours that are refused him.

*Lady B.* Pshaw! will any thing a man says make a woman less agreeable? will his talking spoil one's complexion, or put one's hair out of order? A fine woman is never in the wrong, or, if we were, tis not the strength of a poor creature's reason that can unfetter him.—Oh, how I love to hear a wretch curse himself for loving on, or now and then coming out with a——

> Yet for the plague of human race,
> This devil has an angel's face!

*Lady E.* At this rate, I don't see you allow reputation to be at all essential to a fine woman.

*Lady B.* Just as much as honour to a great man. Indeed, my dear, that jewel, reputation, is a very fanciful business! one shall not see an homely creature in town, but wears it in her mouth as monstrously as the Indians do bobs at their lips, and it really becomes them just alike.

*Lady E.* Have a care, my dear, of trusting too far to power alone; for nothing is more ridiculous than the fall of pride; and woman's pride at best may be suspected to be more a distrust, than a real contempt of mankind: for when we have said all we can, a deserving husband is certainly our best happiness; and I don't question but my Lord Morelove's merit in a little time, will make you think so too; for

ever airs you give yourself to the world, I'm sure your heart don't want good nature.

*Lady B.* You are mistaken, I am very illnatured, though your good humour won't let you see it.

*Lady E.* Then, to give me a proof on't, let me see you refuse to go immediately and dine with me, after I have promised Sir Charles to bring you.

*Lady B.* Pray don't ask me.

*Lady E.* Why?

*Lady B.* Because, to let you see I hate goodnature, I'll go without asking, that you mayn't have the malice to say, I did you a favour.

*Lady E.* Thou art a mad creature. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

SIR CHARLES's *Lodgings.*

LORD MORELOVE *and* SIR CHARLES *at Piquet.*

*Sir Char.* Come, my lord, one single game for the *tout*, and so have done.

*Lord M.* No, hang 'em, I have enough of 'em! ill cards are the dullest company in the world—How much is it?

*Sir Char.* Three parties.

*Lord M.* Fifteen pounds—very well.

[*While* LORD MORELOVE *counts out his Money, a* SERVANT *gives* SIR CHARLES *a Letter, which he reads to himself.*

*Sir Char.* [*To the* SERVANT.] Give my service; say, I have company dines with me; if I have time, I'll call there in the afternoon—ha! ha! ha!

[*Exit* SERVANT.

*Lord M.* What's the matter?—there—

[*Paying the Money.*

*Sir Char.* The old affair—my Lady Graveairs.

*Lord M.* Oh! Pr'ythee how does that go on?

*Sir Char.* As agreeably as a Chancery suit: for now it's come to the intolerable plague of my not being able to get rid on't; as you may see——

[*Giving the Letter.*

*Lord M.* [Reads.] *Your behaviour since I came to Windsor has convinced me of your villainy, without my being surprised or angry at it. I desire you would let me see you at my lodgings immediately, where I shall have a better opportunity to convince you, that I never can, or positively will, be as I have been. Yours, &c.*

A very whimsical letter!—Faith, I think she has hard luck with you: if a man were obliged to have a mistress, her person and condition seem to be cut out for the ease of a lover: for she's a young, handsome, wild, well-jointured widow—But what's your uarrel?

*Sir Char.* Nothing: she sees the coolness happens to be first on my side, and her business with me now, I suppose, is to convince me how heartily she's vexed that she was not beforehand with me.

*Lord M.* Her pride and your indifference must occasion a pleasant scene, sure; what do you intend to do?

*Sir Char.* Treat her with a cold familiar air, till I pique her to forbid me her sight, and then take her at her word.

*Lord M.* Very gallant and provoking.

*Enter a* SERVANT.

*Serv.* Sir, my Lord Foppington—— [*Exit.*

*Sir Char.* Oh—now, my lord, if you have a mind to be let into the mystery of making love without

here's one that's a master of the art, and shall declaim to you ——

*Enter* LORD FOPPINGTON.

My dear Lord Foppington!

*Lord F.* My dear agreeable! *Que je t'embrasse! Parde! Il y a cent ans que je ne t'ai vu*—my lord, I am your lordship's most obedient humble servant.

*Lord M.* My lord, I kiss your hands—I hope we shall have you here some time; you seem to have laid in a stock of health to be at the diversions of the place. You look extremely well.

*Lord F.* To see one's friends look so, my lord, may easily give a *vermeille* to one's complexion.

*Sir Char.* Lovers in hope, my lord, always have a visible brilliant in their eyes and air.

*Lord F.* What dost thou mean, Charles?

*Sir Char.* Come, come, confess what really brought you to Windsor, now you have no business there?

*Lord F.* Why two hours, and six of the best nags in Christendom, or the devil drive me.

*Lord M.* You make haste, my lord.

*Lord F.* My lord, I always fly when I pursue—But they are well kept, indeed—I love to have creatures as I had them; you have seen them, Charles; but so has all the world; Foppington's long tails are known on every road in England.

*Sir Char.* Well, my lord, but how came they to bring you this road? You don't use to take these irregular jaunts without some design in your head of having more than nothing to do.

*Lord F.* Pshaw! Pox! pr'ythee, Charles, thou knowest I am a fellow *sans consequence*, be where I will.

*Sir Char.* Nay, my, this is too much, among friends, my lord; Come, come,—we must have it: your real business here?

*Lord F.* Why then, *entre nous*, there is a certain *fille de joie* about the court, here, that loves winning

at cards better than all the fine things I have been able to say to her—so I have brought an odd thousand bill in my pocket, that I design, *tête-à-tête*, to play off with her at piquet, or so; and now the business is out.

*Sir Char.* Ah, and a very good business too, my lord.

*Lord F.* If it be well done, Charles——

*Sir Char.* That's as you manage your cards, my lord.

*Lord M.* This must be a woman of consequence, by the value you set upon her favours.

*Sir Char.* Oh, nothing's above the price of a fine woman.

*Lord F.* Nay, look you, gentlemen, the price may not happen to be altogether so high, neither—For I fancy I know enough of the game to make it an even bet I get her for nothing.

*Lord M.* How so my lord?

*Lord F.* Because, if she happen to lose a good sum to me, I shall buy her with her own money.

*Lord M.* That's new, I confess.

*Lord F.* You know, Charles, 'tis not impossible but I may be five hundred pounds deep with her—then bills may fall short, and the devil's in't if I want assurance to ask her to pay some way or other.

*Sir Char.* And a man must be a churl indeed, that won't take a lady's personal security; hah! hah! hah!

*Lord F.* Heh! heh! heh! thou art a devil, Charles.

*Lord M.* Death! how happy is this coxcomb! [*Aside.*

*Lord F.* But, to tell you the truth, gentlemen, I had another pressing temptation that brought me hither, which was—my wife.

*Lord M.* That's kind, indeed; my lady has been here this month; she'll be glad to see you.

*Lord F.* That I don't know; for I design this afternoon to send her to London.

*Lord M.* What! the same day you come, my lord! that would be cruel.

*Lord F.* Ay, but it will be mighty convenient; for she is positively of no manner of use in my amours.

*Lord M.* That's your fault; the town thinks her a very deserving woman.

*Lord F.* If she were a woman of the town, perhaps I should think so too; but she happens to be my wife, and when a wife is once given to deserve more than her husband's inclinations can pay, in my mind she has no merit at all.

*Lord M.* She's extremely well bred, and of a very prudent conduct.

*Lord F.* Um—ay—the woman's proud enough.

*Lord M.* Add to this, all the world allows her handsome.

*Lord F.* The world's extremely civil, my lord; and I should take it as a favour done me, if they could find an expedient to unmarry the poor woman from the only man in the world that can't think her handsome.

*Lord M.* I believe there are a great many in the world that are sorry 'tis not in their power to unmarry her.

*Lord F.* I am a great many in the world's very humble servant, and whenever they find 'tis in their power, their high and mighty wisdoms may command me at a quarter of an hour's warning.

*Lord M.* Pray, my lord, what did you marry for?

*Lord F.* To pay my debts at play, and disinherit my younger brother.

*Lord M.* But there are some things due to a wife.

*Lord F.* And there are some debts I don't care to pay—to both which I plead husband, and my lord.

*Lord M.* If I should do so, I should expect to have

my own coach stopped in the street, and to meet my wife with the windows up in a hackney.

*Lord F.* Then would I put in bail, and order a separate maintenance.

*Lord M.* So pay the double the sum of the debt, and be married for nothing.

*Lord F.* Now, I think, deferring a dun, and getting rid of one's wife, are two the most agreeable sweets in the liberties of an English subject.

*Lord M.* If I were married, I would as soon part from my estate as my wife.

*Lord F.* Now, I would not—sun-burn me if I would.

*Lord M.* Death! but since you are thus indifferent, my lord, why would you needs marry a woman of so much merit? Could not you have laid out your spleen upon some illnatured shrew, that wanted the plague of an ill husband, and have let her alone to some plain, honest man of quality, that would have deserved her?

*Lord F.* Why, faith, my lord, that might have been considered; but I really grew so passionately fond of her fortune, that, curse catch me, I was quite blind to the rest of her good qualities: for, to tell you the truth, if it had been possible the old put of a peer could have tossed me in t'other five thousand for them, by my consent, she should have relinquished her merits and virtues to any of her younger sisters.

*Sir Char.* Ay, ay, my lord, virtues in a wife are good for nothing but to make her proud, and put the world in mind of her husband's faults.

*Lord F.* Right, Charles: and, strike me blind, but the women of virtue are now grown such idiots in love, that they expect of a man, just as they do of a coach-horse, that one's appetite, like t'other's flesh, should increase by feeding.

*Sir Char.* Right, my lord, and don't consider, the

*toujours chapons bouillis* will never do with an English stomach.

*Lord F.* Ha! ha! ha! To tell you the truth, Charles, I have known so much of that sort of eating, that I now think, for an hearty meal, no wild fowl in Europe is comparable to a joint of Banstead mutton.

*Lord M.* How do you mean?

*Lord F.* Why, that, for my part, I had rather have a plain slice of my wife's woman, than my guts full of e'er an ortolan duchess in Christendom.

*Lord M.* But I thought, my lord, your chief business now at Windsor had been your design upon a woman of quality.

*Lord F.* That's true, my lord; though I don't think your fine lady the best dish myself, yet a man of quality can't be without such things at his table.

*Lord M.* Oh, then you only desire the reputation of an affair with her.

*Lord F.* I think the reputation is the most inviting part of an amour with most women of quality.

*Lord M.* But, my lord, does not the reputation of your being so general an undertaker frighten the women from engaging with you? For they say, no man can love but one at a time.

*Lord F.* That's just one more than ever I came up to: for, stop my breath, if ever I loved one in my life.

*Lord M.* How do you get them, then?

*Lord F.* Why, sometimes as they get other people: I dress, and let them get me; or, if that won't do, as I got my title, I buy them.

*Lord M.* But how can you, that profess indifference, think it worth your while to come so often up to the price of a woman of quality?

*Lord F.* Because you must know, my lord, that 'tis not, of late, so very expensive; now and then a *partie quarré*, a jaunt or two in a hack to an Indian

house, a little China, an odd thing for a gown, or so, and in three days after, you meet her at the conveniency of trying it *chez Mademoiselle d'Epingle.*

*Sir Char.* Ay, ay, my lord, and when you are there, you know, what between a little chat, a dish of tea, Mademoiselle's good humour, and a *petit chanson*, or two, the devil's in it if a man can't fool away the time, till he sees how it looks upon her by candlelight.

*Lord F.* He! he! well said, Charles, I'gad I fancy thou and I have unlaced many a reputation there—— Your great lady is as soon undressed as her woman.

*Lord M.* I could never find it so——the shame or scandal of a repulse always made me afraid of attempting women of condition.

*Sir Char.* Ha! ha! I'gad, my lord, you deserve to be ill used; your modesty's enough to spoil any woman in the world; but my lord and I understand the sex a little better; we see plainly, that women are only cold, as some men are brave, from the modesty or fear of those that attack them.

*Lord F.* Right, Charles,—a man should no more give up his heart to a woman, than his sword to a bully; they are both as insolent as the devil after it.

*Sir Char.* How do you like that, my lord?

[*Aside to* LORD MORELOVE.

*Lord M.* Faith, I envy him—But, my lord, suppose your inclination should stumble upon a woman truly virtuous, would not a severe repulse from such an one, put you strangely out of countenance?

*Lord F.* Not at all, my lord—for if a man don't mind a box o'the ear in a fair struggle with a fresh country girl, why the deuce should he be concerned at an impertinent frown for an attack upon a woman of quality?

*Lord M.* Then you have no notion of a lady's cruelty?

*Lord F.* Ha! ha! let me blood, if I think the

a greater jest in nature. I am ready to crack my sides with laughing, to see a senseless flirt, because the creature happens to have a little pride that she calls virtue about her, give herself all the insolent airs of resentment and disdain to an honest fellow, that all the while does not care three pinches of snuff if she and her virtue were to run with their last favours through the first regiment of guards—Ha! ha! it puts me in mind of an affair of mine, so impertinent———

*Lord M.* Oh, that's impossible, my lord——Pray let's hear it.

*Lord F.* Why, I happened once to be very well in a certain man of quality's family, and his wife liked me.

*Lord M.* How do you know she liked you?

*Lord F.* Why, from the very moment I told her I liked her, she never durst trust herself at the end of a room with me.

*Lord M.* That might be her not liking you.

*Lord F.* My lord—Women of quality don't use to speak the thing plain—but, to satisfy you I did not want encouragement, I never came there in my life, but she did immediately smile, and borrow my snuff box.

*Lord M.* She liked your snuff at least—Well, but how did she use you?

*Lord F.* By all that's infamous, she jilted me.

*Lord M.* How! Jilt you?

*Lord F.* Ay, death's curse, she jilted me.

*Lord M.* Pray, let's hear.

*Lord F.* For when I was pretty well convinced she had a mind to me, I one day made her a hint of an appointment: upon which, with an insolent frown in her face, that made her look as ugly as the devil, she told me, that if ever I came thither again, her lord should know that she had forbidden me the house before.—Did you ever hear of such a slut?

*Sir Char.* Intolerable!

*Lord M.* But how did her answer agree with you?

*Lord F.* Oh, passionately well! for I stared full in her face, and burst out a laughing; at which she turned upon her heel, and gave a crack with her fan, like a coach-whip, and bridled out of the room with the air and complexion of an incensed turkey-cock.

[*A* SERVANT *whispers* SIR CHARLES.

*Lord M.* What did you then?

*Lord F.* I——looked after her, gaped, threw up the sash, and fell a singing out of the window——so that you see, my lord, while a man is not in love, there's no great affliction in missing one's way to a woman.

*Sir Char.* Ay, ay, you talk this very well, my lord; but now let's see how you dare behave yourself upon action—dinner's served, and the ladies stay for us—There's one within has been too hard for as brisk a man as yourself.

*Lord M.* I guess who you mean—Have a care, my lord, she'll prove your courage for you.

*Lord F.* Will she? then she's an undone creature. For, let me tell you, gentlemen, courage is the whole mystery of making love, and of more use than conduct is in war; for the bravest fellow in Europe may beat his brains out against the stubborn walls of a town—But

——Women, born to be controll'd,
Stoop to the forward, and the bold. [*Exeunt.*

# ACT THE THIRD.

## SCENE I.

### SIR CHARLES EASY'S *Lodgings.*

*Enter* LORD MORELOVE *and* SIR CHARLES.

*Lord M.* So! Did not I bear up bravely?

*Sir Char.* Admirably! with the best bred insolence in nature, you insulted like a woman of quality when her country bred husband's jealous of her in the wrong place.

*Lord M.* Ha! ha! Did you observe, when I first came into the room, how carelessly she brushed her eyes over me, and when the company saluted me, stood all the while with her face to the window? ha! ha! Well, what's to be done next?

*Sir Char.* Only observe her motions: for, by her behaviour at dinner, I am sure she designs to gall you with my Lord Foppington: if so, you must even stand her fire, and then play my Lady Graveairs upon her, whom I'll immediately pique, and prepare for your purpose.

*Lord M.* I understand you——the properest woman in the world too; for she'll certainly encourage the least offer from me, in hopes of revenging her slights upon you.

*Sir Char.* Right; and the very encouragement she gives you, at the same time will give me a pretence to widen the breach of my quarrel with her.

*Lord M.* Besides, Charles, I own I am fond of any attempt that will forward a misunderstanding there, for your lady's sake. A woman so truly good in her nature, ought to have something more from a man, than bare occasions to prove her goodness.

*Sir Char.* Why, then, upon honour, my lord, to give you proof that I am positively the best husband in the world, my wife——never yet found me out.

*Lord M.* That may be by her being the best wife in the world; she, may be, won't find you out.

*Sir Char.* Nay, if she won't tell a man of his faults, when she sees them, how the deuce should he mend them? But, however, you see I am going to leave them off as fast as I can.

*Lord M.* Being tired of a woman, is, indeed, a pretty tolerable assurance of a man's not designing to fool on with her——Here she comes, and, if I don't mistake, brimful of reproaches——You can't take her in a better time——I'll leave you.

*Enter* LADY GRAVEAIRS.

Your ladyship's most humble servant. Is the company broke up, pray?

*Lady G.* No, my lord, they are just talking of basset; my Lord Foppington has a mind to tally, if your lordship would encourage the table.

*Lord M.* Oh, madam, with all my heart! But Sir Charles, I know, is hard to be got to it; I'll leave your ladyship to prevail with him.

[*Exit* LORD MORELOVE.—SIR CHARLES *and* LADY GRAVEAIRS *salute coldly, and trifle some Time before they speak.*

*Lady G.* Sir Charles, I sent you a note this morning——

*Sir Char.* Yes, madam; but there were some passages I did not expect from your ladyship; you seem to tax me with things that——

*Lady G.* Look you, sir, 'tis not at all material

ther I taxed you with any thing or no; all I have to say to you is, that you need not give yourself the trouble to call at my lodgings this afternoon, if you should have time, as you were pleased to send me word—and so, your servant, sir, that's all—— [*Going.*

*Sir Char.* Hold, madam.

*Lady G.* Look you, Sir Charles, 'tis not your calling me back, that will signify any thing, I can assure you.

*Sir Char.* Why this extraordinary haste, madam?

*Lady G.* In short, Sir Charles, I have taken a great many things from you of late, that you know I have often told you I would positively bear no longer. But I see things are in vain, and the more people strive to oblige people, the less they are thanked for it; and since there must be an end of one's ridiculousness one time or other, I don't see any time so proper as the present; and therefore, sir, I desire you would think of things accordingly. Your servant.

[*Going, he holds her.*

*Sir Char.* Nay, madam, let us start fair, however; you ought, at least, to stay till I am as ready as your ladyship; and then, if we must part,

Adieu, ye silent grots, and shady groves;
Ye soft amusements of our growing loves;
Adieu, ye whisper'd sighs, that fann'd the fire,
And all the thrilling joys of young desire.

[*Affectedly.*

*Lady G.* Oh, mighty well, sir; I am very glad we are at last come to a right understanding, the only way I have long wished for; not but I'd have you to know, I see your design through all your painted ease of resignation: I know you'd give your soul to make me uneasy now.

*Sir Char.* Oh, fie, madam! upon my word I would not make you uneasy, if it were in my power.

*Lady G.* Oh, dear sir, you need not take such care,

upon my word; you'll find I can part with you without the least disorder; I'll try, at least; and so, once more, and for ever, sir, your servant: not but you must give me leave to tell you, as my last thought of you too, that I do think——you are a villain.

[*Exit hastily.*

*Sir Char.* Oh, your very humble servant, madam!— [*Bowing low.*] What a charming quality is a woman's pride, that is strong enough to refuse a man her favours, when he's weary of them!——Ah!

*Enter* LADY GRAVEAIRS.

*Lady G.* Look you, Sir Charles; don't presume upon the easiness of my temper: for, to convince you that I am positively in earnest in this matter, I desire you would let me have what letters you have had of mine since you came to Windsor: and I expect you'll return the rest, as I will yours, as soon as we come to London.

*Sir Char.* Upon my faith, madam, I never keep any; I always put snuff in them, and so they wear out.

*Lady G.* Sir Charles, I must have them; for, positively, I won't stir without them.

*Sir Char.* Ha! then I must be civil, I see. [*Aside.*] Perhaps, madam, I have no mind to part with them —or you.

*Lady G.* Look you, sir, all those sort of things are in vain, now there's an end of every thing between us —If you say you won't give them, I must e'en get them as well as I can.

*Sir Char.* Ha! that won't do then, I find. [*Aside.*

*Lady G.* Who's there? Mrs. Edging—Your keeping a letter, sir, won't keep me, I'll assure you.

*Enter* EDGING.

*Edg.* Did your ladyship call me, madam?

*Lady G.* Ay, child: pray do me the favour to my cloak out of the dining-room.

*Edg.* Yes, madam. Ha! she looks as if my master had quarrelled with her; I hope she's going away in a huff——she shan't stay for her cloak, I warrant her——This is pure. [*Aside.—Exit smiling.*

*Lady G.* Pray, Sir Charles, before I go, give me leave, now, after all, to ask you—why you have used me thus?

*Sir Char.* What is it you call usage, madam;

*Lady G.* Why, then, since you will have it, how comes it you have been so grossly careless and neglectful of me of late? Only tell me seriously, wherein I have deserved this.

*Sir Char.* Why, then, seriously, madam——

*Enter* EDGING, *with a Cloak.*

We are interrupted——

*Edg.* Here is your ladyship's cloak, madam.

*Lady G.* Thank you, Mrs. Edging—Oh, law! pray will you let somebody get me a chair to the door.

*Edg.* Humph—She might have told me that before, if she had been in such haste to go. [*Aside.—Exit.*

*Lady G.* Now, sir.

*Sir Char.* Then, seriously, I say, I am of late grown so very lazy in my pleasures, that I am from henceforth resolved to follow no pleasure that arises above the degree of amusement—And that woman, that expects I should make her my business, why—like my business, is then in a fair way of being forgot. When once she comes to reproach me with vows and usage, and stuff—I had as lief hear her talk of bills, bonds, and ejectments: her passion becomes as troublesome as a lawsuit, and I would as soon converse with my solicitor. In short, I shall never care sixpence for any woman that won't be obedient.

*Lady G.* I'll swear, sir, you have a very free way of treating people; I am glad I am so well acquainted with your principles, however——And you would have me obedient?

*Sir Char.* Why not? My wife's so? and I think she has as much pretence to be proud as your ladyship.

*Lady G.* Lard! is there no chair to be had, I wonder?

*Enter* EDGING.

*Edg.* Here's a chair, madam.

*Lady G.* 'Tis very well, Mrs. Edging: pray, will you let somebody get me a glass of fair water?

*Edg.* Humph—her huff is almost over, I suppose—I see he's a villain still. [*Aside. Exit.*

*Lady G.* Well, that was the prettiest fancy about obedience, sure, that ever was. Certainly, a woman of condition must be infinitely happy under the dominion of so generous a lover. But how came you to forget kicking and whipping all this while? Methinks, you should not have left so fashionable an article out of your scheme of government.

*Sir Char.* Um——No, there is too much trouble in that; though I have known them of admirable use in reformation of some humoursome gentlewomen.

*Lady G.* But one thing more, and I have done—Pray, what degree of spirit must the lady have, that is to make herself happy under so much freedom, order, and tranquillity?

*Sir.* Oh, she must at least have as much spirit as your ladyship, or she'd give me no pleasure in breaking it.

*Lady G.* No, that would be troublesome. You had better take one that's broken to your hand: there are such souls to be hired, I believe; I fancy, at last, that will be the best method for the lazy passion of a married man, that has outlived his any other sense of gratification.

*Sir Char.* Look you, madam; I have loved you very well a great while; now you would have me love better and longer, which is not in my power to

and I don't think there is any plague upon earth, like a dun, that comes for more money than one is ever likely to be able to pay.

*Lady G.* A dun! do you take me for a dun, sir? Do I come a dunning to you? [*Walks in a Heat.*

*Sir Char.* Hist! don't expose yourself——here's company——

*Lady G.* I care not——A dun! You shall see, sir, I can revenge an affront, though I despise the wretch that offers it——A dun! Oh, I could die with laughing at the fancy! [*Exit.*

*Sir Cha.* So—she's in admirable order——Here comes my lord; and, I am afraid, in the very nick of his occasion for her.

*Enter* LORD MORELOVE.

*Lord M.* Oh, Charles, undone again! all is lost and ruined.

*Sir Char.* What's the matter now?

*Lord M.* I have been playing the fool yonder, even to contempt; my senseless jealousy has confessed a weakness I never shall forgive myself. She has insulted on it to that degree too——I can't bear the thought——Oh, Charles, this devil still is mistress of my heart! and I could dash my brains out to think how grossly too I have let her know it.

*Sir Char.* Ah, how it would tickle her, if she saw you in this condition! ha! ha! ha!

*Lord M.* Pr'ythee don't torture me: think of some present ease, or I shall burst.

*Sir Char.* Well, well, let's hear, pray—What has she done to you? Ha! ha!

*Lord M.* Why, ever since I left you, she has treated me with so much coolness and illnature, and that *thing* of a lord, with so much laughing ease, and such a spiteful familiarity, that, at the last, she saw, and triumphed in my uneasiness.

*Sir Char.* Well, and so you left the room in a pet, Ha!

*Lord M.* Oh, worse, worse still! for, at last, with half shame and anger in my looks, I thrust myself between my lord and her, pressed her by the hand, and, in a whisper, trembling, begged her, in pity of herself and me, to show her good humour only where she knew it was truly valued: at which she broke from me with a cold smile, sat her down by the peer, whispered him, and burst into a loud laughter in my face.

*Sir Char.* Ha, ha! then would I have given fifty pounds to have seen your face. Why, what in the name of common sense had you to do with humility? Will you never have enough on't? Death! 'twas setting a lighted match to gunpowder, to blow yourself up.

*Lord M.* I see my folly now, Charles. But what shall I do with the remains of life, that she has left me?

*Sir Char.* Oh, throw it at her feet, by all means! put on your tragedy face, catch fast hold of her petticoat, whip out your handkerchief, and in point blank verse, desire her, one way or other, to make an end of the business. [*In a whining Tone.*

*Lord M.* What a fool dost thou make me!

*Sir Char.* I only show you as you came out of her hands, my lord.

*Lord M.* How contemptibly have I behaved myself!

*Sir Char.* That's according as you bear her behaviour.

*Lord M.* Bear it! no—I thank thee, Charles; thou hast waked me now; and if I bear it——What have you done with my Lady Graveairs?

*Sir Char.* Your business, I believe——She's ready for you; she's just gone down stairs, and if you don't

make haste after her, I expect her back again, with a knife or a pistol presently.

*Lord M.* I'll go this minute.

*Sir Char.* No, stay a little: here comes my lord; we'll see what we can get out of him, first.

*Enter* LORD FOPPINGTON.

*Lord F.* Nay, pr'ythee, Sir Charles, let's have a little of thee——we have been so *chagrin* without thee, that, stop my breath, the ladies are gone half asleep to church, for want of thy company.

*Sir Char.* That's hard, indeed, while your lordship was among them. Is Lady Betty gone too?

*Lord F.* She was just upon the wing; but I caught her by the snuff-box, and she pretends to stay to see if I'll give it her again, or no.

*Lord M.* Death! 'tis that I gave her, and the only present she would ever receive from me——Ask him how he came by it. [*Aside to* SIR CHARLES.

*Sir Char.* Pr'ythee don't be uneasy——Did she give it you, my lord?

*Lord F.* Faith, Charles, I can't say she did, or she did not; but we were playing the fool, and I took it ——*à la*—Pshaw! I can't tell thee in French neither; but Horace touches it to a nicety—'twas *pignus direptum malè pertinaci.*

*Lord M.* So—but I must bear it——if your lordship has a mind to the box, I'll stand by you in keeping of it.

*Lord F.* My lord, I am passionately obliged to you; but I am afraid I cannot answer your hazarding so much of the lady's favour.

*Lord M.* Not at all, my lord: 'tis possible I may not have the same regard to her frown that your lordship has.

*Lord F.* That's a bite, I am sure—he'd give a joint of his little finger, to be as well with her as I am.

[*Aside.*] But here she comes——Charles, stand by me——Must not a man be a vain coxcomb, now, to think this creature followed one?

*Sir Char.* Nothing so plain, my lord.

*Lord F.* Flattering devil!

*Enter* LADY BETTY.

*Lady B.* Pshaw, my Lord Foppington! pr'ythee don't play the fool now, but give me my snuff-box—Sir Charles, help me to take it from him.

*Sir Char.* You know, I hate trouble, madam.

*Lady B.* Pooh! you'll make me stay till prayers are half over now.

*Lord F.* If you'll promise me not to go to church, I'll give it you.

*Lady B.* I'll promise nothing at all; for, positively, I will have it. [*Struggling with him.*

*Lord F.* Then, comparatively, I won't part with it. Ha! ha! [*Struggles with her.*

*Lady B.* Oh, you devil, you have killed my arm! Oh!——Well, if you'll let me have it, I'll give you a better.

*Lord M.* Oh, Charles! that has a view of distant kindness in it. [*Aside to* SIR CHARLES.

*Lord F.* Nay, now I keep it, superlatively——I find there's a secret value in it.

*Lady B.* Oh, dismal! upon my word, I am only ashamed to give it to you. Do you think I would offer such an odious fancied thing to any body I had the least value for?

*Sir Char.* Now it comes a little nearer, methinks it does not seem to be any kindness at all.

[*Aside to* LORD MORELOVE.

*Lord F.* Why, really, madam, upon second view, it has not extremely the mode of a lady's utensil. Are you sure it never held any thing but snuff?

*Lady B.* Oh, you monster!

*Lord F.* Nay, I only ask, because it seems to me to

have very much the air and fancy of Monsieur Smoakandsot's tobacco-box.

*Lord M.* I can bear no more.

*Sir Char.* Why, don't then; I'll step in to the company, and return to your relief immediately. [*Exit.*

*Lord M.* [*To* LADY BETTY.] Come, madam, will your ladyship give me leave to end the difference? Since the slightness of the thing may let you bestow it without any mark of favour, shall I beg it of your ladyship.

*Lady B.* Oh, my lord, nobody sooner—I beg you'll give it, my lord.

[*Looking earnestly on* LORD FOPPINGTON, *who, smiling, gives it to* LORD MORELOVE, *and then bows gravely to her.*

*Lord M.* Only to have the honour of restoring it to your lordship; and if there be any other trifle of mine your lordship has a fancy to, though it were a mistress, I don't know any person in the world that has so good a claim to my resignation.

*Lord F.* Oh, my lord, this generosity will distract me!

*Lord M.* My lord, I do you but common justice. But from your conversation, I had never known the true value of the sex. You positively understand them the best of any man breathing; therefore I think every one of common prudence ought to resign to you.

*Lord F.* Then, positively, your lordship is the most obliging person in the world; for I'm sure your judgment can never like any woman, that is not the finest creature in the universe.

[*Bowing to* LADY BETTY.

*Lord M.* Oh, your lordship does me too much honour; I have the worst judgment in the world; no man has been more deceived in it.

*Lord F.* Then your lordship, I presume, has been apt to chuse in a mask, or by candlelight.

*Lord M.* In a mask, indeed, my lord, and of all masks the most dangerous.

*Lord F.* Pray, what's that, my lord?

*Lord M.* A bare face.

*Lord F.* Your lordship will pardon me, if I don't so readily comprehend how a woman's bare face can hide her face.

*Lord M.* It often hides her heart, my lord; and therefore I think it sometimes a more dangerous mask than a piece of velvet: that's rather a mask than a disguise of an ill woman. But the mischiefs skulking behind a beauteous form give no warning; they are always sure, fatal, and innumerable.

*Lady B.* Oh, barbarous aspersion! My Lord Foppington, have you nothing to say for the poor women?

*Lord F.* I must confess, madam, nothing of this nature ever happened in my course of amours. I always judge the beauteous part of a woman to be the most agreeable part of her composition; and when once a lady does me the honour to toss that into my arms, I think myself obliged, in goodnature, not to quarrel about the rest of her equipage.

*Lady B.* Why, ay, my lord, there's some good humour in that now.

*Lord M.* He's happy in a plain English stomach, madam; I could recommend a dish that's perfectly to your lordship's *goût*, where beauty is the only sauce to it.

*Lady B.* So——

*Lord F.* My lord, when my wine's right, I never care it should be zested.

*Lord M.* I know some ladies would thank you for that opinion.

*Lady B.* My Lord Morelove is really grown such a churl to the women, I don't only think he is not, but can't conceive how he ever could be, in love.

*Lady M.* Upon my word, madam, I once thought I was. [*Smiling.*

*Lady B.* Fie, fie! how could you think so? I fancy, now, you had only a mind to domineer over some poor creature, and so you thought you were in love, ha! ha!

*Lord M.* The lady I loved, madam, grew so unfortunate in her conduct, that at last she brought me to treat her with the same indifference and civility as I now pay your ladyship.

*Lady B.* And, ten to one, just at that time she never thought you such tolerable company.

*Lady M.* That I can't say, madam; for at that time she grew so affected, there was no judging of her thoughts at all. [*Mimicking her.*

*Lady B.* What, and so you left the poor lady. Oh, you inconstant creature!

*Lord M.* No, madam, to have loved her on had been inconstancy; for she was never two hours together the same woman.

[LADY BETTY *and* LORD MORELOVE *seem to talk.*

*Lord F.* [*Aside.*] Ha! ha! ha! I see he has a mind to abuse her; so I'll even give him an opportunity of doing his business with her at once for ever—My lord, I perceive your lordship is going to be good company with the lady; and, for her sake, I don't think it good manners in me to disturb you——

*Enter* SIR CHARLES.

*Sir Char.* My Lord Foppington——

*Lord F.* Oh, Charles! I was just wanting thee—— Hark thee—I have three thousand secrets for thee—I have made such discoveries! to tell thee all in one word, Morelove's as jealous of me as the devil, he! he! he!

*Sir Char.* Is it possible? Has she given him any occasion?

*Lord F.* Only rallied him to death upon my account; she told me, within, just now, she'd use him like a dog, and begged me to draw off for an opportunity.

*Sir Char.* Oh, keep in while the scent lies, and she is your own, my lord.

*Lord F.* I can't tell that, Charles; but I am sure she is fairly unharboured; and when once I throw off my inclinations, I usually follow them till the game has enough on't: and between thee and I, she is pretty well blown too; she can't stand long, I believe; for, curse catch me, if I have not rid down half a thousand pounds after her already.

*Sir Char.* What do you mean?

*Lord F.* I have lost five hundred to her at piquet since dinner.

*Sir Char.* You are a fortunate man, faith; you are resolved not to be thrown out, I see.

*Lord F.* Hang it, what should a man come out for, if he does not keep up to the sport?

*Sir Char.* Well pushed, my lord.

*Lord F.* Tayo! have at her——

*Sir Char.* Down, down, my lord——ah! 'ware haunches!

*Lord F.* Ah, Charles! [*Embracing him.*] Pr'ythee, let's observe a little: there's a foolish cur, now I have run her to a stand, has a mind to be at her by himself, and thou shalt see, she won't stir out of her way for him. [*They stand aside.*

*Lord M.* Ha! ha! your ladyship is very grave of a sudden; you look as if your lover had insolently recovered his common senses.

*Lady B.* And your lordship is so very gay, and unlike yourself, one would swear you were just come from the pleasure of making your mistress afraid of you.

*Lord M.* No, faith, quite contrary; for, do you know, madam, I have just found out, that, upon your account, I have made myself one of the most ridiculous puppies upon the face of the earth——I have, upon my faith—nay, and so extravagantly such, ha! ha! ha! that it is at last become a jest even to myself; and I can't help laughing at it for the soul of me; ha! ha! ha!

*Lady B.* I want to cure him of that laugh, now. [*Aside.*]—My lord, since you are so generous, I'll tell you another secret—Do you know, too, that I still find, (spite of all your great wisdom, and my contemptible qualities, as you are pleased, now and then, to call them) do you know, I say, that I see, under all this, that you still love me with the same helpless passion: and can your vast foresight imagine I won't use you accordingly for these extraordinary airs you are pleased to give yourself?

*Lord M.* Oh, by all means, madam! 'tis fit you should, and I expect it, whenever it is in your power. —Confusion! [*Aside.*

*Lady B.* My lord, you have talked to me this half hour, without confessing pain. [*Pauses, and affects to gape.*] Only remember it.

*Lord M.* Hell and tortures!

*Lady B.* What did you say, my lord?

*Lord M.* Fire and furies!

*Lady B.* Ha! ha! he's disordered—Now I am easy ——My Lord Foppington, have you a mind to your revenge at piquet?

*Lord F.* I have always a mind to an opportunity of entertaining your ladyship, madam.

[LADY BETTY *coquets with* LORD FOPPINGTON.

*Lord M.* Oh, Charles! the insolence of this woman might furnish out a thousand devils.

*Sir Char.* And your temper is enough to furnish out a thousand such women. Come away; I have business for you upon the Terrace.

*Lord M.* Let me but speak one word to her.

*Sir Char.* Not a syllable: the tongue's a weapon you'll always have the worst at; for I see you have no guard, and she carries a devilish edge.

*Lady B.* My lord, don't let any thing I have said frighten you away; for if you have the least inclination to stay and rail, you know the old conditions; 'tis but your asking me pardon the next day, and you may give your passion any liberty you think fit.

*Lord M.* Daggers and death!

*Sir Char.* Is the man distracted?

*Lord M.* Let me speak to her now, or I shall burst—

*Sir Char.* Upon condition you'll speak no more of her to me, my lord, do as you please.

*Lord M.* Pr'ythee, pardon me——I know not what to do.

*Sir Char.* Come along; I'll set you to work, I warrant you—Nay, nay, none of your parting ogles——Will you go?

*Lord M.* Yes——and I hope for ever——

[*Exit* SIR CHARLES, *pulling away* LORD MORELOVE.

*Lord F.* Ha! ha! ha! Did ever mortal monster set up for a lover, with such unfortunate qualifications!

*Lady B.* Indeed, my Lord Morelove has something strangely singular in his manner.

*Lord F.* I thought I should have burst, to see the creature pretend to rally, and give himself the airs of one of us—But, run me through, madam, your ladyship pushed like a fencing master; that last thrust was a *coup de grace*, I believe: I am afraid his honour will hardly meet your ladyship in haste again.

*Lady B.* Not unless his second, Sir Charles, keeps him better in practice, perhaps——Well, the humour of this creature has done me signal service to-day. I must keep it up, for fear of a second engagement.

[*Aside.*

*Lord F.* Never was poor wit so foiled at his own weapon, sure!

*Lady B.* Wit! had he ever any pretence to it?

*Lord F.* Ha! ha! he has not much in love, I think, though he wears the reputation of a very pretty young fellow, among some sort of people; but, strike me stupid, if ever I could discover common sense in all the progress of his amours: he expects a woman should like him, for endeavouring to convince her, that she has not one good quality belonging to the whole composition of her soul and body.

*Lady B.* That, I suppose, is only in a modest hope that she'll mend her faults, to qualify herself for his vast merit, ha! ha!

*Lord F.* Poor Morelove! I see she can't endure him. [*Aside.*

*Lady B.* Or, if one really had all those faults, he does not consider, that sincerity in love is as much out of fashion as sweet snuff; nobody takes it now.

*Lord F.* Oh, no mortal, madam, unless it be here and there a 'squire, that's making his lawful court to the cherry-cheek charms of my Lord Bishop's great fat daughter in the country.

*Lady B.* O, what a surfeiting couple has he put together—— [*Throwing her Hand carelessly upon his.*

*Lord F.* Fond of me, by all that's tender!——Poor fool, I'll give thee ease immediately. [*Aside.*]—But, madam, you were pleased just now to offer me my revenge at piquet——Now here's nobody within, and I think we can't make use of a better opportunity.

*Lady B.* O! no: not now, my lord!——I have a favour I would fain beg of you first.

*Lord F.* But time, madam, is very precious in this place, and I shall not easily forgive myself, if I don't take him by the forelock.

*Lady B.* But I have a great mind to have a little more sport with my Lord Morelove first, and would fain beg your assistance.

*Lord F.* Oh! with all my heart, madam; but how can I serve you in this affair?

*Lady B.* Why, methought, as my Lord Morelove went out, he showed a stern resentment in his look, that seemed to threaten me with rebellion, and downright defiance: now I have a great fancy that you and I should follow him to the Terrace, and laugh at his resolution before he has time to put it in practice.

*Lord F.* And so punish his fault before he commits it! ha! ha! ha!

*Lady B.* Nay, we won't give him time, if his courage should fail, to repent it.

*Lord F.* Ha! ha! ha! let me blood, if I don't long to be at it, ha! ha!

*Lady B.* And if at last his sage mouth should open in surly contradiction of our humour, then will we, in pure opposition to his, immediately fall foul upon every thing that is not gallant and fashionable: constancy shall be the mark of age and ugliness, virtue a jest, we'll rally discretion out of doors, lay gravity at our feet, and only love, free love, disorder, liberty, and pleasure, be our standing principles.

*Lord F.* Madam, you transport me: for if ever I was obliged to nature for any one tolerable qualification, 'twas positively the talent of being exuberantly pleasant upon this subject—I am impatient—my fancy's upon the wing already—let's fly to him.

*Lady B.* No, no; stay till I am just gone out; our going together won't be so proper.

*Lord F.* As your ladyship pleases, madam—But when this affair is over, you won't forget that I have a certain revenge due.

*Lady B.* Ay, ay! after supper I am for you—— Nay, you shan't stir a step, my lord!

[*Seeing her to the Door.*

*Lord F.* Only to tell you, you have fixed me yours to the last existence of my soul's eternal entity.

*Lady B.* O, your servant. [*Exit.*

*Lord F.* Ha! ha! stark mad for me, by all that's handsome! Poor Morelove! That a fellow, who has ever been abroad, should think a woman of her spirit is to be taken by a regular siege, when the surest way is to whisper the governor. I'll see if I can show him a little French play with Lady Betty—let me see—ay, I'll make an end of it the old way, get her to piquet at her own lodgings—not mind one tittle of my play, give her every game before she's half up, that she may judge of the strength of my inclination by my haste of losing up to her price; then of a sudden, with a familiar leer, cry—Rat piquet!—sweep counters, cards, and money upon the floor, *& donc—l'affaire est faite.* [*Exit.*

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## ACT THE FOURTH.

### SCENE I.

*The Castle Terrace.*

*Enter* LADY BETTY *and* LADY EASY.

*Lady E.* My dear, you really talk to me as if I were your lover, and not your friend: or else I am so dull, that by all you've said I can't make the least guess at your real thoughts—Can you be serious for a moment?

*Lady B.* Not easily: but I would do more to oblige you.

*Lady E.* Then pray deal ingenuously, and tell me without reserve, are you sure you don't love my Lord Morelove?

*Lady B.* Then seriously—I think not—But because I won't be positive, you shall judge by the worst of my symptoms—First, I own I like his conversation, his person has neither fault, nor beauty—well enough—I don't remember I ever secretly wished myself married to him, or—that ever I seriously resolved against it.

*Lady E.* Well, so far you are tolerably safe:—but come—as to his manner of addressing you, what effect has that had?

*Lady B.* I am not a little pleased to observe, few men follow a woman, with the same fatigue and spirit, that he does me—am more pleased when he lets me use him ill; and if ever I have a favourable thought of him, 'tis when I see he can't bear that usage.

*Lady E.* Have a care; that last is a dangerous symptom—he pleases your pride, I find.

*Lady B.* Oh! perfectly—in that, I own, no mortal ever can come up to him.

*Lady E.* But now, my dear, now comes the main point—jealousy! Are you sure you have never been touched with it? Tell me that, with a safe conscience, and then I pronounce you clear.

*Lady B.* Nay, then I defy him; for, positively, I was never jealous in my life.

*Lady E.* How, madam! have you never been stirred enough, to think a woman strangely forward for being a little familiar in talk with him? Or, are you sure, his gallantry to another never gave you the least disorder? Were you never, upon no accident, in an apprehension of losing him?

*Lady B.* Hah! Why, madam—Bless me!—wh—wh—why sure you don't call this jealousy, my dear?

*Lady E.* Nay, nay, that is not the business—Have you ever felt any thing of this nature, madam?

*Lady B.* Lord! don't be so hasty, my dear—any thing of this nature——O lud! I swear I don't like

it:—dear creature, bring me off here; for I am half frighted out of my wits.

*Lady E.* Nay, if you can rally upon't, your wound is not over deep, I'm afraid.

*Lady B.* Well, that's comfortably said, however.

*Lady E.* But, come to the point—How far have you been jealous?

*Lady B.* Why,——O, bless me! He gave the music one night to my Lady Languish, here upon the Terrace: and (though she and I were very good friends) I remember I could not speak to her in a week for't. ——Oh!

*Lady E.* Nay, now you may laugh if you can: for, take my word, the marks are upon you—But, come ——what else?

*Lady B.* O, nothing else, upon my word, my dear!

*Lady E.* Well, one word more, and then I give sentence:—suppose you were heartily convinced, that he actually followed another woman?

*Lady B.* But, pray, my dear, what occasion is there to suppose any such thing at all?

*Lady E.* Guilty, upon my honour.

*Lady B.* Pshaw! I defy him to say, that ever I owned any inclination for him.

*Lady E.* No, but you have given him terrible leave to guess it.

*Lady B.* If ever you see us meet again, you'll have but little reason to think so, I assure you.

*Lady E.* That I shall see presently; for here comes Sir Charles, and I'm sure my lord can't be far off.

*Enter* SIR CHARLES.

*Sir Char.* Servant, Lady Betty——My dear, how do you do?

*Lady E.* At your service, my dear—But, pray, what have you done with my Lord Morelove?

*Lady B.* Ay, Sir Charles, pray how does your pupil do? Have you any hopes of him? Is he docible?

*Sir Char.* [*Looking earnestly at her.*] Thou insolent creature! How can you make a jest of a man, whose whole life's but one continued torment, from your want of common gratitude?

*Lady B.* Torment! for my part, I really believe him as easy as you are.

*Sir Char.* Poor intolerable affectation! You know the contrary, you know him blindly yours, you know your power, and the whole pleasure of your life's the poor and low abuse of it.

*Lady B.* Pray how do I abuse it—if I have any power?

*Sir Char.* You drive him to extremes, that make him mad, then punish him for acting against his reason: but I have no regard to men in madness, I rather chuse for once to trust in your goodnature, in hopes the man, whom your unwary beauty had made miserable, your generosity would scorn to make ridiculous.

*Lady B.* Sir Charles, you charge me very home; I never had it in my inclination to make any thing ridiculous, that did not deserve it. Pray, what is this business you think so extravagant in him?

*Sir Char.* Something so absurdly rash and bold, you'll hardly forgive even me, that tell it you.

*Lady B.* O fie! If it be a fault, Sir Charles, I shall consider it as his, not yours. Pray, what is it?

*Sir Char.* This man, I say, whose unhappy passion has so ill succeeded with you, at last has forfeited all his hopes (into which, pardon me, I confess my friendship had lately flattered him) of even deserving now your lowest pity or regard.

*Lady B.* You amaze me——For I can't suppose, his utmost malice dares assault my reputation—and what——

*Sir Char.* No, but he maliciously presumes the world will do it for him; and, indeed, he has taken no unlikely means to make them busy with their tongues; for he is this moment upon the open Terrace, in the highest public gallantry with my Lady Graveairs.

*Lady B.* My Lady Graveairs! Truly I think my lord's very much in the right on't—for my part, Sir Charles, I don't see any thing in this that's so very ridiculous, nor, indeed, that ought to make me think either the better or the worse of him for't.

*Sir Char.* Pshaw! pshaw! madam, you and I know 'tis not in his power to renounce you; this is but the poor disguise of a resenting passion, vainly ruffled to a storm, which the least gentle look from you can reconcile at will, and laugh into a calm again.

*Lady B.* Indeed, Sir Charles, I shan't give myself that trouble, I believe.

*Sir Char.* So I told him, madam: are not all your complaints, said I, already owing to her pride; and can you suppose this public defiance of it (which you know you can't make good, too) won't incense her more against you?—That's what I'd have, said he, staring wildly; I care not what becomes of me, so I but live to see her piqued at it.

*Lady B.* Upon my word, I fancy my lord will find himself mistaken—I shan't be piqued, I believe—I must first have a value for the thing I lose, before it piques me!—Piqued! ha! ha! ha!

[*Disordered.*

*Sir Cha.* Madam, you have said the very thing I urged to him; I know her temper so well, said I, that, though she doted on you, if you once stood out against her, she'd sooner burst than show the least motion of uneasiness.

*Lady B.* I can assure you, Sir Charles, my lord won't find himself deceived in your opinion—— piqued!

*Sir Char.* She has it. [*Aside.*

*Lady E.* Alas, poor woman! how little do our passions make us!

*Lady B.* Not but I would advise him to have a little regard to my reputation in this business; I would have him take heed of publicly affronting me. I'd have him consider that, methinks.

*Sir Char.* Alas, madam, he considers nothing but a senseless proud revenge, which, in his fit of lunacy, 'tis impossible that either threat or danger can dissuade him from.

*Lady B.* What! does he defy me! threaten me! then he shall see, that I have passions too, and know, as well as he, to stir my heart against any pride that dares insult me. Does he suppose I fear him? Fear the little malice of a slighted passion, that my own scorn has stung into a despised resentment! Fear him! O! it provokes me to think he dare have such a thought!

*Lady E.* Dear creature, don't disorder yourself so.

*Lady B.* Let me but live to see him once more within my power, and I'll forgive the rest of fortune.

*Lady E.* My dear, I am afraid you have provoked her a little too far.

*Sir Char.* O, not at all!—You shall see—I'll sweeten her, and she'll cool like a dish of tea.

*Lady B.* I may see him with his complaining face again——

*Sir Char.* I am sorry, madam, you so wrongly judge of what I've told you; I was in hopes to have stirred your pity, not your anger: I little thought your generosity would punish him for faults, which you yourself resolved he should commit.—Yonder he comes, and all the world with him: might I advise you, madam, you should not resent the thing at all——I would not so much as stay to see him in his fault;

nay, I'd be the last that heard of it; nothing can sting him more, or so justly punish his folly, as your utter neglect of it.

*Lady E.* Come, dear creature, be persuaded, and go home with me. Indeed it would show more indifference to avoid him.

*Lady B.* No, madam, I'll oblige his vanity for once, and stay, to let him see how strangely he has piqued me.

*Sir Char.* [*Aside.*] O not at all to speak of; you had as good part with a little of that pride of yours, or I shall yet make it a very troublesome companion to you. [*Exit.*

*Enter* LORD FOPPINGTON.

*Lord F.* Ladies, your servant—O! we have wanted you beyond reparation—such diversion!

*Lady B.* Well, my lord! have you seen my Lord Morelove?

*Lord F.* Seen him! Ha! ha! ha! ha!—O! I have such things to tell you, madam—you'll die—

*Lady B.* O, pray let's hear them—I was never in a better humour to receive them.

*Lord F.* Hark you. [*They whisper.*

*Enter* LORD MORELOVE, LADY GRAVEAIRS, *and* SIR CHARLES.

*Lord M.* So, she's engaged already. [*To* SIR CHARLES.

*Sir Char.* So much the better; make but a just advantage of my success, and she's undone.

*Lord F.* } Ha! ha! ha!
*Lady B.* }

*Sir Char.* You see, already, what ridiculous pains she is taking to stir your jealousy, and cover her own.

*Lord F.* } Ha! ha! ha!
*Lady B.* }

*Lord M.* O, never fear me; for, upon my word, it now appears ridiculous, even to me.

*Sir Char.* And, hark you—

[*Whispers* LORD MORELOVE.

*Lady B.* And so the widow was as full of airs as his lordship?

*Sir Char.* Only observe that, and it is impossible you can fail. [*Aside.*

*Lord M.* Dear Charles, you have convinced me, and I thank you.

*Lady G.* My Lord Morelove! What, do you leave us?

*Lord M.* Ten thousand pardons, madam, I was but just—

*Lady G.* Nay, nay, no excuse, my lord, so you will but let us have you again.

*Sir Char.* [*Aside to* LADY GRAVEAIRS.] I see you have good humour, madam, when you like your company.

*Lady G.* And you, I see, for all your mighty thirst of dominion, could stoop to be obedient, if one thought it worth one's while to make you so.

*Sir Char.* Ha! power would make her an admirable tyrant. [*Aside.*

*Lady E.* [*Observing* SIR CHARLES *and* LADY GRAVEAIRS.] So! there's another couple have quarrelled too, I find—Those airs to my Lord Morelove, look as if designed to recover Sir Charles into jealousy: I'll endeavour to join the company, and, it may be, that will let me into the secret. [*Aside.*] My Lord Foppington, I vow, this is very uncomplaisant, to engross so agreeable a part of the company to yourself.

*Sir Char.* Nay, my lord, this is not fair, indeed, to enter into secrets among friends!—Ladies, what say you, I think we ought to declare against it.

*Lady B.* Well, ladies, I ought only to ask your

pardon: my lord's excusable, for I would haul him into a corner.

*Lord F.* I swear 'tis very hard, ho! I observe, two people of extreme condition can no sooner grow particular, but the multitude of both sexes are immediately up, and think their properties invaded——

*Lady B.* Odious multitude——

*Lord F.* Perish the canaille.

*Lady G.* O, my lord, we women have all reason to be jealous of Lady Betty Modish's power.

*Lord M.* [*To* LADY BETTY.] As the men, madam, all have of my Lord Foppington; besides, favourites of great merit discourage those of an inferior class for their prince's service; he has already lost you one of your retinue, madam.

*Lady B.* Not at all, my lord: he has only made room for another: one must sometimes make vacancies, or there could be no preferments.

*Lady E.* Ha, ha! Ladies' favours, my lord, like places at court, are not always held for life, you know.

*Lady B.* No, indeed! if they were, the poor fine women would be always used like their wives, and no more minded than the business of the nation.

*Lady E.* Have a care, madam: an undeserving favourite has been the ruin of many a prince's empire.

*Lord F.* Ha! ha! Upon my soul, Lady Betty, we must grow more discreet; for, positively, if we go on at this rate, we shall have the world throw you under the scandal of constancy; and I shall have all the swords of condition at my throat, for a monopolist.

*Lord M.* O! there's no great fear of that, my lord; though the men of sense give it over, there will be always some idle fellows vain enough to believe their merit may succeed as well as your lordship's.

*Lady B.* Or if they should not, my lord, cast lovers, you know, need not fear being long out of employment,

while there are so many well disposed people in the world ——There are generally neglected wives, stale maids, or charitable widows, always ready to relieve the necessities of a disappointed passion—and, by the way, hark you, Sir Charles——

*Lady G.* [*Aside.*] That wit was thrown at me, I suppose; but I'll return it.

*Lady B.* [*Softly to* SIR CHARLES.] Pray, how come you all this while to trust your mistress so easily?

*Sir Char.* One is not so apt, madam, to be alarmed at the liberties of an old acquaintance, as perhaps your ladyship ought to be at the resentment of an hard used, honourable lover.

*Lady B.* Suppose I were alarmed, how does that make you easy?

*Sir Char.* Come, come, be wise at last; a thousand busy tongues are set upon malicious inquiries into your reputation.

*Lady B.* Why, Sir Charles, do you suppose, while he behaves himself as he does, that I won't convince him of my indifference?

*Sir Char.* But hear me, madam——

*Lady G.* [*Aside.*] The air of that whisper looks as if the lady had a mind to be making her peace again; and 'tis possible, his worship's being so busy in the matter too, may proceed as much from his jealousy of my lord with me, as friendship to her; at least I fancy so: therefore I'm resolved to keep her still piqued, and prevent it, though it be only to gall him—Sir Charles, that is not fair, to take a privilege you just now declared against in my Lord Foppington.

*Lord M.* Well observed, madam.

*Lady G.* Besides, it looks so affected, to whisper, when every body guesses the secret.

*Lord M.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Lady B.* O! madam, your pardon in particular: but it is possible you may be mistaken: the secrets of people, that have any regard to their actions, are not

so soon guessed as theirs that have made a confidant of the whole town.

*Lord F.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Lady G.* A coquette, in her affected airs of disdain to a revolted lover, I'm afraid must exceed your ladyship in prudence, not to let the world see, at the same time, she'd give her eyes to make her peace with him: ha! ha!

*Lord M.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Lady B.* 'Twould be a mortification, indeed, if it were in the power of a fading widow's charms to prevent it; and the man must be miserably reduced, sure, that could bear to live buried in woollen, or take up with the motherly comforts of a swan-skin petticoat. Ha! ha!

*Lord F.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Lady G.* Widows, it seems, are not so squeamish to their interest; they know their own minds, and take the man thy like, though it happens to be one that a froward, vain coquette, has disobliged, and is pining to be friends with.

*Lord M.* Nay, though it happens to be one that confesses he once was fond of a piece of folly, and afterwards ashamed on't.

*Lady B.* Nay, my lord, there's no standing against two of you.

*Lord F.* No, faith, that's odds at tennis, my lord: not but if your ladyship pleases, I'll endeavour to keep your backhand a little; though upon my soul you may safely set me up at the line: for, knock me down, if ever I saw a rest of wit better played, than that last, in my life——What say you, madam, shall we engage?

*Lady B.* As you please, my lord.

*Lord F.* Ha! ha! ha! *Allons! tout de bon jouer, milor.*

*Lord M.* O, pardon me, sir, I shall never think myself in any thing a match for the lady.

*Lord F.* To you, madam.

*Lady B.* That's much, my lord, when the world knows you have been so many years teasing me to play the fool with you.

*Lord M.* At a game, I confess, your ladyship has chosen a much properer person to improve your hand with.

*Lord F.* To me, madam——My lord, I presume whoever the lady thinks fit to play the fool with, will at least be able to give as much envy as the wise person, that had not wit enough to keep well with her when he was so.

*Lady G.* O! my lord! Both parties must needs be greatly happy; for I dare swear, neither will have any rivals to disturb them.

*Lord M.* Ha! ha!

*Lady B.* None that will disturb them, I dare swear.

*Lord F.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Lord M.*
*Lady G.* } Ha! ha! ha!
*Lady B.*

*Sir Char.* I don't know, gentlefolks——but you are all in extreme good humour, methinks; I hope there's none of it affected.

*Lady E.* I should be loath to answer for any but my Lord Foppington. [*Aside.*

*Lady B.* Mine is not, I'll swear.

*Lord M.* Nor mine, I'm sure.

*Lady G.* Mine's sincere, depend upon it.

*Lord F.* And may the eternal frowns of the whole sex doubly demme, if mine is not.

*Lady E.* Well, good people, I am mighty glad to hear it. You have all performed extremely well: but, if you please, you shall ev'n give over your wit now, while it is well.

*Lady B.* [*To herself.*] Now I see his humour stand it out, if I were sure to die for it.

*Sir Char.* You should not have proceeded so far with my Lord Foppington, after what I had told you. [*Aside to* LADY BETTY.

*Lady B.* Pray, Sir Charles, give me leave to understand myself a little.

*Sir Char.* Your pardon, madam. I thought a right understanding wou'd have been for both your interest and reputation.

*Lady B.* For his, perhaps.

*Sir Char.* Nay, then, madam, it's time for me to take care of my friend.

*Lady B.* I never, in the least, doubted your friendship to him in any thing that was to show yourself my enemy.

*Sir Char.* Since I see, madam, you have so ungrateful a sense of my Lord Morelove's merit, and my service, I shall never be ashamed of using my power henceforth to keep him entirely out of your ladyship's.

*Lady B.* Was ever any thing so insolent! I could find in my heart to run the hazard of a downright compliance, if it were only to convince him, that my power, perhaps, is not inferior to his. [*Aside.*

*Lady E.* My Lord Foppington, I think you generally lead the company upon these occasions. Pray, will you think of some prettier sort of diverson for us than parties and whispers?

*Lord F.* What say you, ladies, shall we step and see what's done at the basset-table?

*Lady B.* With all my heart; Lady Easy——

*Lady E.* I think 'tis the best thing we can do; and because we won't part to-night, you shall all sup where you dined——What say you, my lord?

*Lord M.* Your ladyship may be sure of me, madam.

*Lord F.* Ay! ay! we'll all come.

*Lady E.* Then pray let's change parties a little. My Lord Foppington, you shall 'squire me.

*Lord F.* O! you do me honour, madam. Lady Graveairs, you won't let Sir Charles leave us?

*Lady G.* No, my lord, we'll follow you.

*Lady B.* My Lord Morelove, pray let me speak with you.

*Lord M.* Me, madam?

*Lady B.* If you please, my lord.

*Lord M.* Ha! that look shot through me. What can this mean? [*Aside.*

*Lady B.* This is no proper place to tell you what it is, but there is one thing I'd fain be truly answered in: I suppose you'll be at my Lady Easy's by and by, and if you'll give me leave there——

*Lord M.* If you please to do me that honour, madam, I shall certainly be there.

*Lady B.* That's all, my lord.

*Lord M.* Is not your ladyship for walking?

*Lady B.* If your lordship dares venture with me.

*Lord M.* O! madam! [*Taking her Hand.*] How my heart dances! what heavenly music's in her voice, when softened into kindness! [*Aside.*

*Lady B.* Ha! his hand trembles——Sir Charles may be mistaken. [*Exeunt.*

*Lady G.* I'd speak with you.

*Sir Char.* But, madam, consider, we shall certainly be observed.

*Lady G.* Lord, sir, if you think it such a favour— [*Exit hastily.*

*Sir Char.* Is she gone! let her go, &c. [*Exit singing.*

## ACT THE FIFTH.

### SCENE I.

*The Castle Terrace.*

*Enter* SIR CHARLES *and* LORD MORELOVE.

*Sir Char.* Come a little this way—My Lady Graveairs had an eye upon me as I stole off, and I'm apprehensive will make use of any opportunity to talk with me.

*Lord M.* O! we are pretty safe here——Well, you were speaking of Lady Betty.

*Sir Char.* Ay, my lord——I say, notwithstanding all this sudden change of her behaviour, I would not have you yet be too secure of her: Death! my Lady Graveairs!

*Lord M.* Ha! she will have audience, I find.

*Sir Char.* There's no avoiding her——the truth is, I have owed her a little goodnature a great while—I see there is but one way of getting rid of her——I must even appoint her a day of payment at last. If you'll step into my lodgings, my lord, I'll just give her an answer, and be with you in a moment.

*Lord M.* Very well, I'll stay there for you.

[*Exit* LORD MORELOVE.

*Enter* LADY GRAVEAIRS, *on the other Side.*

*Lady G.* Sir Charles!

*Sir Char.* Come, come, no more of these reproachful looks; you'll find, madam, I have deserved better of you than your jealousy imagines—Is it a fault

to be tender of your reputation?——fie, fie—This may be a proper time to talk, and of my contriving too——you see I just now shook off my Lord Morelove on purpose.

*Lady G.* May I believe you?

*Sir Char.* Still doubting my fidelity, and mistaking my discretion for want of good-nature.

*Lady G.* Don't think me troublesome——'tis death to think of parting with you:

*Sir Char.* You wrong me to suppose the thought.

*Lady G.* I confess I would see you once again; if what I have more to say prove ineffectual, perhaps it may convince me then, 'tis my interest to part with you—Can you come to-night.

*Sir Char.* You know we have company, and I'm afraid they'll stay too late—Can't it be before supper? What's o clock now?

*Lady G.* It's almost six.

*Sir Char.* At seven then be sure of me; till when, I'd have you go back to the ladies, to avoid suspicion, and about that time have the vapours.

*Lady G.* May I depend upon you? [*Exit.*

*Sir Char.* Depend on every thing—A very troublesome business this—send me once fairly rid on't—if ever I'm caught in an honourable affair again!—A debt now that a little ready civility, and away, would satisfy, a man might bear with; but to have a rent charge upon one's goodnature with an unconscionable long scroll of arrears too, that would eat out the profits of the best estate in Christendom—ah—intolerable! Well! I'll even to my lord, and shake off the thoughts on't. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

SIR CHARLES's *Lodgings.*

*Enter* SIR CHARLES *and* LORD MORELOVE.

*Lord M.* Charles, you have transported me! you have made my part in the scene so very easy too, 'tis impossible I should fail in it.

*Sir Char.* That's what I considered: for now the more you throw yourself into her power, the more I shall be able to force her into yours.

*Lord M.* Well, I am fully instructed, and will about it instantly—Won't you go along with me?

*Sir Char.* That may not be so proper;—besides, I have a little business upon my hands.

*Lord M.* Oh, your servant, sir—Good bye to you—you shan't stir.

*Sir Char.* My lord, your servant—[*Exit* LORD MORELOVE.] So! now to dispose myself till 'tis time to think of my Lady Graveairs—Umph! I have no great maw to that business, methinks, I don't find myself in humour enough to come up to the civil things that are usually expected in the making up of an old quarrel. [EDGING *crosses the Stage.*] There goes a warmer temptation by half;——Ha! into my wife's bedchamber too——a question if the jade has any great business there!—I have a fancy she has only a mind to be taking the opportunity of nobody's being at home, to make her peace with me—let me see—ay, I shall have time enough to go to her ladyship afterwards—besides, I want a little sleep, I find— [*Going.*

*Enter* EDGING.

*Edg.* Did you call me, sir?

*Sir Char.* Ha! all's right—[*Aside.*]—Yes, madam, I did call you [*Sits down.*

*Edg.* What would you please to have, sir?

*Sir Char.* Have! Why, I would have you grow a good girl, and know when you are well used, hussy.

*Edg.* Sir, I don't complain of any thing, not I.

*Sir Char.* Well, don't be uneasy—I am not angry with you now—Well, now you're good, you shall have your own way—I am going to lie down in the next room; and since you love a little chat, come and throw my nightgown over me, and you shall talk me to sleep. [*Exit* SIR CHARLES.

*Edg.* Yes, sir——for all his way, I see he likes me still. [*Exit after him.*

SCENE III.

*The Terrace.*

*Enter* LADY BETTY, LADY EASY, *and* LORD MORELOVE.

*Lord M.* Nay, madam, there you are too severe upon him; for, bating now and then a little vanity, my Lord Foppington does not want wit sometimes to make him a very tolerable woman's man.

*Lady B.* But such eternal vanity grows tiresome.

*Lady E.* Come, if he were not so loose in his morals, his vanity, methinks, might be easily excused, considering how much 'tis in fashion; for, pray observe what's half the conversation of most of the fine young people about town, but a perpetual affectation of appearing foremost in the knowledge of manners, new modes, and scandal? and in that I don't see any body comes up to him.

*Lord M.* Nor I, indeed——and here he comes—Pray, madam, let's have a little more of him

body shows him to more advantage than your ladyship.

*Lady B.* Nay, with all my heart; you'll second me, my lord?

*Lord M.* Upon occasion, madam——

*Lady E.* Engaging upon parties, my lord?

[*Aside, and smiling to* LORD MORELOVE.

*Enter* LORD FOPPINGTON.

*Lord F.* So, ladies! what's the affair now?

*Lady B.* Why, you were, my lord! I was allowing you a great many good qualities, but Lady Easy says, you are a perfect hypocrite: and that whatever airs you give yourself to the women, she's confident you value no woman in the world equal to your own lady.

*Lord F.* You see, madam, how I am scandalized upon your account. But it's so natural for a prude to be malicious, when a man endeavours to be well with any body but herself; did you ever observe she was piqued at that before? ha! ha!

*Lady B.* I'll swear you are a provoking creature.

*Lord F.* Let's be more familiar upon it, and give her disorder! ha! ha!

*Lady B.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Lord F.* Stap my breath, but Lady Easy is an admirable discoverer—Marriage is indeed a prodigious security of one's inclination; a man's likely to take a world of pains in an employment, where he can't be turned out for his idleness.

*Lady B.* I vow, my lord, that's vastly generous to all the fine women; you are for giving them a despotic power in love, I see, to reward and punish as they think fit.

*Lord F.* Ha! ha! Right, madam, what signifies beauty without power?

*Lady E.* I'm afraid, Lady Betty, the greatest danger in your use of power, would be from a too heedless

liberality: you would more mind the man than his merit.

*Lord F.* Piqued again, by all that's fretful—Well, certainly, to give envy is a pleasure inexpressible.

[*To* LADY BETTY.

*Lady B.* Ha! ha!

*Lady E.* Does not he show him well, my lord?

[*Aside to* LORD MORELOVE.

*Lord M.* Perfectly, and me to myself——For now I almost blush to think I ever was uneasy at him.

[*To* LADY EASY.

*Lord F.* Lady Easy, I ask ten thousand pardons, I'm afraid I am rude all this while.

*Lady E.* Oh, not at all, my lord, you are always good company, when you please: not but in some things, indeed, you are apt to be like other fine gentlemen, a little too loose in your principles.

*Lord F.* Oh, madam, never to the offence of the ladies; I agree in any community with them: nobody is a more constant churchman, when the fine women are there.

*Lady E.* Oh, fie, my lord, you ought not to go for their sakes at all. And I wonder you, that are for being such a good husband of your virtues, are not afraid of bringing your prudence into a lampoon or a play.

*Lady B.* Lampoons and plays, madam, are only things to be laughed at.

*Lord F.* Odso! Ladies, the court's coming home, I see; shall not we make our bows?

*Lady B.* Oh, by all means.

*Lady E.* Lady Betty, I must leave you: for I am obliged to write letters, and I know you won't give me time after supper.

*Lady B.* Well, my dear, I'll make a short visit, and be with you [*Exit* LADY EASY.] Pray what's become of my Lady Gravecairs?

*Lord M.* Oh, I believe she's gone home, madam; she seemed not to be very well.

*Lord F.* And where's Sir Charles, my lord?

*Lord M.* I left him at his own lodgings.

*Lady B.* He's upon some ramble, I'm afraid.

*Lord F.* Nay, as for that matter, a man may ramble at home sometimes—But here come the chaises, we must make a little more haste, madam.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

SIR CHARLES's *Lodgings.*

*Enter* LADY EASY *and a* SERVANT.

*Lady E.* Is your master come home?

*Serv.* Yes, madam,

*Lady E.* Where is he?

*Serv.* I believe, madam, he's laid down to sleep.

*Lady E.* Where's Edging? Bid her get me some wax and paper——stay, it's no matter; now I think on it—there's some above, upon my toilette.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE V.

*Another Apartment.*

SIR CHARLES *discovered without his Periwig, and* EDGING *by him, both asleep in two easy Chairs, Then enter* LADY EASY, *who starts and trembles, some Time unable to speak.*

*Lady E.* Ha! protect me, virtue, patience, reason! Teach me to bear this killing sight, or let

Me think my dreaming senses are deceiv'd;
For sure a sight like this might raise the arm
Of duty ev'n to the breast of love! At least
I'll throw this vizor of my patience off:
Now wake him in his guilt,
And barefac'd front him with my wrongs.
I'll talk to him till he blushes, nay till he——
Frowns on me, perhaps—and then
I'm lost again—The ease of a few tears
Is all that's left to me——
And duty too forbids me to insult,
When I have vow'd obedience—Perhaps
The fault's in me, and nature has not form'd
Me with the thousand little requisites
That warm the heart to love——
Somewhere there is a fault——
But Heav'n best knows what both of us deserve:
Ha! bare headed, and in so sound a sleep!
Who knows, while thus expos'd to th' unwholesome air,
But Heav'n offended may o'ertake his crime,
And in some languishing distemper, leave him
A severe example of it's violated laws——
Forbid it mercy, and forbid it love.
This may prevent it.

[*Takes a Steinkirk off her neck, and lays it gently on his Head.*

And if he should wake, offended at my too busy care, let my heart breaking patience, duty, and my fond affection plead my pardon.

[*Exit.—After she has been out some Time, a Bell rings;* EDGINE *wakes, and stirs* Sir CHARLES.

*Edg.* Oh!
*Sir Char.* How now! what's the matter?
*Edg.* Oh, bless my soul, my lady's come!
*Sir Char.* Go, go then. [

*Edg.* Oh, lud! my head's in such a condition too. [*Runs to the Glass.*] I am coming, madam.—Oh, lud! here's no powder, neither——Here, madam. [*Exit.*

*Sir Char.* How now! [*Feeling the Steinkerk on his Head.*] What's this? How came it here? Did not I see my wife wear this to-day?——Death! she can't have been here, sure—It could not be jealousy that brought her home—for my coming was accidental—so too, I fear, was hers—How careless have I been!—not to secure the door neither—'Twas foolish—It must be so! She certainly has seen me here, sleeping with her woman:—if so, how low an hypocrite to her must that sight have proved me!—The thought has made me despicable ev'n to myself—How mean a vice is lying, and how often have these empty pleasures lulled my honour and my conscience to lethargy, while I grossly have abused her, poorly skulking behind a thousand falsehoods!—Now I reflect, this has not been the first of her discoveries——How contemptible a figure must I have made to her!——A crowd of recollected circumstances confirms me now, she has been long acquainted with my follies, and yet with what amazing prudence has she borne the secret pangs of injured love, and wore an everlasting smile to me! This asks a little thinking——something should be done—I'll see her instantly, and be resolved from her behaviour. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

*Another Room.*

*Enter* LADY EASY *and* EDGING.

*Lady E.* Where have you been, Edging?

*Edg.* Been, madam! I—I—I—I— came as soon as I heard you ring, madam.

*Lady E.* How guilt confounds her! but she's below my thought—Fetch my last new gown hither—I have a mind to alter it a little—make haste.

*Edg.* Yes, madam——I see she does not suspect any thing. [*Exit.*

*Lady E.* Heigho! [*Sitting down.*] I had forgot—but I'm unfit for writing now——'Twas an hard conflict—— yet it's a joy to think it over: a secret pride to tell my heart my conduct has been just—— How low are vicious minds, that offer injuries! how much superior innocence, that bears them!——Still there's a pleasure even in the melancholy of a quiet conscience. Away, my fears, it is not yet impossible—for while his human nature is not quite shook off, I ought not to despair.

*Enter* EDGING, *with a Gown.*

*Edg.* Here's the gown madam.

*Lady E.* So, sit down there——and, let me see—here, rip off all that silver.

*Edg.* Indeed I always thought it would become your ladyship better without it—But now suppose, madam, you carried another row of gold round the scollops, and then you take and lay this silver plain all along the gathers, and your ladyship will perfectly see, it will give the thing ten thousand times another air.

*Lady E.* Pr'ythee don't be impertinent; do as I bid you.

*Edg.* Nay, madam, with all my heart, your ladyship may do as you please.

*Lady E.* This creature grows so confident, and I dare not part with her, lest he should think it jealousy. [*Aside.*

*Enter* SIR CHARLES.

*Sir Char.* So, my dear! What, at work! how are you employed, pray?

*Lady E.* I was thinking to alter this gown here.

*Sir Char.* What's amiss? Methinks it's very pretty.

*Edg.* Yes, sir, it's pretty enough, for that matter; but my lady has a mind it should be proper too.

*Sir Char.* Indeed!

*Lady E.* I fancy plain gold and black would become me better.

*Sir Char.* That's a grave thought, my dear.

*Edg.* O, dear sir, not at all, my lady's much in the right; I am sure, as it is, it's fit for nothing but a girl.

*Sir Char.* Leave the room.

*Edg.* Lord, sir! I can't stir——I must stay to——

*Sir Char.* Go—— [*Angrily.*

*Edg.* [*Throwing down the Work hastily, and crying, Aside.*] If ever I speak to him again, I'll be burned. [*Exit* EDGING.

*Sir Char.* Sit still, my dear,—I came to talk with you——and, which you well may wonder at, what I have to say is of importance too, but 'tis in order to my hereafter always talking kindly to you.

*Lady E.* Your words were never disobliging, nor can I charge you with a look that ever had the appearance of being unkind.

*Sir Char.* How could a woman of your restraint in principles, sedateness, sense, and tender disposition, propose to lead an happy life with one (now I reflect) that hardly took an hour's pains, even before marriage, to appear but what I am: a loose, unheeded, wretch, absent in all I do, civil, and as often rude, without design, unseasonably thoughtful, easy to a fault, and, in my best of praise, but carelessly good-natured? How shall I reconcile your temper with having made so strange a choice?

*Lady E.* Your own words may answer you—Your *having* never seemed to be but what you really were; and through that carelessness of temper there still shone forth to me an undesigning honesty, I always

doubted of in smoother faces: thus, while I saw you took least pains to win me, you pleased and woo'd me most: nay, I have thought, that such a temper could never be deliberately unkind: or, at the worst, I knew that errors from the want of thinking might be borne; at least, when probably one moment's serious thought would end them: these were my worst of fears, and these, when weighed by growing love against my solid hopes, were nothing.

*Sir Char.* My dear, your understanding startles me, and justly calls my own in question: I blush to think I've worn so bright a jewel in my bosom, and, till this hour, have scarce been curious once to look upon its lustre.

*Lady E.* You set too high a value on the common qualities of an easy wife.

*Sir Char.* Virtues, like benefits, are double, when concealed: and I confess, I yet suspect you of an higher value far than I have spoke you.

*Lady E.* I understand you not.

*Sir Char.* I'll speak more plainly to you—be free and tell me—Where did you leave this handkerchief?

*Lady E.* Ha!

*Sir Char.* What is it you start at? You hear the question.

*Lady E.* What shall I say? my fears confound me.

*Sir Char.* Be not concerned, my dear, be easy in the truth, and tell me.

*Lady E.* I cannot speak—and I could wish you'd not oblige me to it—'tis the only thing I ever yet refused you—and though I want reason for my will, let me not answer you.

*Sir Char.* Your will then be a reason; and since I see you are so generously tender of reproaching me, it is fit I should be easy in my gratitude, and there- what ought to be my shame my joy; let me endure fore pleased to tell you now, your worst

has waked me to a sense of your disquiet past, and resolution never to disturb it more—And (not that I offer it as a merit, but yet in blind compliance to my will) let me beg you would immediately discharge your woman.

*Lady E.* Alas! I think not of her—O, my dear, distract me not with this excess of goodness.

[*Weeping.*

*Sir Char.* Nay, praise me not, lest I reflect how little I have deserved it; I see you are in pain to give me this confusion.—Come, I will not shock your softness, by my untimely blush for what is past, but rather sooth you to a pleasure at my sense of joy, for my recovered happiness to come. Give then to my new-born love what name you please, it cannot, shall not be too kind: O! it cannot be too soft for what my soul swells up with emulation to deserve—Receive me then entire at last, and take what yet no woman ever truly had, my conquered heart.

*Lady E.* Now am I blest indeed, to see you kind without the expense of pain in being so; to make you mine with easiness: thus, thus to have you mine, is something more than happiness, 'tis double life, and madness of abounding joy! But it was a pain intolerable to give you a confusion.

*Sir Char.* O thou engaging virtue! But I am too slow in doing justice to thy love: I know thy softness will refuse me; but remember, I insist upon it—let thy woman be discharged this minute.

*Lady E.* No, my dear, think me not so low in faith, to fear, that after what you have said, it will ever be in her power to do me future injury: when I can conveniently provide for her, I'll think on it: but to discharge her now, might let her guess at the occasion; and methinks I would have our difference, like our endearments, be equally a secret to our servants.

*Sir Char.* Still my superior every way—be it as you

have better thought——Well, my dear, now I'll confess a thing, that was not in your power to accuse me of; to be short, I own this creature is not the only one I have been to blame with.

*Lady E.* I know she is not, and was always less concerned to find it so, for constancy in errors might have been fatal to me.

*Sir Char.* What is it you know, my dear?

[*Surprised.*

*Lady E.* Come, I'm not afraid to accuse you now —my Lady Graveairs—Your carelessness, my dear, let all the world know it, and it would have been hard, indeed, had it been only to me a secret.

*Sir Char.* My dear, I will ask no more questions, for fear of being more ridiculous: I do confess, I thought my discretion there, had been a masterpiece ——How contemptible must I have looked all this while!

*Lady E.* You shan't say so.

*Sir Char.* Well, to let you see I had some shame, as well as nature in me, I had writ this to my Lady Graveairs, upon my first discovering that you knew I had wronged you—read it.

*Lady E.* [Reads.] *Something has happened, that prevents the visit I intended you; and I could gladly wish, you never would reproach me, if I tell you, 'tis utterly inconvenient, that I should ever see you more.*

This indeed was more than I had merited.

*Enter a* SERVANT.

*Sir Char.* Who is there? Here—Step with this to my Lady Graveairs.

[*Seals the Letter, and gives it to the* SERVANT.

*Serv.* Yes, sir.—Madam, my Lady Betty's come.

*Lady E.* I'll wait on her. [*Exit* SERVANT.

*Sir Char.* My dear, I am thinking, there may be other things my negligence may have wronged you in.—Is

there any part or circumstance in your fortune, that I can change or yet make easier to you?

*Lady E.* None, my dear; your goodnature never stinted me in that; and now, methinks, I have less occasion there than ever.

*Enter a* SERVANT.

*Serv.* Sir, my Lord Morelove's come.

*Sir Char.* I am coming—[*Exit* SERVANT.] I think I told you of the design we had laid against Lady Betty?

*Lady E.* You did, and I should be pleased to be myself concerned in it.

*Sir Char.* I believe we may employ you: I know he waits for me with impatience. But, my dear, won't you think me tasteless to the joy you have given me, to suffer, at this time, any concern, but you, to employ my thoughts?

*Lady E.* Seasons must be obeyed; and since I know your friend's happiness depending, I could not taste my own, should you neglect it.

*Sir Char.* Thou easy sweetness—O! what a waste on thy neglected love, has my unthinking brain committed! but time, and future thrift of tenderness, shall yet repair it all. The hours will come when this soft gliding stream, that swells my heart, uninterrupted shall renew its course—

And, like the ocean after ebb, shall move,
With constant force of due returning love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

*Another Room.*

*Enter* LADY EASY *and* LADY BETTY.

*Lady B.* You have been in tears, my dear, and yet you look pleased too.

*Lady E.* You will pardon me, if I cannot let you into circumstances: but, be satisfied, Sir Charles has made me happy, even to a pain of joy.

*Lady B.* Indeed, I am truly glad of it, though I am sorry to find, that any one, who has generosity enough to do you justice, should, unprovoked, be so great an enemy to me.

*Lady E.* Sir Charles your enemy!

*Lady B.* My dear, you will pardon me, if I always thought him so, but now I am convinced of it.

*Lady E.* In what, pray? I cannot think you will find him so.

*Lady B.* O, madam! it has been his whole business, of late, to make an utter breach between my Lord Morelove and me.

*Lady E.* That may be owing to your usage of my lord: perhaps he thought it would not disoblige you. I am confident you are mistaken in him.

*Lady B.* O! I don't use to be out in things of this nature; I can see well enough: but I shall be able to tell you more, when I have talked with my lord.

*Lady E.* Here he comes—and, because you shall talk with him——No excuses—for, positively, I will leave you together.

*Lady B.* Indeed, my dear, I desire you will stay, then; for I know you think now, that I have a mind *to*——

*Lady E.* To——to——Ha! ha! ha! [*Going.*
*Lady B.* Well, remember this——

*Enter* LORD MORELOVE.

*Lord M.* I hope I don't fright you away, madam?
*Lady E.* Not at all, my lord; but I must beg your pardon for a moment; I will wait upon you immediately. [*Exit.*
*Lady B.* My Lady Easy gone?
*Lord M.* Perhaps, madam, in friendship to you: she thinks I may have deserved the coldness you of late have shown to me, and was willing to give you this opportunity, to convince me, you have not done it without just grounds and reason.
*Lady B.* How handsomely does he reproach me! but I cannot bear that he should think I know it—[*Aside.*] My lord, whatever has passed between you and me, I dare swear, that could not be her thoughts at this time; for, when two people have appeared professed enemies, she cannot but think one will as little care to give, as the other to receive, a justification of their actions.
*Lord M.* Passion, indeed, often does repeated injuries on both sides, but I don't remember, in my heat of error, I ever yet professed myself your enemy.
*Lady B.* My lord, I shall be very free with you—I confess, I do not think now I have a greater enemy in the world.
*Lord M.* If having long loved you, to my own disquiet, be injurious, I am contented then to stand the foremost of your enemies.
*Lady B.* O, my lord! there's no great fear of your being my enemy that way, I dare say——
*Lord M.* There is no other way my heart can bear to offend you now, and I foresee in that it will persist to my undoing.

*Lady B.* Fie, fie, my lord, we know where your heart is well enough.

*Lord M.* My conduct has, indeed, deserved this scorn, and therefore, 'tis but just I should submit to your resentment, and beg (though I am assured in vain) for pardon. [*Kneels.*

*Enter* SIR CHARLES.

*Sir Char.* How, my lord!

[LORD MORELOVE *rises.*

*Lady B.* Ha! He here! This was unlucky. [*Aside.*

*Sir Char.* I am sorry to see, you can so soon forget yourself: methinks the insults you have borne from that lady, by this time, should have warned you into a disgust of her regardless principles.

*Lord M.* Hold, Sir Charles! while you and I are friends, I desire you would speak with honour of this lady—'Tis sufficient, I have no complaint against her, and——

*Lady B.* My lord, I beg you would resent this thing no farther: an injury, like this, is better punished with our contempt; apparent malice should only be laughed at.

*Sir Char.* Ha! ha! the old resource. Offers of any hopes to delude him from his resentment; and then, you are sure to keep your word with him.

*Lady B.* Sir Charles—to let you know how far I am above your little spleen—my lord, your hand, from this hour——

*Sir Char.* Pshaw! pshaw! all design! all pique! mere artifice, and disappointed woman.

*Lady B.* Look you, sir, not that I doubt my lord's opinion of me, yet——

*Sir Char.* Look you, madam, in short, your word has been too often taken, to let you make up quarrels,

as you used to do, with a soft look, and a fair promise, you never intended to keep.

*Lady B.* Was ever such insolence! He won't give me leave to speak.

*Lord M.* Sir Charles!—

*Lady B.* No, pray, my lord, have patience; and since his malice seems to grow particular, I dare his worst, and urge him to the proof on't. Pray, sir, wherein can you charge me with breach of promise to my lord?

*Sir Char.* Death! you won't deny it? How often, to piece up a quarrel, have you appointed him to visit you alone; and, though you have promised to see no other company the whole day, when he was come, he has found you among the laugh of noisy fops, coquettes, and coxcombs, dissolutely gay, while your full eyes ran over with transport of their flattery, and your own vain powers of pleasing: and the minute they were gone, grew only dull to him; sunk into a distasteful spleen, complained you had talked yourself into the head ache, and then indulged upon the dear delight of seeing him in pain; and by that time you had stretched and gaped him heartily out of patience, of a sudden, most importantly remember, you had outsat your appointment with my Lady Fiddlefaddle; and immediately order your coach to the park!

*Lady B.* Yet, sir, have you done?

*Sir Char.* No——though this might serve to show the nature of your principles; but the noble conquest you have gained, at last, over defeated sense of reputation too, has made your fame immortal.

*Lord M.* How, sir?

*Lady B.* My reputation?

*Sir Char.* Ay, madam, your reputation—My lord, if I advance a falsehood, then resent it.—I say, your reputation——It has been your life's whole pride of

late, to be the commont oast of every public table; vain even in the infamous addresses of a married man, my Lord Foppington; let that be reconciled with reputation, I will now shake hands with shame, and bow me to the low contempt which you deserve from him; not but I suppose you will yet endeavour to recover him. Now you find ill usage in danger of losing your conquest, 'tis possible you will stop at nothing to preserve it.

*Lady B.* Sir Charles—

[*Walks disordered, and he after her.*

*Sir Char.* I know your vanity is so voracious, it will even wound itself to feed itself; offer him a blank, perhaps, to fill up, with hopes of what nature he pleases, and part even with your pride, to keep him.

*Lady B.* Sir Charles, I have not deserved this of you. [*Bursting into Tears.*

*Sir Char.* Ah, true woman! drop him a soft dissembling tear, and then his just resentment must be hushed of course.

*Lord M.* O, Charles! I can bear no more; those tears are too reproaching.

*Sir Char.* Hist, for your life! [*Aside, and then loud.*] My lord, if you believe her, you are undone; the very next sight of my Lord Foppington, would make her yet forswear all that she can promise.

*Lady B.* My Lord Foppington! Is that the mighty crime that must condemn me then? You know I used him but as a tool of my resentment, which you yourself, by a pretended friendship to us both, most artfully provoked me to——

*Lord M.* Hold, I conjure you, madam, I want not this conviction.

*Lady B.* Send for him this minute, and you and he shall both be witnesses of the contempt and detestation I have for any forward hopes his vanity may have given him, or your malice would

*Sir Char.* Death! you would as soon eat fire—as soon part with your luxurious taste of folly, as dare to own the half of this before his face, or any one, that would make you blush to deny it to——Here comes my wife; now, we shall see——Ha! and my Lord Foppington with her——Now! now, we shall see this mighty proof of your sincerity——Now! my lord, you'll have a warning sure, and henceforth know me for your friend indeed!

*Enter* LADY EASY *and* LORD FOPPINGTON.

*Lady E.* In tears, my dear! what's the matter?

*Lady B.* Oh, my dear, all I told you is true: Sir Charles has shown himself so inveterately my enemy, that if I believed I deserved but half his hate, 'twould make me hate myself.

*Lord F.* Hark you, Charles, pr'ythee what is this business?

*Sir Char.* Why, yours, my lord, for aught I know—I have made such a breach betwixt them——I cannot promise much for the courage of a woman; but if hers holds, I am sure it is wide enough; you may enter ten abreast, my lord.

*Lord F.* Say'st thou so, Charles? then I hold six to four, I am the first man in the town.

*Lady E.* Sure there must be some mistake in this: I hope he has not made my lord your enemy.

*Lady B.* I know not what he has done.

*Lord M.* Far be that thought! alas! I am too much in fear myself, that what I have this day committed, advised by his mistaken friendship, may have done my love irreparable prejudice.

*Lady B.* No, my lord, since I perceive his little arts have not prevailed upon your goodnature, to my prejudice, I am bound in gratitude, in duty to myself, and to the confession you have made, my lord, to acknowledge now, I have been to blame too.

*Lord M.* Ha! is it possible? can you own so much?

*Lady B.* He says, I have taken pleasure in seeing you uneasy——I own it——but 'twas when that uneasiness I thought proceeded from your love; and if you did love——'twill not be much to pardon it.

*Lord M.* O, let my soul, thus bending to your power, adore this soft descending goodness.

*Lady B.* And since the giddy woman's slights I have shown you too often, have been public, 'tis fit, at last, the amends and reparation should be so: therefore, what I offered to Sir Charles, I now repeat before this company, my utter detestation of any past or future gallantry, that has or shall be offered by me, to your uneasiness.

*Lord M.* Oh, be less generous, or teach me to deserve it——Now blush, Sir Charles, at your injurious accusation.

*Lord F.* Ah! *Pardi, Voila quelque chose d'extraordinaire.*

*Lady B.* As for my Lord Foppington, I owe him thanks, for having been so friendly an instrument of our reconciliation; for though in the little outward gallantry I received from him, I did not immediately trust him with my design in it, yet I have a better opinion of his understanding, than to suppose he could mistake it.

*Lord F.* I am struck dumb with the deliberation of her assurance; and do not positively remember, that the *nonchalance* of my temper ever had so bright an occasion to show itself before.

*Lady B.* My lord, I hope you will pardon the freedom I have taken with you.

*Lord F.* O, madam, do not be under the confusion of an apology upon my account; for in cases of this nature, I am never disappointed, but when I find a lady of the same mind two hours together-

Madam, I have lost a thousand fine women in my time; but never had the ill manners to be out of humour with any one for refusing me, since I was born.

*Lady B.* My lord, that's a very prudent temper.

*Lord F.* Madam, to convince you, that I am in an universal peace with mankind, since you own I have so far contributed to your happiness, give me leave to have the honour of completing it, by joining your hand where you have already offered up your inclination.

*Lady B.* My lord, that's a favour I can't refuse you.

*Lord M.* Generous indeed, my lord.

[LORD FOPPINGTON *joins their Hands.*

*Lord F.* And, stap my breath, if ever I was better pleased, since my first entrance into human nature.

*Sir Char.* How now, my lord! what! throw up the cards before you have lost the game?

*Lord F.* Look you, Sir Charles, 'tis true, I did design to have played with her alone: but he, that will keep well with the ladies, must sometimes be content to make one at a pool with them; and since I know I must engage her in my turn, I don't see any great odds in letting him take the first game with her.

*Lady B.* And now, Sir Charles.

*Sir Char.* And now, madam, I'll save you the trouble of a long speech; and, in one word, confess that every thing that I have done in regard to you this day was purely artificial—I saw there was no way to secure you to my Lord Morelove, but by alarming your pride with the danger of losing him: and since the success must have by this time convinced you, that in love nothing is more ridiculous than an over-acted aversion; I am sure you won't take it ill, if we at last congratulate your good-nature, by heartily laughing at the fright we had put you in: ha! ha! ha!

*Lady E.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Lady B.* Why——well, I declare it now, I hate you worse than ever.

*Sir Char.* Ha! ha! ha! And was it afraid they would take away its love from it?——Poor Lady Betty! ha! ha!

*Lady E.* My dear, I beg your pardon; but it is impossible not to laugh, when one is so heartily pleased.

*Lord F.* Really, madam, I am afraid the humour of the company will draw me into your displeasure, too; but if I were to expire this moment, my last breath would positively go out with a laugh. Ha! ha! ha!

*Lady B.* Nay, I have deserved it all, that's the truth on't—but, I hope, my lord, you were not in this design against me?

*Lord M.* As a proof, madam, I am inclined never to deceive you more—I do confess I had my share in it.

*Lady B.* You do, my lord ——then I declare it was a design, one or other the best carried on that ever I knew in my life; and (to my shame I own it) for aught I know, the only thing that could have prevailed upon my temper; 'twas a foolish pride, that has cost me many a bitten lip to support it—I wish we don't both repent, my lord.

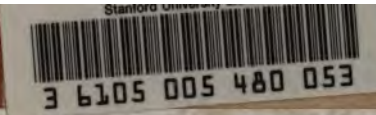
*Lord M.* Don't you repent without me, and we never shall.

*Sir Char.* Well, madam, now the worst that the world can say of your past conduct is, that my lord had constancy, and you have tried it. Now, my dear, I find my happiness grow [illegible] my past experience of the sex, I found [illegible] the better sort, so much of folly, [illegible] sion, and irresolute desire, that I [illegible] of the foremost rank, and, therefore, [illegible] my concern; but thou hast stirred [illegible]

proof of thy exalted virtue, it gives me wonder
ial to my love——If, then, the unkindly thought
what I have been, hereafter shall intrude upon thy
wing quiet, let this reflection teach thee to be
y:

y wrongs, when greatest, most thy virtue prov'd;
d, from that virtue found, I blush'd, and truly
lov'd. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

THE END.

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